

SCREENLAND

JUNE, 1925

PRICE 25 CENTS



ELEANOR BOARDMAN, Colorgraph by Paul Hesse

Were You BORN to be a STAR?

WILLIAM FOX PRESENTS IN SEPTEMBER 1925

Three treats for Picture Patrons!



GEORGE O'BRIEN ~
YOUNG HERO OF "THE IRON HORSE"

A TENSE MOMENT in "THE IRON HORSE"

THE PARTING SCENE
BETWEEN
MADGE BELLAMY
& GEORGE O'BRIEN



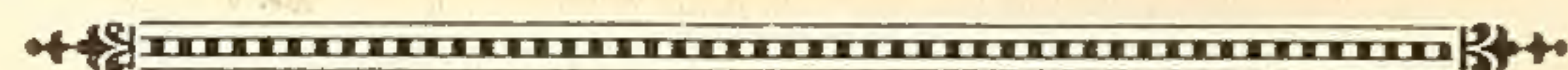
The IRON HORSE

One year in New York with a Superb
Cast of Leading Players

and

a Regiment of United States Troops and
Cavalry; 3,000 Railway Workmen; 1,000
Chinese Laborers; 800 Pawnee, Sioux and
Cheyenne Indians; 2,800 Horses; 1,300
Buffaloes; 10,000 Texas Steers.

A JOHN FORD Production



AS NO MAN HAS LOVED

A soul-stirring spectacle based on
EDWARD EVERETT HALE'S
"THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY"

A record-breaker at
the *Central Theatre*, New York
A ROWLAND V. LEE Production

PAULINE STARKE
WHO PLAYS
ANNE BISSELL in
"AS NO MAN
HAS LOVED"



EDWARD HEARN &
PAULINE STARKE in a scene
from "AS NO MAN HAS LOVED"

The Picture
that succeeded in
spite of
the Devil!

Based on
Channing Pollock's great play

THE FOOL

Another New York hit that has swept
the Nation, setting new high marks for
its entertainment powers.

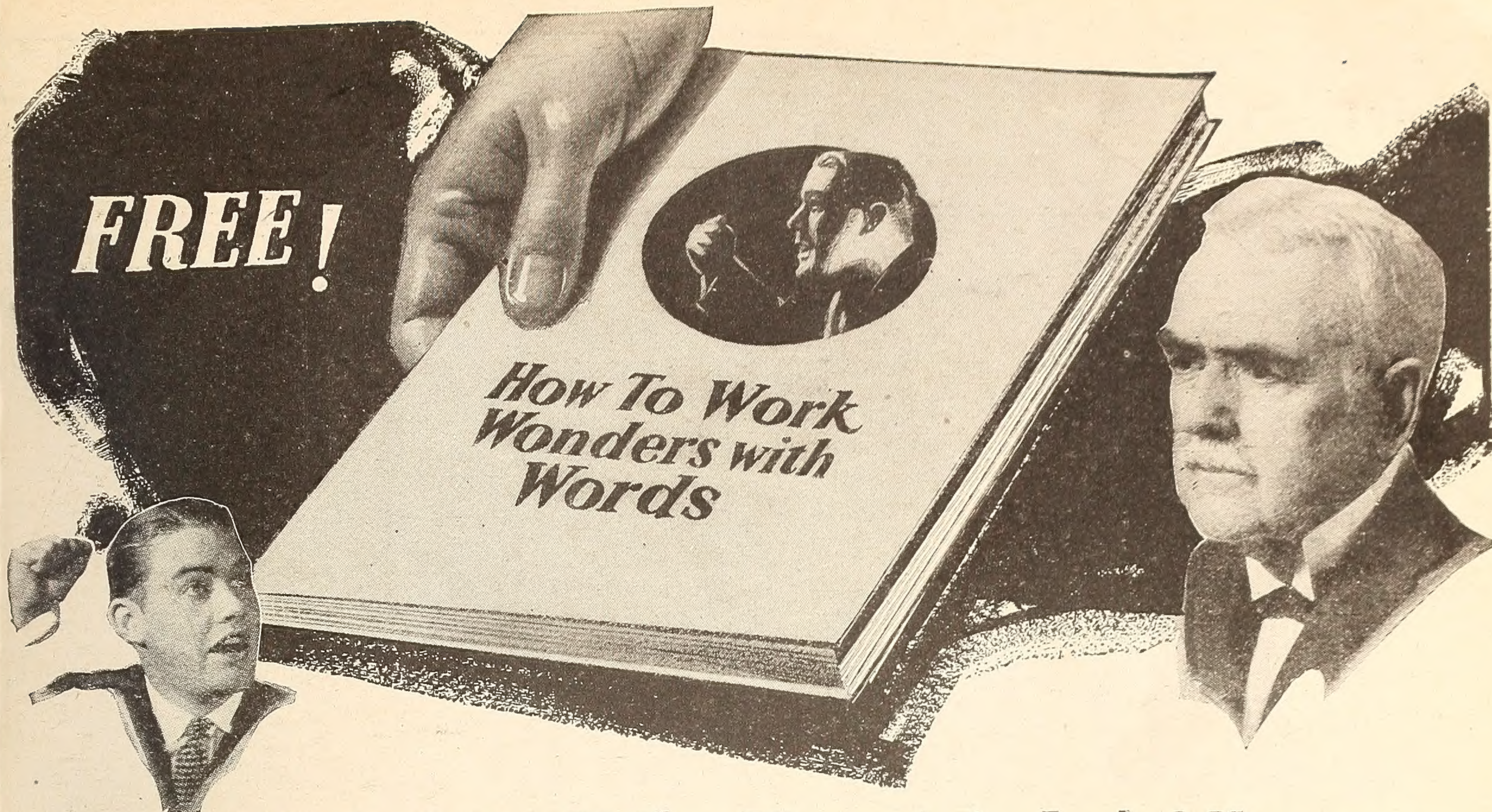
A HARRY MILLARDE Production



EDMUND LOWE
BRENDA BOND
& RAY BLOOMER
in a scene from THE FOOL

EDMUND
LOWE in
THE FOOL

FOX FILM CORPORATION



Not Only Men Who Have Made Millions Send for this Astonishing Book ~but Thousands of Others!

Many successful business men have sent for this amazing book *now mailed free*. Such men as Walter O. Ford, of the Ford Manufacturing Company; C. F. Bourgeois, President of Robischon and Peckham Company; H. B. McNeal, President of the Telephony Publishing Company; Guy H. Shearer, Cashier Filer State Bank; and many other prominent, prosperous business executives are unstinting in their praise of it. But don't think it is only for big men. Thousands of young men have found in this book the key to advancement in salary and position, popularity, standing, power and real success. You can now obtain your copy absolutely free by writing at once.

Today business demands for the big, important, high-salaried jobs men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish, whether it be one man or a thousand. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation. Another from a small, unimportant territory to the salesman-ager's desk. Another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national prominence as a campaign speaker. A timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker.

**Either You Become a Powerful
Speaker—or Your Training
is FREE**

You are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things which keep you silent when men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, standing,

power and real success. This simple, easy, sure and quick training is guaranteed to do this. If it fails your training will not cost you a single penny.

WHAT 15 MINUTES A DAY WILL SHOW YOU

How to address business meetings.
How to propose and respond to toasts.
How to make a political speech.
How to tell entertaining stories.
How to write better letters.
How to enlarge your vocabulary.
How to develop self-confidence.
How to acquire a winning personality.
How to strengthen your will-power.
How to be the master of any situation.

Easy for Anyone—Only 15 Minutes a Day Required

There is no mystery about the power to work wonders with words. Practically anyone can do it. It makes no difference how embarrassed or self-conscious you now are when called upon to speak. Certain principles will show you how to rise head and shoulders above the mass and make yourself the dominating figure in any gathering. How to be a leader among men. How to rise to any occasion and demand what you want with force, vigor and conviction. Give only fifteen minutes a day in the privacy of your own home and you can accomplish all this in a few short weeks.

MAKE THIS FREE TEST

If you will fill out and mail the coupon at once you will receive besides this remarkable new book, "How to Work Wonders with Words," an amazing five minutes test by which you can determine for yourself whether you are one of the 7 men out of

every 9 who possess the "hidden knack" of powerful speech but do not know it. Decide for yourself if you are going to allow fifteen minutes a day to stand between you and success. You, like thousands of others, can quickly and easily learn how to bring out and develop your "hidden knack" and gain for yourself high position, standing, money and power. Just send your name and address now—thousands have found this to be the biggest forward step of their lives. If it has played such an important part in the lives of many big men, may it not in yours?

North American Institute
3601 Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Dept. 632-A

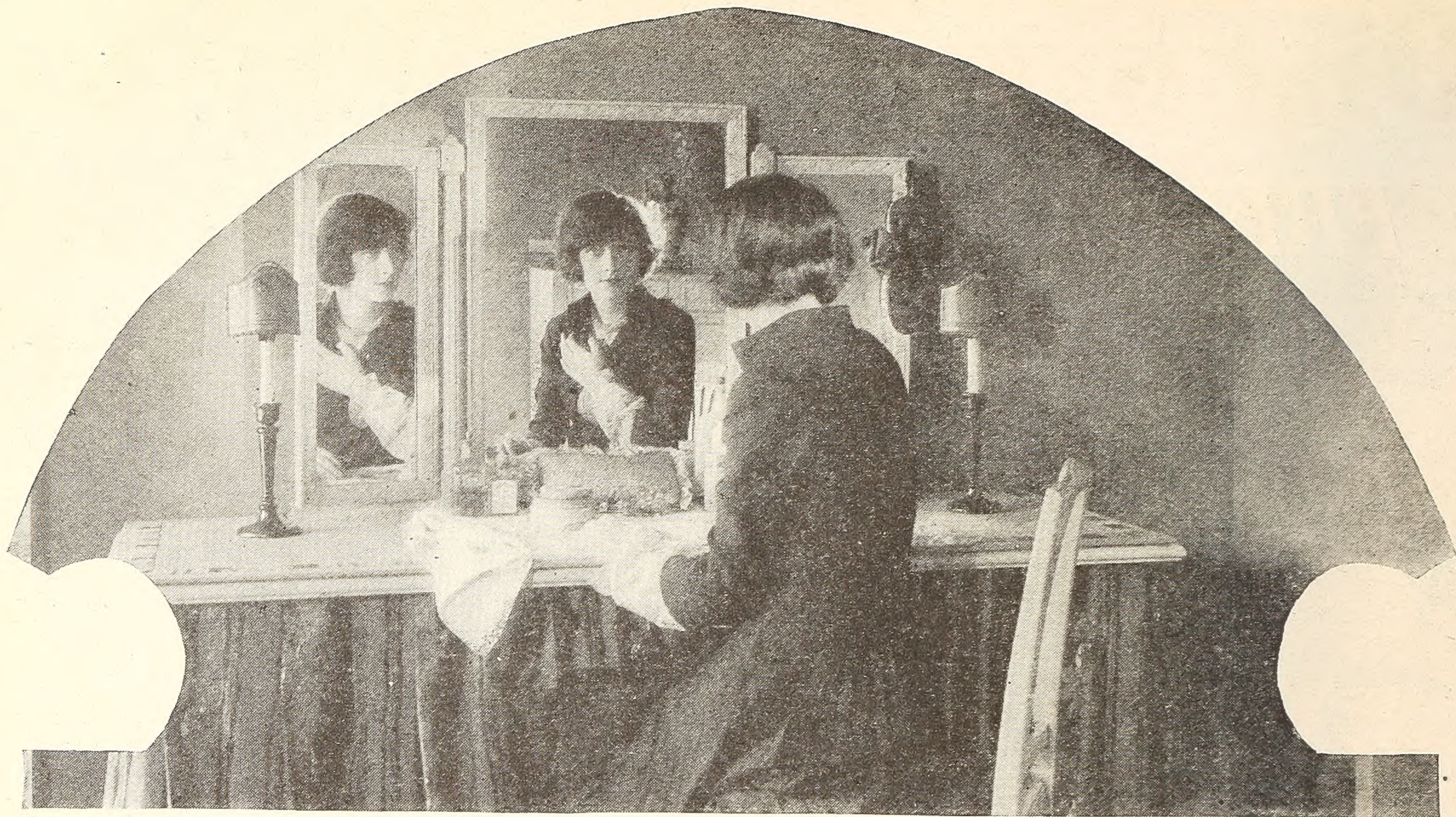
NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE, Inc.
Dept. 632-A, 3601 Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE and without obligation, my copy of your famous book, "How to Work Wonders with Words." Also your FREE 5-minute test by which I may make a self-examination.

Name

Address

City..... State.....



ELEANOR BOARDMAN

The girl on the cover contemplates two of SCREENLAND's favorites.

SCREENLAND

June, 1925

"The Spirit of the Movies"

VOL. XI, No. 2

Eliot Keen, Editor

CONTENTS for JUNE

COVER — Eleanor Boardman. Colorgraph by Paul Hesse.		THE COVERED WAGON ROLLS ACROSS THE WORLD. By O. R. Geyer	26
ASK ME — An Answer Page of Information. By Miss Vee Dee	4	"BETTER BOY FRIENDS," demands Patsy Ruth Miller. By Grace Kingsley	28
OUT OF THE LOT	6	THE SUPPER CLUBS OF MANHATTAN. By Delight Evans	30
ALYCE MILLS — Portraits	9	MARVEL QUIVEY'S FAIRY GODMOTHER. By H. B. K. Willis	32
MRS. HAROLD LLOYD AND MILDRED GLORIA — A Portrait	10	DORIS KENYON'S HOROSCOPE MADE HER A MOVIE STAR. By Christine Valleau and Jane Carleton	34
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL "STILL" OF THE MONTH	11	THEN HUNTLY GORDON DID WHAT HE WANTED TO. By James M. Fidler	36
PICTURES OF PICTURE PEOPLE	12	NEW SCREENPLAYS. By Delight Evans	38
HOLLYWOOD — Where There is Always a Chance	14	SOME NEW REVIEWS. By Molly-O	46
GRASS — An Editorial	15	CONRAD NAGEL. By Agnes Bearmington	48
THE PRESS AGENT AND THE LOVELY LIAR — A Short Story by Guy Fowler. Illustrated by A. J. Trembath	16	NORMA TALMADGE. A Portrait	49
GENERAL MITCHELL'S CASE GOES TO THE MOVIES. By William Morris Houghton	18	PRE-SHOWINGS OF FEATURE FILMS	50
THEY LOVE BETTER BY SOUTHERN SEAS. By Gayne Dexter	20	DRAMALAND. By John Eliot	58
LEARN LIP READING FROM THE MOVIES. By Theodocia Pearce	22	JOHN GILBERT. A Portrait	61
LIVING BEAUTIFULLY	24	GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST. By H. B. K. Willis	62
		THEY SAY. By Marion of Hollywood	68
		SCREENLAND'S FASHIONABLES. By Madame Bally	74

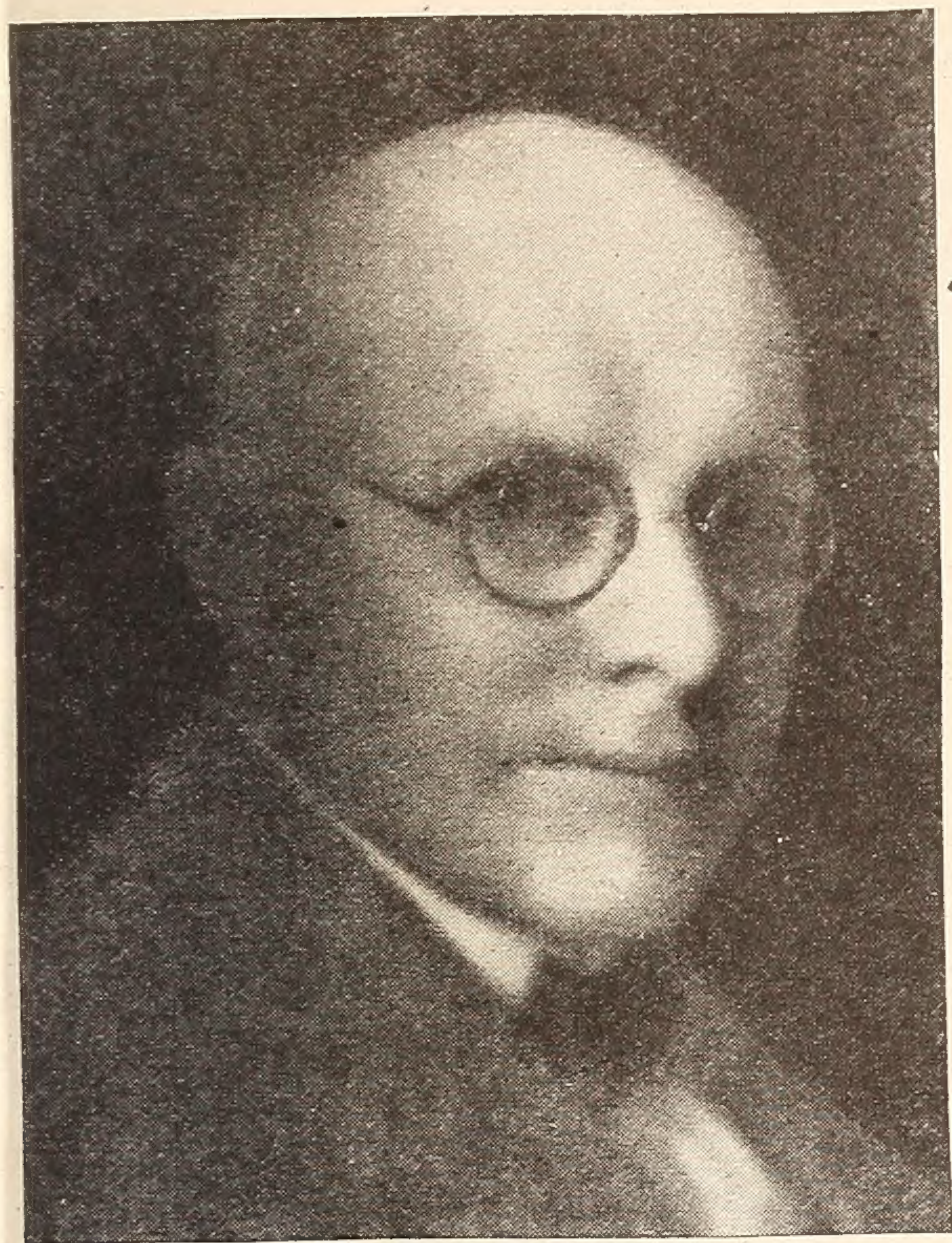
Published monthly by Magazine Builders, Inc., at 236 West 55th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

J. Thomas Wood, Pres. Copyright 1924. Trade Mark registered. Single copies 25c.; subscription price, United States and Canada, \$2.50 a year; foreign, \$3.50. Entered as second-class matter, November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at

Long Island City, N. Y. Permission to reprint material must be secured from the publishers. General Executive and Editorial Offices at 236 West 55th Street, New York, N. Y. Western advertising offices at 30 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.; 1004 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Printed in United States of America, **Roto-Color** Giles Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Discovers New Way to Seal Hernia with Magic Dot!



JOHN G. HOMAN

Member American Association for Advancement of Science

Associate Member American Physical Society

No more torturous steel springs; no more dragging, weighty cushions; no more barbarous chafing leg straps; no more dangerous trusses. At last there has been discovered a new and entirely different way to seal rupture which does away completely with cumbersome, annoying, undependable, ineffective, old-fashioned devices. Now every hernia sufferer can try this marvelous invention FREE and be convinced that Magic Dot is the only real advance in the non-surgical treatment of hernia during the present century. Read Mr. Homan's comforting message—then learn at once how you can use the Magic Dot FREE for a time. Don't be a tortured truss victim another day when relief and comfort can be yours if you will accept this free trial offer.

An Entirely New and Amazing Invention That Revolutionizes Hernia Treatment

[By JOHN G. HOMAN]

MY FRIEND, why suffer? At last you can throw away the abominable truss or make-shift contraption that may have been sold to you under another name! You can be through forever with the gouging and pushing into that tender spot that keeps you from getting well and may have made life a burden to you. You say that I am very positive? Yes, I am! Not merely because I have made a wonderful discovery which has amazed doctors—a discovery which you will at once realize is the only real forward step in the non-surgical treatment of hernia during the present century—but I am going to make it so easy for you to use this astonishing method, to try it yourself without the risk of a penny, that I know you will not let another day pass without taking the first step to put my claims and my new discovery to the test.

Repair the Hurt Without Surgery

When I set about, years ago, to develop this invention, I asked myself this simple question: "Is it possible that hernia is the only hurt that nature fails to heal quickly?" My final discovery, and the exhaustive tests to which it has been put,

proves beyond question ordinary hernia, not of too long standing can quickly, surely and safely be healed by the aid of Magic Dot. Old-fashioned trusses and similar devices exert such great pressure upon the injured spot that the free circulation of healing blood, which is absolutely necessary if nature is to heal the hurt, is completely or almost completely shut off. Magic Dot, which weighs less than 1-25 of an ounce, acts in support of the hernia to allow the more free circulation of healing blood without exerting harsh pressure.

Physical Culture Methods to Heal Hernia

Think, then, of the immense relief to be gained from substituting for this intolerable shifting, gouging, pushing condition, a tiny disk no larger than a quarter, weighing almost nothing at all, which effectively seals the hernia and makes possible a support so light that you hardly realize it is being worn! And even of greater importance is the fact that Magic Dot enables you to walk, run, climb, bend, even exercise, in far greater security than you have likely known before. But this aston-

ishing new method means more than the support of hernia. It also embodies *physical culture principles* which have actually made hundreds of hernia sufferers well.

Send No Money FREE Try MAGIC DOT FREE

I don't want you to send me a penny of your money—but I do want every hernia sufferer in America to fill in and send me the coupon below. I want every one of these to learn the real and true facts about hernia and the non-surgical treatment of it. I want them to know the full details of the astonishing new discovery—especially the Magic Dot. I want to give every truss victim an opportunity of using this new and revolutionary method without the risk of a penny of their money. Simply write for my free book or send the coupon today and learn how you can quickly, safely, and surely obtain relief the equal of which you have never before dreamed of having.

JOHN G. HOMAN,
NEW SCIENCE INSTITUTE
9401 Clay Street, Steubenville, Ohio

JOHN G. HOMAN, 9401 Clay Street,
New Science Institute, Steubenville, Ohio.
Send me at once your Free Literature and
tell me of your Free Trial offer by which I can
test the New Science System.

Name

Address

City State

Is spooning dangerous? Does a petting party stop with a kiss? At last the question answered. See "Safe Counsel," page 199.



Amazing Secrets Of Love, Courtship and Marriage

Has true love come into your life — or didn't you recognize it when it came? Are you afraid now of the baffling, perplexing mysteries of sex relationship? Are you discontented with the stupid lies and furtive ashamed answers the world gives you in place of the naked, fearless truth you desire? Do you want some safe, sane, unashamed advice on sex questions? Do you hesitate asking your doctor certain questions? Clip coupon below, send it today without any money and in a few days you will receive the most startling surprise of your life.

Life's Mysteries Revealed

At last a book has been published that digs into sex matters without fear or beating around the bush. This startling 512-page book, "Safe Counsel," written by Prof. B. G. Jefferies, M. D. Ph. D., and Prof. J. L. Nichols, A. M., contains just the information you want. You will be amazed at its frankness. Words are not minced. "Polite" phrases are forgotten — the right word is used in the right place. In this remarkable volume are answered all the questions that brides want answered on the eve of their weddings — at youths approaching manhood demand of their elders — that married people should know. The naked facts are told. Ruthlessly! Daringly! But truthfully!

The Truth At Last!

"Safe Counsel" contains nine startling sections: I. The Science of Eugenics; II. Love; III. Marriage; IV. Childbirth; V. Family Life; VI. Sexual Science; VII. Diseases and Disorders; VIII. Principles of Health and Hygiene; IX. The Story of Life. Here are just a few of the subjects discussed—Love, Anatomy and Physiology, A Word to Maidens, Mistakes to Avoid, Signs of Excesses, Law of Mutual Attraction, Answers to Sex Problems, Controlling Your Impulses, Spooning, Maternity, Parental Influences, Change of Life, Impotence, Fighting Modern Evils, and scores of intimate subjects. Nothing withheld. You owe it to yourself, to your happiness and your health to read this wonderful book.

Send No Money —simply mail the coupon

Just clip the coupon. Send it in today. No money is required. In a few days when the postman brings you "Safe Counsel" (in a plain wrapper) you can pay him \$1.98 and postage. If you are not thoroughly satisfied after examination, return the book and we will refund your money. Send the coupon immediately. Mail it today to the Franklin Association, 186 N. LaSalle St., Dept. 3102 Chicago

Mail the Coupon NOW!

Franklin Association

186 N. LaSalle St., Dept. 3102 Chicago, Ill.

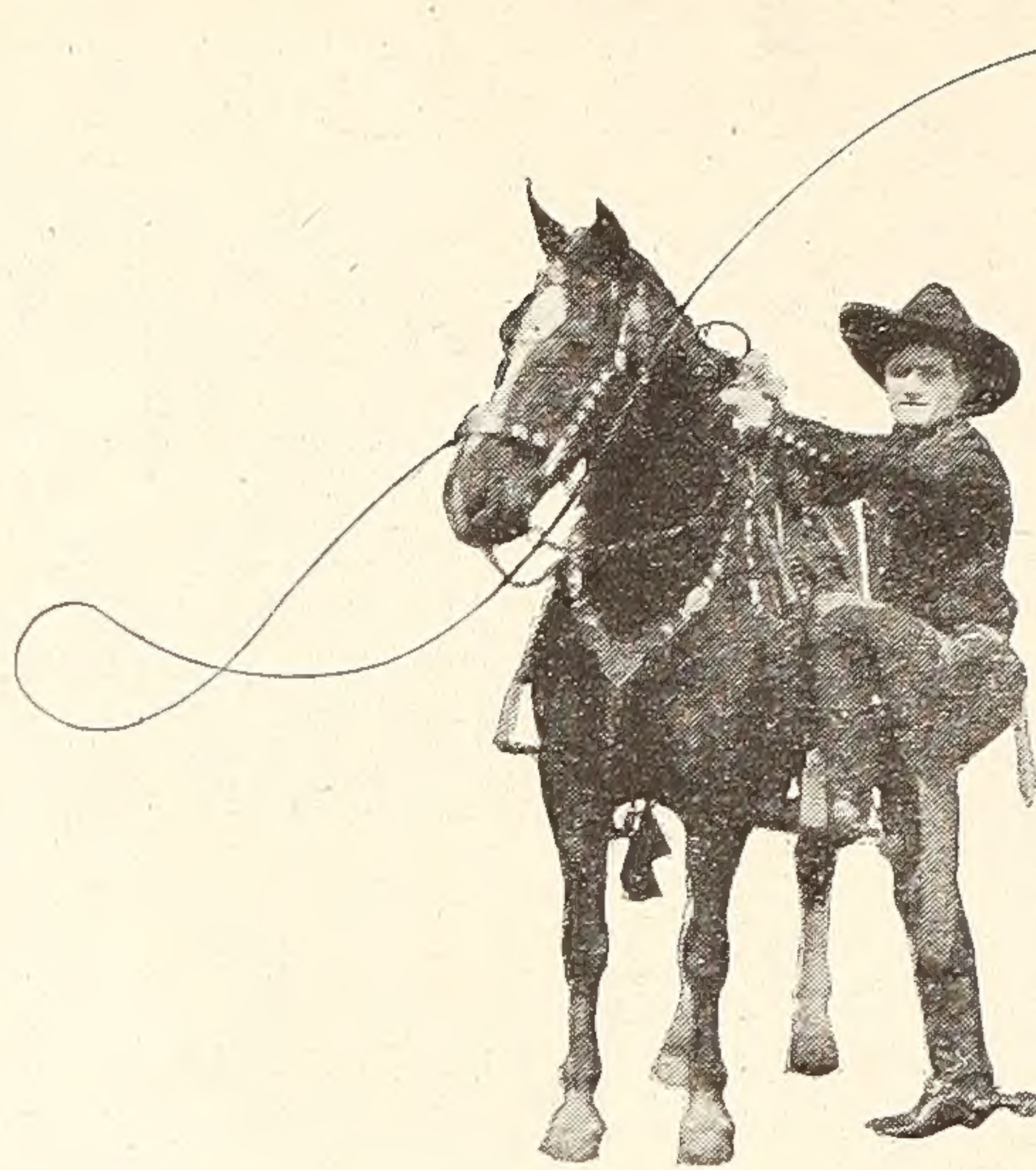
Please send me your amazing 512-page book, "Safe Counsel," in a plain wrapper marked "Personal." I will pay the postman \$1.98, plus postage, upon arrival. If I'm not satisfied, I'll return the book within 5 days and you are to refund my money.

Name.....

Street
or R.F.D.

City.....State.....

(Price outside of U. S.—\$2.22 cash with order)
C. O. D. shipments are often delayed. If you want to be sure of getting book sooner, send cash with order.



An Answer Page of Information.
Address: Miss VEE DEE,
SCREENLAND, 236 W. 55th St.,
New York City.

BILLY DON. In the screen version of "Cobra" Gertrude Olmstead will be in the part created by Clara Moores, and Nita Naldi has the role originally played by Judith Anderson. Casson Ferguson plays the best friend, interpreted on the stage by Ralph Morgan. The wise ones whisper that "Cobra" will be a sensation, even though the story departs from the original stage version. Oh yes, and Rudy is an Italian count instead of a college-boy, and he wears his famous beard in a flashback. Ricardo Cortez is no relation to Cortez the dancer. Ricardo is still unmarried.

Mimi. Mary Hay has only appeared in one picture, prior to "New Toys"; this was "Way Down East." Miss Hay has been dancing at Ciro's and the Keith vaudeville houses in New York this spring. Her real name is Mary Caldwell. Mary's retroussé nose and funny little haircut have won her more admirers than twenty ravishing beauties put together.

Leonie Maynard. Alice Joyce is back to the screen for good, positively. Perhaps Alice keeps her youthfulness by her early-to-bed ideas. She "hit the hay" at 10.30 every night during the filming of "The Little French Girl" in Bermuda, and the gay snowdodgers saw little of her, so a pal just returned tells me.

Aileen Pringle Fan. Thanks, little one, for your kind remarks. Aileen Pringle was born in San Francisco. She married an Englishman and lived in Jamaica for many years. Bobbed hair? Sure, Aileen's one of us! Her first part was in "The Cost," starring Violet Heming.

Zano de Mille and Sadona Alvone. Dear Authors—Barbara LaMarr has finished "Heart of a Siren." Conway Tearle was her leading man. Miss LaMarr is living on Riverside Drive, New York, but prefers to have mail addressed care of First National, 383 Madison Ave. Good luck to your pens, little ink-slingers. Hope some day you'll use them to "sign on the dotted line."

Walter L. So you want to send your favorite a basket of flowers. I'm sure she'd appreciate it very much. Why not try roses and lily-of-the-valley? Much more *sympatica* than orchids.

Clara (a lover of dogs). Thanks for the good-luck. William Collier, Jr., has mail addressed to Famous-Players-Lasky, Long Island City, N. Y., and Rin-tin-tin gets his

at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. "Buster" will play the role of the Prodigal Son in "The Wanderer." If I commenced to tell you about my Airedale there wouldn't be room for any answers this month. I'd much rather have my hound for a friend than a lot of people I could mention!

Doris Mont (Chicago). Dick Lee is with Vitagraph and will be in their picture "School for Wives." Conway Tearle plays lead. An energetic person is our Conway. Claire Adams came from Canada (where a lot of other good things come from—but not so publicly). She is in her early twenties and was on the stage prior to trying the movies. A contract with William de Mille demands all her attention just now.

Esther Moon. Glenn Hunter will soon be seen in "My Buddy's Wife" with Edna Murphy as leading lady. Gareth Hughes has returned to the legitimate stage and won't be seen in pictures for some time to come. Lillian Gish's last picture was "Romola." By the way, Lillian has set a new fashion in nerve tonics. Eat a raw carrot. Don't know what it does to you, but if you get one vivid enough it should brighten up a dark frock.

Mildred (Los Angeles). Pierre Gendron played Captain Jose in "The Dangerous Flirt." Sally Rand has been signed by Cecil de Mille for his stock company. Remember Sally in "The Dressmaker of Paris," starring Leatrice Joy?

Ned E. The elegant Elsie Ferguson is to star in "The Unknown Lover," a Vitagraph production. Count Morner, "Mr. Peggy Hopkins Joyce" in private life, plays a small part in this film. Miss Ferguson's first screen appearance was in "Barbary Sheep" about 1917. Rudolph Valentino has finished "Cobra" and his next, I understand, will be called "The Scarlet Power" or "The Hooded Falcon" or both. That takes us back to the good old days when the "drammer" had such spicy names as "The Face at the Window" or "The Blood-stained Putty-knife." Nice night-marish titles! G-r-r-r!

Ella-May. "Evangeline the Astrologist" is Evangeline Adams, and her address is Carnegie Hall, New York. I have not yet paid Miss Adams a visit, but I've threatened to as soon as I can save up the necessary ten dollars.

Ray Lane (Memphis). At last a school for

ambitious young men and women to train as screen actors. Famous-Players-Lasky have decided to take ten men, ages 16 to 25, and ten women, 18 to 30. For a fee of \$500 and an additional \$25 per week over a period of 23 weeks, which totals \$1075, these aspirants for screen fame will be given every opportunity to show their abilities. But if an applicant shows unusual talent the fee won't matter.

Lillian (San Francisco). Kindness is my middle name, Lil, when even your handwriting smiles. Viola Dana was born 1898 in Brooklyn and has grown to be five-feet-two since then. Patsy Ruth Miller is a Western gal and admits to 22. Agnes Ayres' five-feet-five wouldn't look much against a skyscraper in Chicago where she was born. Betty Compson owns to Salt Lake City as her birthplace, is five-feet-four and about 27. Richard Dix, who saw the light of day in St. Paul, Minn., in 1894, stands six feet, as against Richard Barthelme's five-feet-seven. Dick is a New Yorker, and 29 years old. Jack Mulhall ditto and ditto and five-feet-eleven. Thomas Meighan is Pittsburgh's most famous citizen—in his forties now and six feet tall.

W. Morrisson. Oh, Corinne Griffith seems to enjoy life all right! It is "Jes' her way." As a matter of fact, it's that languid don't-give-an-ahem air of Corinne's that her fans seem to like. Webster Campbell has not married again.

Mame (Cleveland). Rex Ingram is in Nice at time of writing. The little Arab boy he adopted is with him. The lad causes quite a sensation wherever he goes, with his spotless white burnouses and gracious old-world manners. It is rumored Mr. Ingram has bought a home in France and intends to make pictures there in future.

R-V-R (Clover, S. C.). Being strictly honest with you, it's practically impossible to get a child in the movies. You see, most screen youngsters are the children of players, and are more or less born to the grease-paint. Thousands and thousands of little kids have been offered since Jackie Coogan and Baby Peggy made good—so many that directors have long since given up making film-tests or even looking at them.

Marilyn Lee. I have never heard of Theodora Warfield, so am unable to give you information regarding this young lady.

Thais de Tienne. Mary Brian is with Famous Players, Long Island City, and she is just sixteen. Lois Wilson, Famous Players Lasky, Vine Street, Hollywood. Ben Turpin is still at 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Hollywood, which is the home of Sennett comedies. Barbara La Marr's mail is addressed care of First National Pictures, 383 Madison Avenue, New York, and Norma Talmadge and Colleen Moore have their letters sent to United Studios, Hollywood.

Mabel N. (Patterson). Your wish is to be gratified—yea verily, and speedily. Leon Errol's wobbly ankles will bend all over the screen again in "Irene." Remember the musical comedy of that name? Mr. Errol is just as funny in private life as he is on the stage or screen. An eccentric dance he does with Mrs. Errol is one of the best things I've seen. His wife is an ex-dancer, a little dainty thing, and very proud of her famous husband. Eva Novak is Jane's younger sister.



What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make

Tire Agents Wanted

Use and Introduce MELLINGER CORD TIRES
15,000 MILES GUARANTEED
Lowest Wholesale Prices in America. Shipped prepaid on approval. Make big money all or part time. No capital or experience. Sample sections furnished.
YOUR TIRES FREE!
Simply send name today for FREE BOOK, tells how thousands do big business. Special Agents' Offer, Wholesale Prices and FREE Sample Kit.
MELLINGER TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Philadelphia, Pa. or Kansas City, Mo. Dept. 1924



Big Band Catalog Sent FREE

Anything you need for the band—single instrument or complete equipment. Used by Army and Navy. Send for big catalog, liberally illustrated, fully descriptive. Mention what instrument interests you. Free trial. Easy payments. Sold by leading music dealers everywhere.

LYON & HEALY
61-69 Jackson Blvd., Chicago



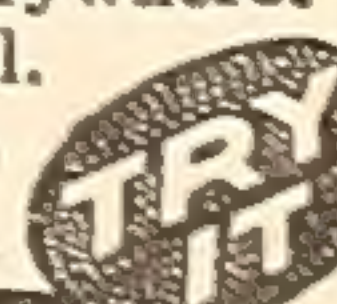
Maybelline

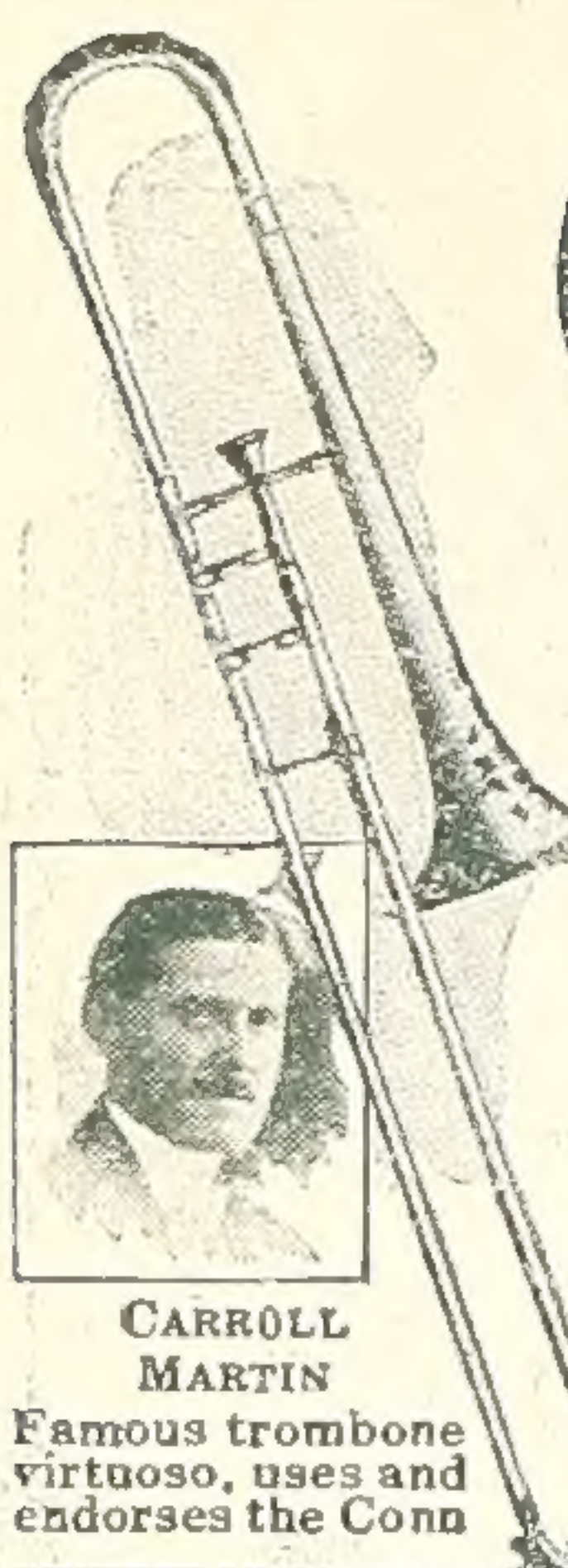
DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. **BLACK or BROWN**, obtainable in solid form or water-proof liquid. 75c at your dealer's or direct postpaid.
MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO



No Hair Offends Where Neet is Used

Science has finally solved the problem of removing hair pleasantly without discomfort to the skin or complexion. This with NEET, a mild and dainty cream. You merely spread it on and then rinse off with clear water. That's all; the hair will be gone and the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white! Old methods, the unwomanly razor and severe chemical preparations, have given way to this remarkable hair-removing cream which is the accepted method of well-groomed women everywhere. 50c at Drug and Department stores or by mail. Money back if it fails to please you. Buy now.
HANNIBAL PHAR. CO., 605 OLIVE ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.





CONN
BAND
INSTRUMENTS
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS

EASIER playing qualities of Conn instruments, the result of *exclusive Conn processes*, speed your progress, give you *quickly* the pleasure and profit of personally played music. Used and endorsed by the world's greatest artists.

FREE TRIAL: *Easy Payment* on any instrument for band or orchestra. Send today for catalogs and details; mention instrument.

C. G. CONN, Ltd.
684 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.

CARROLL MARTIN
Famous trombone virtuoso, uses and endorses the Conn

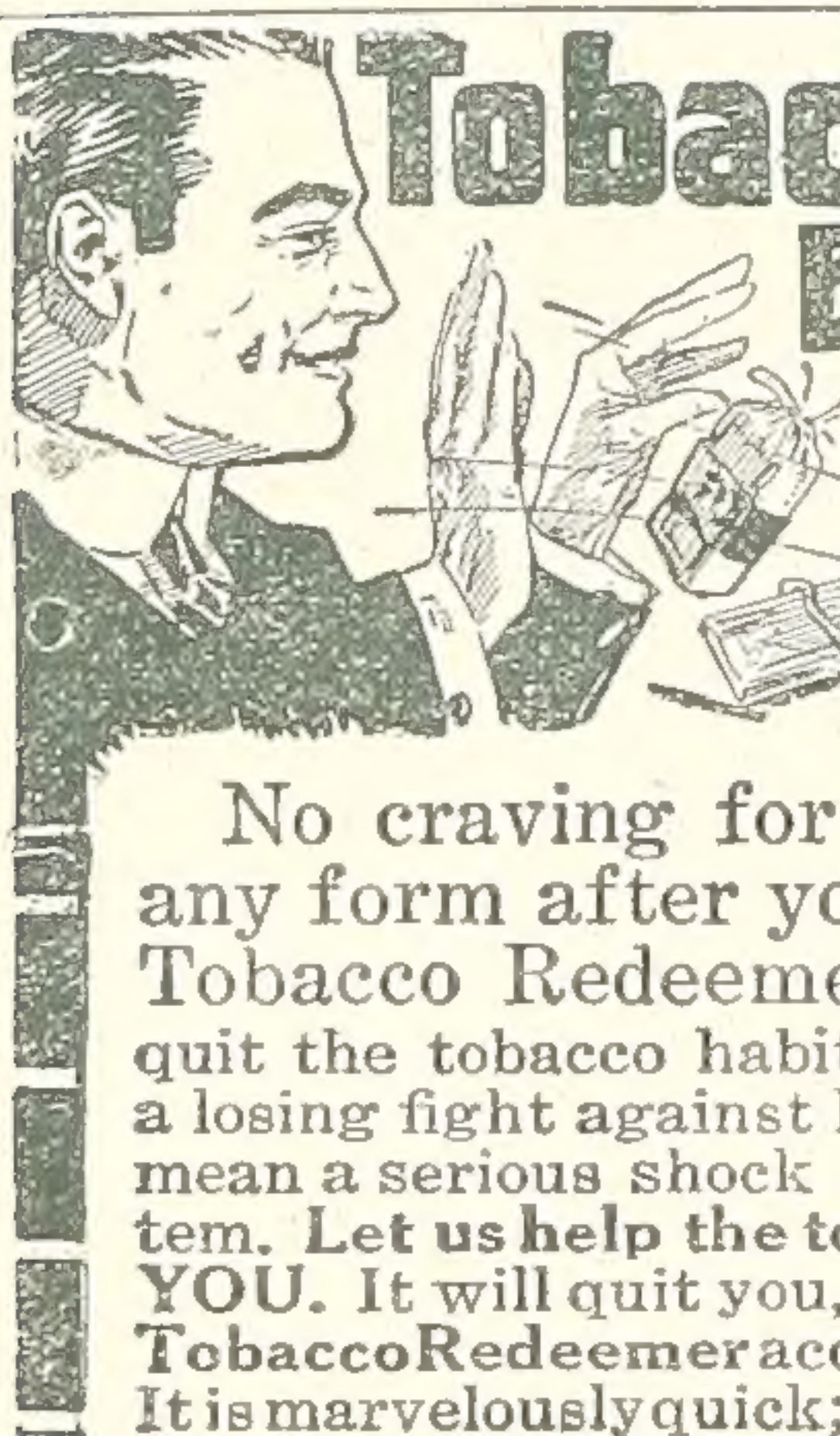


What Made Him PROPOSE?

My dream had come true—after months and months of despairing waiting, the only man in the world I cared for was *mine* forever. Almost immediately after I had read an amazing new book entitled "Fascinating Womanhood," his old indifference toward me had vanished as if by magic. This book showed me how to attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. I could just as easily have fascinated *any other man*. You, too, can have this book; you, too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Just cut out this ad, write your name and address on the margin, and mail it to us with 10c in stamps. The little book outlining these revelations will then be sent you, postpaid in plain wrapper. Knowledge is power. Send your dime today.

THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS

119 South 14th St., St. Louis, Mo. Dept. 29-T



Tobacco Habit BANISHED
Let Us Help You

No craving for tobacco in any form after you begin taking Tobacco Redeemer. Don't try to quit the tobacco habit unaided. It's often a losing fight against heavy odds and may mean a serious shock to the nervous system. Let us help the tobacco habit to quit YOU. It will quit you, if you will just take Tobacco Redeemer according to directions. It is marvelously quick; thoroughly reliable.

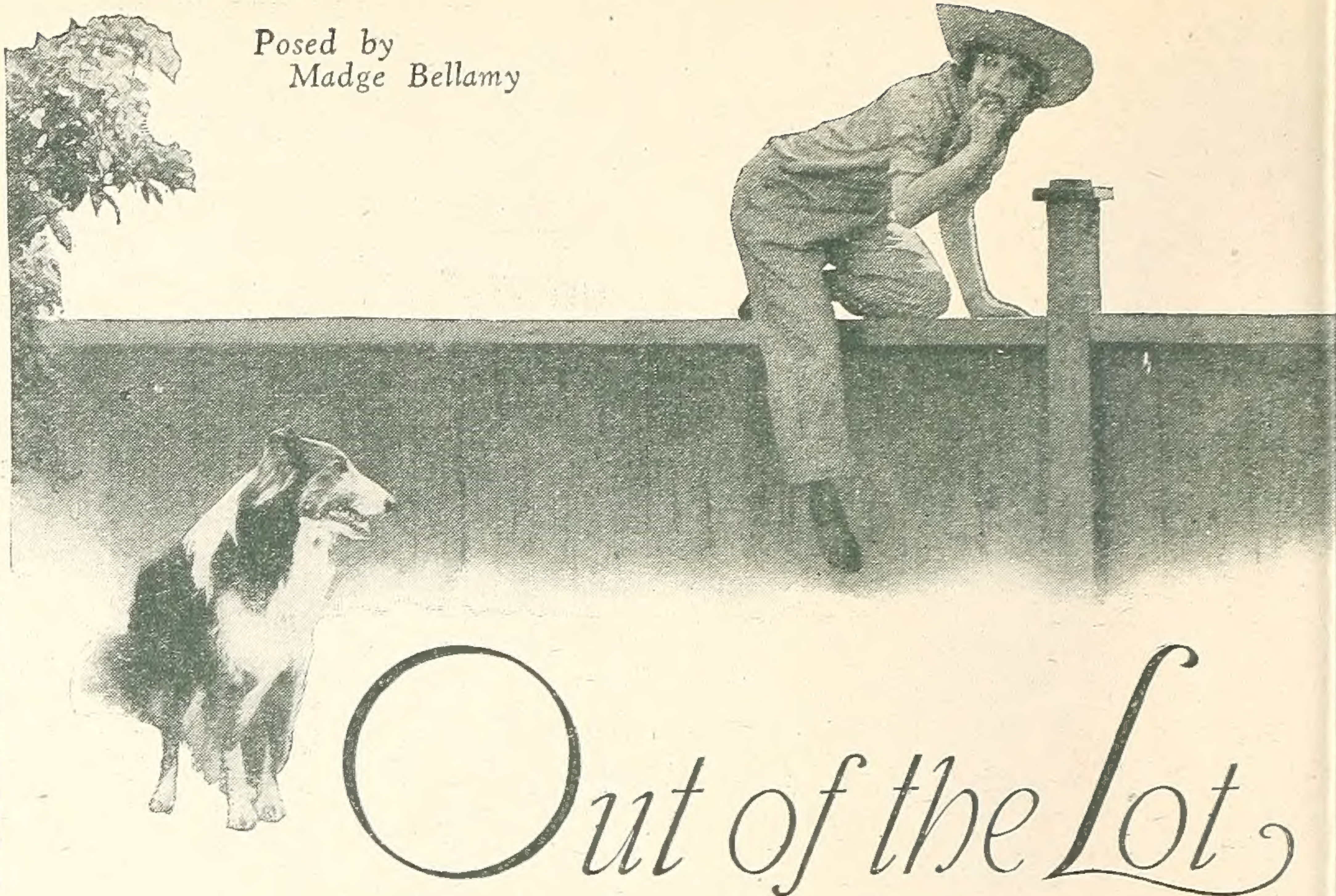
Not a Substitute

Tobacco Redeemer contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind. It is in no sense a substitute for tobacco. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It makes not a particle of difference how long you have been using tobacco, how much you use or in what form you use it—whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff, Tobacco Redeemer will positively remove all craving for tobacco in any form in a very few days. This we absolutely guarantee in every case or money refunded.

Write today for our free booklet showing the deadly effect of tobacco upon the human system and positive proof that Tobacco Redeemer will quickly free you of the habit.

Newell Pharmacal Company,
Dept. 1997 St. Louis, Mo.

Posed by
Madge Bellamy



Out of the Lot

GLORIA has done it again! For tune is with this girl who, not so many years ago, was waiting patiently—more or less—on the "extra bench" at the Essanay studio in Chicago. She has always done the unusual and probably always will, although what else she possibly can do is hard to say. She has risen sensationally to the coveted position of most discussed feminine personality in pictures. She has made many small fortunes and spent many. She is earning—some say seventy-five hundred a week; others say more—but it is true that her salary far exceeds that of kings and presidents. She is scarcely thirty, yet she has received recognition in her work from the government of France, which allowed her company access to the invaluable treasures of Napoleon's time so that *Madame Sans Gene* should be accurate in every detail. And now—Gloria comes home, with a title—a title which should mean very little to her when she looks at the young man who gave it to her.

His official name is the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye—and then some. His plain first name is Henry—and he looks more like Henry than he does all of his titles. He is very young, and very handsome, and very distinguished. More, he is very real. America is giving him the thrill of his life, and he is naively enthusiastic about everything. When Famous Players honored Miss Swanson with a huge dinner dance at a Park Avenue hostelry soon after her arrival from France, Gloria's husband shared all the attention and applause of the evening. When he stood, with his tiny wife, under the flags of France and America in brilliant electric lights above their table, and listened to the orchestra play the Marseillaise, he was impressed and touched. Funny, but the Marquis really looks less like a Marquis than you would expect. For one thing, he speaks excellent English, to which he has added practical American. He and Gloria have known each other for more than six months, you know, dating from the star's arrival in Henri's home-town; and their friendship was no sudden thing, but a gradual affair. And so she has had plenty of time to coach him in Americanese and cinemese. Gloria looks as French as her husband, with her startling new Parisian hair-cut, which allows her shapely head a little more covering than a man's, but not very much! She seems much more democratic than she used

to when she was merely Gloria Swanson. They're both just nice kids.

It is said that Paramount is doing everything in its power to keep its foremost feminine drawing-card in its fold. Although announced that she is under contract for five more pictures at least, there are other rumors which credit her with considering other offers. Warner Brothers is reputed to have offered her \$17,500 every week to work for them! Gloria, according to another story, promised Cecil B. de Mille, under whose tutelage she was groomed for stardom, that whenever her present contract expired, she would give him an option on her services. But it is all up in the air right now; and the next thing on her program is a sojourn in Hollywood which hasn't seen her for many months, for the purpose of filming *The Coast of Folly*.

* * *

Two girls are attracting particular admiring interest at various film functions around Manhattan. One is a gorgeous blonde with pansy eyes and long curling lashes and a peaches-and-cream complexion. She is Esther Ralston. The other is a very young, piquant person with curly brown hair and the sweetest smile you ever saw. She is Mary Brian. You remember them as the Mrs. Darling and Wendy respectively in *Peter Pan*. For being such good children in that picture, Paramount rewarded them with nice fat juicy contracts. They are making good again in *Little French Girl*.

* * *

WOULD you believe that one young leading man could play such a dirty trick on another young man, the latter a star? Well, he did; and I only wish I could tell you his name, but I wouldn't be that mean. It was at a very nice dinner given by the company which employs both boys. One, the star, was assigned to a prominent position at the guest of honor's table—a place he deserved, because everybody wanted to see him. The leading man found his place card way down at the end. So what did he do but change the card so that he was observed sitting right up among the magnates and other important personages? I'll go so far to tell you that he is about to leave the company he's with right now to join the stock company of the director who gave him his big chance.

ADOLPHE MENJOU, it is said, wants to leave Famous Players, where he has a contract to play featured roles for \$2,000 a week. Not many actors would want to leave, but Menjou is not the average actor. His reason is a unique one. He claims there is too little time to prepare for his pictures, too many of them, anyway, to do him justice; and that the fulfillment of his contract would mean professional ruin. In other words, he is willing to free-lance for Famous if he can play the parts he wants. Otherwise he wishes to seek other and wider pastures for his talents. In this, Mr. Menjou is not evidencing any of the usual temperament or plan for monetary advancement; he is merely anxious to arrange his future along the right lines, so that he will be a permanent fixture in the films and not a comet. According to Mrs. Menjou, his business manager, Paramount is willing to pay him \$3500 a week if he will work as they want him to for the remaining two years of his contract. But not even that offer can tempt him from the way he wishes to go. He is consulting with his lawyer, according to report, as to the course he should take in the event that Famous Players will not talk terms with him.

* * *

LILLIAN GISH won her case against Charles Duell, her former manager; and has signed a new contract with Metro-Goldwyn. At the same time she is said to be about to sign another and even more important agreement: to marry George Jean Nathan. In the event that she decides to wed the writer—and he has already, it is said, confirmed the engagement—she will act in scenarios supplied by him. With Joseph Hergesheimer in Mexico gathering material for a Pola Negri story; and Michael Arlen accepting fifty thousand from Famous Players for two originals—and now Mr. Nathan having interested himself in the art he once despised—we'll have them all working for us!

* * *

PARAMOUNT PICTURES has decided that something should be done about that so-called "crying need for new faces"—with which, however, not every fan is in accord—and has accordingly established a school for screen acting. The Paramount School, Inc., with headquarters at the Long Island City studios of that company, will

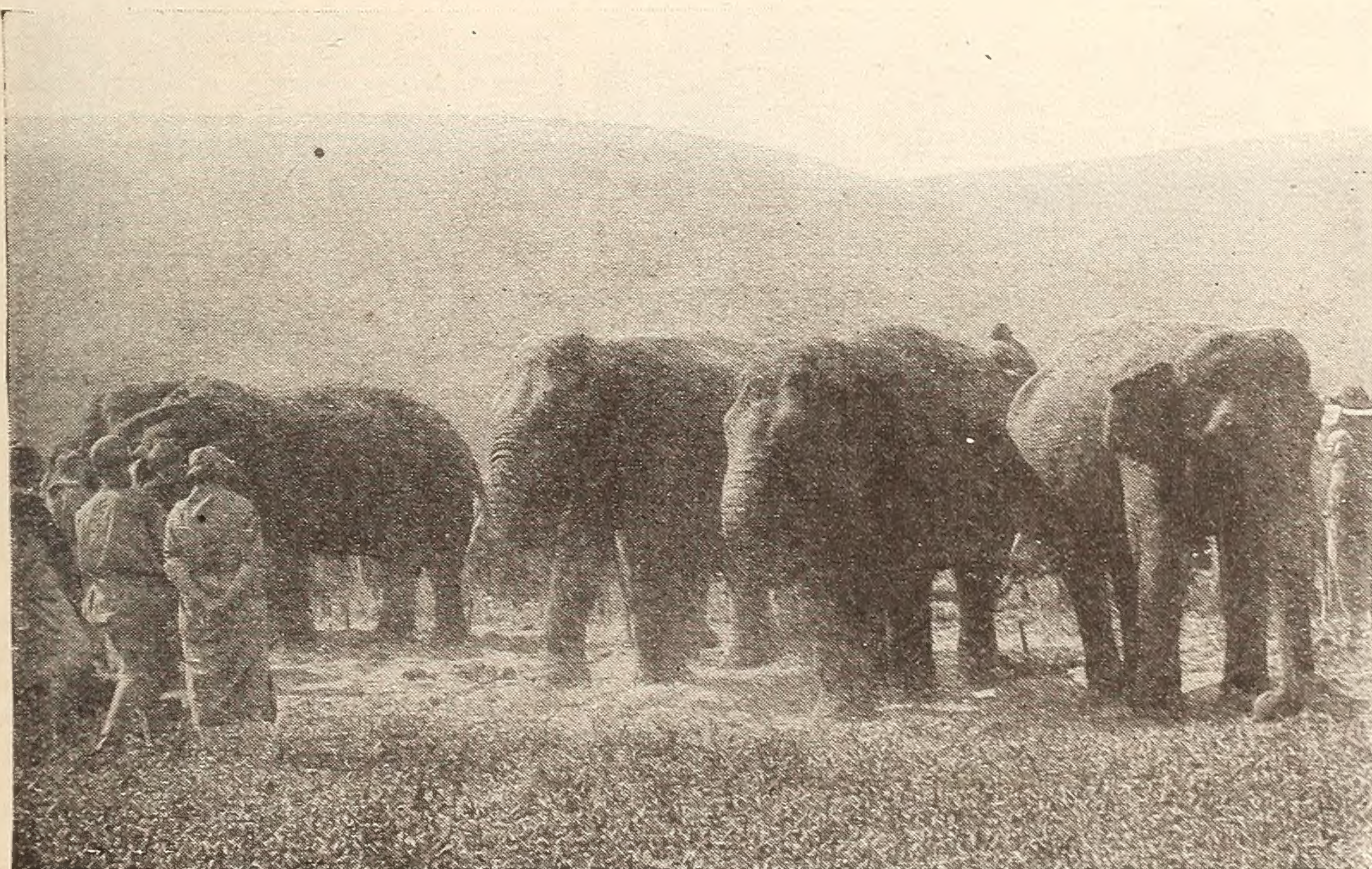
begin its six months' course soon for ten young men and ten young women. There will be thorough instruction in every branch of screen acting, we understand; and there will be three groups: technical instruction, physical training, and lectures. The first includes such things as correct carriage and poise; etiquette; the wearing of clothes; make-up, and pantomime. The second includes swimming, riding, dancing, fencing, "gymnastics," and driving. Lectures will be given by distinguished members of the motion picture and stage arts and will cover every subject from scenario writing to photography. Tuition fee is five hundred dollars, payable in advance. Students must be prepared to pay their expenses at the rate of at least twenty-five dollars a week for twenty weeks. The instruction, it is said, will be given only to those who are serious about taking up screen work as a career.

That's all great. You can get further information from the film company. But we can't help thinking that almost every great actress received her training in the school of actual experience, hard work, and harder knocks. Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge—they went to school in the studios. Experts argue that times have changed, and new conditions call for new treatments. But talent hasn't changed and never will.

* * *

TOM MIX has been in New York—and left for Europe—and probably has come back to New York again by the time you read this, for Tom travels fast. He created somewhat of a sensation by riding into the dining room of a Broadway hotel on his co-star, Tony, before the guests assembled to greet him. Tom's sombrero became a familiar sight on the Manhattan streets, and the western star presented duplicates to such notables as Governor Al Smith. When the Mix family, including Mrs. Victoria Mix and Baby Thomasina, sailed on the Aquitania for their jaunt abroad, Tom declared \$285,000 in jewels for Mrs. Mix. He sure is good to his little woman!

The first reports of his trip came back in a cablegram: "Passengers kicked about me wearing my spurs in the ship ballroom. I told them they were lucky I left my horse outside."



Q Raoul Walsh is directing one of the greatest productions Famous Players has ever made. It is "The Wanderer" and the story is the wonderful ageless tale of the Prodigal and his forgiveness.

FREE-Trial Bottle

Don't Be Gray

When I can stop it



To let gray hair spoil your looks, by making you seem old, is so unnecessary when Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer will renew the original color surely and safely. Very easily applied—simply comb it through hair. No interference with shampooing, nothing to wash off—just beautiful, natural, becoming hair.

My Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No danger of streaking or discoloration, renewed color is perfect in all lights.

Mail Coupon Today

Send today for the absolutely Free Trial Outfit which contains a trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing test on one lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

Please print your name and address—

Mary T. Goldman,
516-J Goldman Bldg., St Paul, Minn.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Please send your patented Free trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name

Street..... City.....



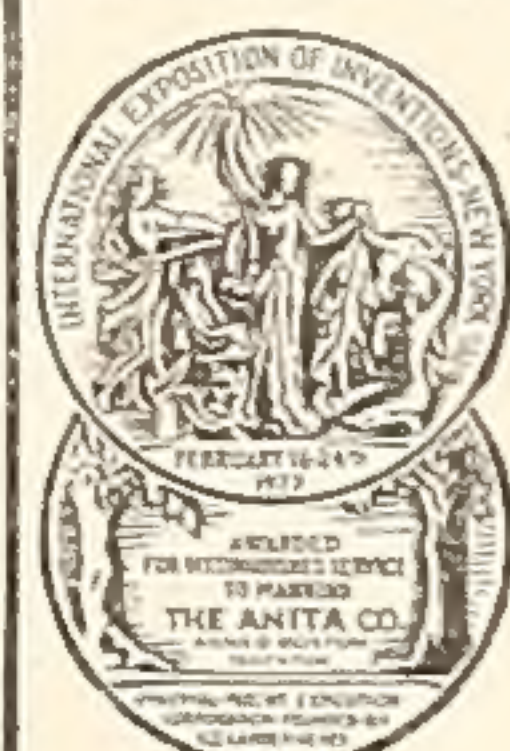
Sizes for all types of noses

FREE Demonstration if desired

ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER

The GENUINE (Patented)

Shapes while you sleep. Rapid, painless and safe. The ANITA is a GENUINE and most COMFORTABLE NASAL SUPPORTER, absolutely GUARANTEED. Highly recommended by physicians. Write for FREE Booklet, "Nature's Way to Happiness."



The ANITA Co.

Gold Medal Winner Feb. '23

Dept. 669, Anita Building, 655 High St., Newark, N. J.

BEFORE-AFTER

\$700 a week

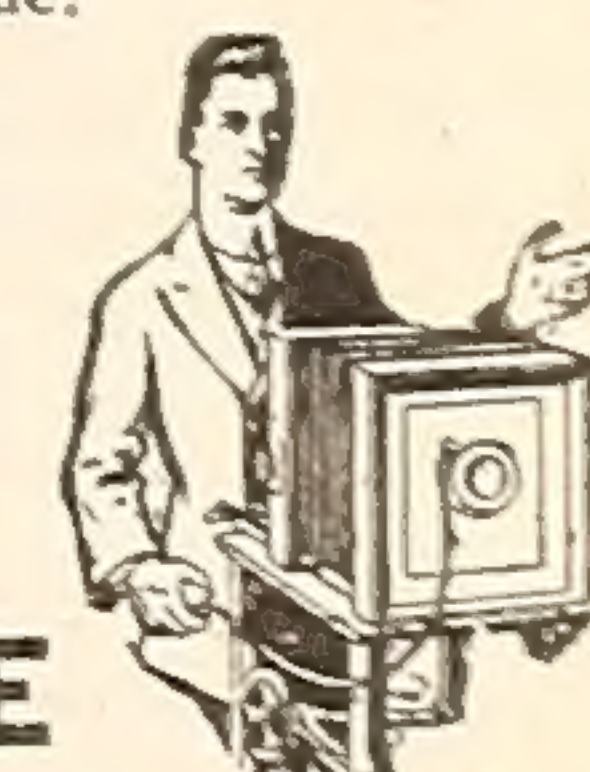
from his own Photograph Studio



"My income now averages from \$700 to \$1000 a week," writes Michael Gallo, who owns his own photographic studio on fashionable Fifth Avenue, New York. He adds, "My portrait studies bring me as much as \$250 a dozen." Hundreds of others are earning big money everywhere. Amazing growth of Professional Photography offers chance of a lifetime; high-salaried position or your own business. \$20 to \$75 a week in spare time!

LEARN AT HOME

No previous experience or special ability is needed. New easy method makes you a Professional Photographer in spare hours at home. Famous experts of New York Institute of Photography train you by mail. All branches: Motion Picture, Portraiture, Commercial, News Photography. Earn while learning.



Motion Picture or 5x7 View CAMERA FREE

Your choice absolutely free. Motion Picture Camera takes real Motion Pictures on standard professional film used by all theatres. View Camera is latest professional model for all still photography; genuine anastigmat lens.

WRITE FOR BOOK

Handsome, big new book explains wonderful opportunities; positions paying \$50 to \$250 a week; how to start your own business; how to earn money in spare time. Send postcard or letter today for FREE BOOK and free Camera offer.

NOTE
If you prefer to come to our New York or Chicago Studios for personal instruction, day or evening classes, write for Catalog R-60 to nearest address: 141 West 36th St., New York, N. Y., or 630 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Dept. 60, 143 West 36th St., NEW YORK, N. Y.

GENUINE ^{BLUE}_{WHITE} DIAMONDS

No Money Down!

10 MONTHS TO PAY

FREE TRIAL

GREATEST DIAMOND SALE

Every reader of this magazine should take an active interest in the special diamond ring bargains pictured here, or listed in our catalog. You get better value for your money than ever before has been possible.

BUY DIRECT FROM IMPORTERS

This 45-year-old concern imports best quality genuine blue-white diamonds direct from the diamond cutting mills of Europe through its offices in Antwerp and London. We sell these diamonds to you at about half their regular market value. Unexcelled as engagement rings.

ABSOLUTELY PERFECT QUALITY

The finest and best diamonds in the world are the blue-white diamonds which have no flaws—no imperfections—no spots or scratches or blemishes of any kind. Every solitaire diamond in this advertisement (except the diamonds at \$197.00 per ct.) is guaranteed the finest quality, absolutely perfect and flawless. Priced at \$297.00 per ct; worth double.

WARNING: Do not be fooled into thinking that diamonds described as "perfectly cut" are absolutely perfect in quality. Diamond experts will tell you that 95% of all diamonds advertised as "perfectly cut" actually are imperfectly cut and besides have flaws and spots and scratches and imperfections of one kind or another which decrease their value. Buy only blue-white diamonds guaranteed in writing to be absolutely perfect and flawless.

WILL STAND ANY TEST

Every one of our diamond rings is sold upon the distinct guarantee that it will stand any test or comparison. The hardest test you give it will just help prove that it is the very best value for the money.

NO RED TAPE OR DELAY

All credit dealings are guaranteed confidential. No one will know you are buying from us unless you tell them so yourself. Just select your ring, send the coupon and we'll ship the order. Men's Rings Same Price.

8% YEARLY INCREASE IN VALUE

Diamonds have increased steadily in value for hundreds of years. We guarantee to allow you 8% per year more for your diamond than you paid for it, in exchange for a higher priced larger diamond.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

You do not take any chances in buying diamonds from us because we guarantee in writing to return your money if you return the diamond within ten days—trial, \$1,000,000.00 back up our guarantees.

GUARANTEE BOND. You receive a large sized, handsomely lithographed, guarantee certificate which protects you against loss and guarantees to satisfy you or return your money. Send the coupon for free trial.

SEND NO MONEY

Just tell us which ring you like best (or more than one ring) and we'll send it free of charge to your bank or express office where you can inspect it, compare it, test it, before deciding to pay deposit. (You can send the deposit with order if you prefer.)

SEE BEFORE YOU BUY

You do not have any money on deposit while inspecting and comparing the diamond. If you decide not to keep it, just tell the agent or bank to return it to us, and the trial costs you nothing. Don't buy until you are convinced that it is the finest diamond value you ever saw. If satisfied, pay only a small deposit and take the ring home with you. Wear it wherever you go and show it to all your admiring friends.

WEAR WHILE YOU PAY

You will never miss the small convenient monthly payments. Paying for the diamond is like putting money in the bank, except that the diamond increases in value at 8% yearly. No one should be without a diamond ring when they can buy one on such easy payment terms.

JUST CHOOSE YOUR RING

Decide which diamond ring you prefer. Then send the coupon and we'll send your ring. Be sure to give your finger size. Gift Box FREE.

DON'T DELAY: SEND TODAY

Thousands of customers will answer this advertisement. Don't be the last one. Decide right now. You will be very glad you wrote to us.

TEAR OUT AND MAIL

STERLING DIAMOND & WATCH CO.

63 Park Row, Dept. 1960 New York

GENTLEMEN: I HAVE SELECTED RING

- ☐ Please send size _____ to me at the bank or express office written in the margin below. If satisfied, I'll pay the small deposit and the balance in ten monthly payments, like depositing money in the bank.
- ☐ I enclose \$_____ as a deposit to show my good faith. Please send size _____ direct to my home for me to wear on free trial. If satisfied, I will pay balance in ten installments as specified above.
- ☐ Do not send a ring but send your big bargain catalog to me showing thousands of diamond, watch, jewelry, silverware and toiletries bargains for me to select from.

NAME _____

LOCAL ADDRESS _____

CITY & STATE _____

ONLY \$48⁰⁰

NO. 73

Large cluster of seven best quality, blue white, genuine diamonds, set in platinum. Full of sparkling colors.

1 1/2 CARAT SIZE

Looks like large size solitaire diamond worth \$500.00. Choice of 18 Kt. white gold or yellow gold fancy ring.

18K

No. 73 \$2.00 DEPOSIT \$4.60 A Month

Give finger size and send for this special diamond bargain.

No. 75 \$2.00 DEPOSIT \$6.50 A Month

Former price \$100. You save \$33. Most beautiful cluster ever sold.

NO. 75

Seven brilliant, blue white, perfectly cut diamonds are set in platinum. Looks like 2 ct. solitaire worth \$600. Fully guaranteed to stand any test.

TWO BLUE SAPPHIRES

are set in the shanks of this 18 kt. solid white gold engraved and pierced ring to add beauty and style.

Every diamond at \$197.00 a carat guaranteed sparkling, brilliant, flashing all the colors of rainbow. Greatest diamond value in U. S.

SPECIAL MOUNTING

Men's or Ladies' plain gold ring FREE. This fancy 18 Kt. white gold ring \$15 extra. Mention weight of diamond, mounting and size. Only 10% deposit.

ONLY \$49⁰⁰

NO. 74

Absolutely perfect, flawless diamond, alive with sparkling colors and brilliance, set in 18 Kt. solid white gold ring.

AT \$297. A CARAT

Just ask any other jeweler what he charges per carat for absolutely perfect, flawless blue white diamonds.

18K

No. 74 \$2.00 DEPOSIT \$4.70 A Month

Finest possible quality, flawless diamond in engagement style ring.

No. 76 \$2.00 DEPOSIT \$5.70 A Month

Supremely pretty, quality diamond in handsomest ring you could want.

NO. 76

ABSOLUTELY PERFECT

Flawless blue white diamond, full of sparkling, brilliant radiance. Money-back guarantee bond. Will stand any test. Simply Exquisite!

LATEST STYLE RING

Beautifully engraved, 18 karat white gold, with two blue sapphires set in shanks. To see it, is to love it. Order it. Wear it. Show it. Keep it.

FREE!

Every customer ordering from this advertisement will receive absolutely free of charge a large sized, satin and plush lined, artistically designed, plush jewel case with double compartment, having retail value of \$5.00. Makes splendid gift.

ORDER TODAY

WRITE FOR THIS CATALOG

Every person interested in jewelry should have this book. Thousands of bargains in sparkling, brilliant, blue-white, genuine diamonds, high-grade watches and wrist watches, jewelry of all kinds, ivory toilet sets, silver sets, etc., are shown. It brings our large jewelry store right into your home.

VALUABLE DIAMOND INFORMATION

You owe it to yourself to get fully posted on diamond grades and values before laying out your money. This catalog tells you how to buy diamonds just like an expert, so you will be sure to get your money's worth. It contains information that other jewelers dare not show. Be sure to read page 6.



STERLING DIAMOND & WATCH CO. INC.

63 PARK ROW DEPT. 1960, NEW YORK

THIS COUPON MAKES IT EASY

SCREENLAND

June, 1925



She is Alyce Mills and not only is she comely, shapely and graceful, but she has the divine spark. She is the *find* of the month. Her future will be glorious, for she is bringing to others hours of perfect happiness.

Under her new contract, Miss Mills will play the lead in "Faint Perfume," by Zona Gale.

Photograph by
Harold Dean Carsey
Studio.





Mrs. Harold Lloyd and Mildred Gloria

These are the two reasons why, through all Harold Lloyd comedies, runs like a bright thread the joy of life.



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From a scene in

"BEN HUR"

Taken among the age-old
cypresses of Rome.

Pictures of PICTURE PEOPLE

¶ The famous of the films are always big game for the camera hunters

¶ Douglas Fairbanks works magic with his stock whip as "Don Q" just as he did with his carpet in "The Thief of Bagdad."



¶ Norma Shearer recently visited Al G. Barnes' circus in California, and even great Jumbo rose up to greet her loveliness.



¶ Lew Cody, photographed in Cliff Durant's racing car when Lew had a day off between scenes in "The Sporting Venus."



¶ "Here's How"! Alice Terry has just finished "Any Woman" for Paramount and has left to join her husband in Europe.



¶ Marion Davies and little "Zander" who helps to make a success of the film version of the stage success — "Zander the Great."

SHOTS *and* MISSES of the STUDIOS



Q Royal Gorge, Colorado, filmed for "The Limited Mail" with Monte Blue as the engineer and Willard Louis as the hobo. This is positively the Gorge's first appearance in motion pictures.



Q During an idle moment in the filming of "The Merry Widow" Mae Murray and John Gilbert pose out of character.



Q Aileen Pringle, looking for all the world like the lady of mystery in "Three Weeks."

HOLLYWOOD

Where There Is Always a Chance



¶Here you come! The eye of the camera is the eye of every movie fan. A Hollywood director with his megaphone, cameraman and assistants from "Go Straight."



¶Millard Webb, director of "The Golden Cocoon," is a boy from the country and he can prove it. Like President Coolidge, he is a typical American.

¶In Hollywood, they do not judge you by what you were, but by what you bring with you.

SCREENLAND'S EDITORIAL COMMENT

GRASS

ONCE in a while a film comes along that is not a "production" at all; that has no scenario, no cast and no director, but which brings a lesson for every director, has in each rôle a character startlingly personal, and brings material for a hundred stories.

Such a film is "Grass."

If you know of one man who holds that the movies "do not interest" him take him to this film and he will see such a throbbing but simple narrative, so tremendous and yet so human a picture, that the screen will mean to him henceforth and forever a unique and wonderful ART.

The Baktiari tribe migrate with their flocks by way of dangerous fords and terrifying heights to new feeding grounds. This trip is filmed. That's all. But never has a theatre or book so convincingly revealed the iron that is in the sinews of man.

Other films, Flaherty's *Nanook of the North* and Johnson's films from the South Seas, have shown us other peoples whose lowly lives we pitied, but this film shows a race whose energy shames us and whose marvellous stamina deserves to be glorified by a classic. And it is a classic which Merian C. Cooper, Marguerite E. Harrison and Ernest B. Schoedsack have recorded.

The Press Agent

Illustrated by
A. J. Trembath



Love, a leading
lady and a
publicity man.

And the *LOVELY LIAR*

By Guy Fowler

ME? I'm Perry Allison, Press Agent for Central Films, Inc., New York and Hollywood. The one referred to by the columnists and movie editors as P. A. I'm in right with the newspaper boys, and there is one big reason for it. I never fake them. When I turn in a tip it's a fact, or if it isn't one at the moment, I make it one before the rag goes to press.

But you're interested in Helene Eynon. Of course, so am I. But I knew Helene when —

Well, if you want to learn the straight inside stuff about Helene, a close-up, it will be all right to start right where I did. You only know her as the most beautiful girl on the screen, whose salary makes bootleggers green with envy. There's more to her than that!

The way I landed this job was worth a laugh. I came in off the road as exploitation man for a picture that flopped. Somebody down around Forty-fourth and Broadway told me that Central Films wanted a press agent. I knew Jacobs, the General Manager there.

He started to boil at birth and he's still bubbling. But I braced him that same day.

It must have been that I agreed to go to work for fifty dollars a week less than any one else, because he put me on. I needed the job, and in New York lucrative employment is just as necessary to a press agent as the marines are to a group of besieged missionaries on a cannibal isle.

"We're making a picture called 'Drawn Shades' that's good for a Broadway run," said Jacobs. "What I want you to do is put it across." Just like that. "Every publicity man in town is hankering for the job, so you've got something," he went on.

That was my cue to bow modestly, but I asked him instead: "Who's the star?"

"There isn't any. You've got to *make* one!"

He looked at me steadily and his blue eyes suggested twin caves in a frozen grotto. Also, there was something in the tone of his voice no warmer than the ammonia pipes in an ice plant.

"We're casting a new girl in the lead," he continued. "She's never been heard of, so you've got all the chance in the world."

"Well, you never get a chance unless you *take* one," I wise-cracked. "Who is this dame? Where do I get the dope on her?"

"Her name is Helene Eynon. She's making the picture out at our west coast studios. But look here, Allison," he leaned forward in his big chair, "I don't want you to get this girl in love with herself. I want her to listen to reason in a contract if this film goes over. Play her up and all that, but don't forget the *picture's* the thing."

Shakespeare figured the play was, I thought, but after all, Jacobs was signing my payroll, so why argue about it? Anyhow, Will never saw a movie. I understood Jacobs' language all right, because I had seen too many (Continued on page 87)



"I — I feel like a little girl," she said. "Everything is so new—people are so kind to me— Oh, I thank— thank you, very much." She sank down smiling, still frightened.

Gen. Mitchell's Case



¶ Enlargement from the news reel taken at Fortress Monroe, showing the anti-aircraft battery banging away, gunners rushing about, shells flying and guns kicking. The public knows they tried.

WORDS, words, words! Oceans of them, pouring over a Congressional committee in Washington from witnesses who contradicted each other, called each other names; fountains of words, tumbling forth and coalescing in foaming torrents on which tossed fragments of true statements, of false statements, of personalities and reputations; columns of words, dished up to us under red hot headlines in the newspapers, to be rehashed every week in the magazines. And what about? Well, about something to do with aviation and a chap named Mitchell.

At least that's as much as the average citizen could have told you about the great aviation controversy when the Aircraft Investigating Committee adjourned, just before the Inauguration. Then something came to dispell the fog in his brain that had succeeded the storm of words, something not unlike a flash of lightning in its suddenness and illumination. He had a vision, literally. But that is getting ahead of our story.

For seven months, beginning last August, the Select

¶ *Seeing is believing, and the public has formed its own opinion of the merits of General Mitchell. Pathe's Weekly has the thanks of every voter.*

Aircraft Investigating Committee of the House of Representatives held hearings in Washington. In that time it listened to the testimony of high officers of the Army and Navy, to the Secretaries of War and Navy, to the heads of the Army and Navy air services and of the Air Mail, to engineers, manufacturers, civil and military pilots, and a great array of others more or less qualified to have opinions on aviation. The Committee sent investigators to Europe who brought back a detailed report of foreign air strengths and policies.

The fireworks didn't begin, however, until Brig. Gen. (now Col.) William Mitchell took the stand. General Mitchell (we shall call him General, although he has been demoted for his testimony) was at the time Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service. He is, or was, known as "the flying General," for the simple reason that he was the only General in our Army who could pilot his own plane. In the World War, according to "Who's Who in America," he was the first American officer to fly over the lines; "at St. Mihiel he commanded the

GOES *to the* MOVIES

By
William Morris
Houghton



General Mitchell, completely happy, points to the one lone bullet hole made by a machine gun. The "Archies" hit nothing at all. Truth is a beautiful thing, and the news reels are without fear or favor.

largest aero concentration in the history of the world"; and he was decorated by the American, British, French and Italian Governments. What he said to the Committee, which set the Army and Navy and the Government in general by the ears, may be summed up in a few sentences:

"Vested interests in the Army and Navy are resisting any change which will in any way curtail or modify their authority or permit the development of aviation as anything more than a mere auxiliary of their activities."

"The system now in operation will seriously compromise our national defense should an emergency arise."

"Air power can destroy any battleship that has been built or that ever can be built."

"As a defensive agent on the surface of the waters along our shores, a navy's usefulness is



A portion of the news film showing the target being towed above the deadly (?) guns. The movie goers of America know the facts, and General Mitchell is in a fair way to become a national hero.

gone."

"Testimony given by certain agents of the Government shows wilful ignorance, and falsification with intent to confuse Congress."

"New York City lies at the mercy of a hostile air fleet."

"\$433,000,000 has been spent for aviation in the last five years but we are not getting results."

"The United States now ranks fifth in air power, being surpassed by England, Japan, France and Italy, and we are falling behind all the time."

A perfect Niagara of denials and counter accusations from associates and superiors in both services cascaded down over the intrepid General's head and flooded the press, following these statements. He reiterated and amplified them. The quarrel became a tempest, leading to such

(Continued on page 86)

Director Raoul Walsh, just returned from Tahiti, says: "It seems to me the way to get

They LOVE Better BY SOUTHERN SEAS

What is that strange influence that makes strong men tremor to gentleness and lovely women stoop to conquer?

By Gayne Dexter

CORINNE GRIFFITH had just returned from the tropics, although by the color of her skin you would not have thought she had been further away than Fifth Avenue. But Corinne's skin is of fine satiny texture that greets tropical sun as naturally as it greets face-cream. So no outward sign betrayed the weeks she had scampered along endless yellow beaches, bare-footed, bare-armed, in a costume short, tattered, but picturesque. White-crested surf-heads had rolled over her, and surf is no respecter of stars; slanted drives of spindrift from the reefs had stung and sparkled about her. Nevertheless I knew these things were true, having written the South Sea tale Corinne was filming; and what happened to my heroine in harmless type happened actually to her.

After such vicissitudes you might have expected quite reasonably that Corinne, who somehow appeals as the Spirit of Fifth Avenue with that elegance and delightful

insouciance of hers, would have welcomed New York.

Did she? Her eyes saw little of the setting wherein I discovered her—and that apartment at the Hotel des Artistes expressed much of Corinne in taste and *savoir-vivre*. She gazed outside where rain shone briefly in the window's glow, splintering the night with cold white shafts.

"Glad to be home?" I suggested. The question went unanswered for a moment.

"Won't you write me another story—so that I can go back there?" said Corinne quietly.

Huge purple canopies of (Continued on page 82)



the best out of players is to put them on a Tropic Beach and give them a free rein."



You will see Richard Barthelmess and Bessie Love in "Soul Fire," and then you will better understand the South Sea tales of Jack London and the romances of Somerset Maugham.

LEARN *Lip*



¶ The appearance of the lips saying "L."

¶ There is a day coming when every movie show will have the *words* of the drama with the action — when every fan will read the lips of the actors. And when that day comes deafness will hold no terrors, and the movies will reproduce completely the literature of the world

¶ Photographs especially posed by Edna Murphy through the courtesy of Tom Terriss, directing Miss Murphy and Glenn Hunter in "My Buddy's Wife."



¶ Only the sound of "Ah" can produce this expression. It is as sure as hearing it.



¶ "Sh-h-h" says Miss Murphy. Notice how your mind supplies the sound as you look at it.

SHE was a small child, with large brown eyes and straight dark bobbed hair which lent her something of a pertness. She sat alone on the far side of the room and her starched pink frock was spread out daintily. She was intently turning the pages of a picture magazine. I went over and sat down beside her. She looked up, a bit startled.

"What is your name?" I inquired.

"Helen —"

"And how old are you?"

She smiled at me then and answered proudly, "I was ten last January."

I watched her a moment as she shyly turned back to the pictured page.

"Do you like the movies?" I asked.

She looked up again quickly, and her smile broke into a laugh, a sweet, happy laugh like the tinkle of some evening bell.

Reading from THE Movies

By Theodocia Pearce

The movies have always lacked the third dimension, sound and color, and have gained in popularity thereby. The imagination of the audience has supplied them. Will lip reading add a charm to words that sound cannot give? . . .



Q "S-s-s." How you look to the pup when you say, "Sic 'em."



Q "W-Wh" as in Which — as in When — What.



Q "Th" — as in Throw. No one can say "This" without putting the tongue to the teeth, even though they make more noise than "Thunder."

"Oh — I love them!" she cried.

Another child drew near and watched us intently. Then she spoke—

"I often go to the movies," she offered. "I live over in Brooklyn. The other night I saw *Peter Pan*."

The pink one laughed again: "I saw it too — Peter and Wendy — and Tinkerbell — and all the little lost boys."

We got quite excited. There was so much for one to talk about — Jackie Coogan and sweet Baby Peggy — funny Charlie — and all of Our Gang kids —

"Can you read the lips of the screen stars?" I questioned, just a bit doubtful. But the answer came quickly from two eager little girls —

"Oh yes — most of it — if they don't turn their faces away from us."

Read the lips? (Continued on page 79)

Living Beautifully

¶ The girls of the picture studios have to learn to move pictorially as well as naturally.



¶ Betty Compson has a message for the Tired Business Man, which she delivers in person.



¶ A newcomer among the Fox contract-holders is little Judy King, who is, as you will see, all wrapped up in her work.

WHEN you rise from your typewriter do you move gracefully? When you dust the Victrola do you bend with a fascinating rhythm? If you were in front of a camera while you make the beds would the resulting film show a succession of pictures of airy grace and movements of sweet music? Probably not.

"But," you think, "if I stopped to look pretty I wouldn't get my work

*It is worth
while to be
an eye-ful
while you are
being useful.*

By
James Mile

done, then I'd be fired and then I could have all day to pose around on a park bench, yes, right through lunch time." There's where you are just as wrong as a gas meter.

Doing things gracefully does not require more time, often less. Looking beautiful is a matter of rhythm, not of lost motion. Have you ever observed an expert bar-keeper — pardon, soda water jerker — and studied his movements, particularly when he is busy? It is a revelation to see the unconscious grace and rhythmic dance-like motion which he naturally adopts.

What is the use of being so darn graceful, you may ask. Here are some of the reasons:

If you can move gracefully, then you are in good muscular shape; and that means that you are in good health.

If you can bend and bow, stoop and skip with movements of rhythm, that means that you do not eat too much, and that means you will probably live long.

Best of all, if you are graceful you are more apt to be charming; and if you are charming you will have friends. And these are possessions greater than jewels, and riches beyond the precious mines of all the world.



*Blanche Sweet has
nonchalance and an
easy, graceful poise.*

The Covered Wagon

HAS ROLLED

ACROSS *the* WORLD

By
O. R. Geyer

The pioneering spirit of American enterprise has upheld the traditions of the Forty-Niners.



ⓈTheatre decorated at Asakusa Park, Tokyo, and fans gathering to see "The Covered Wagon."



ⓈThe Paramount Theatre in the heart of the jungle at Tandjong Karang, Sumatra. Here the native tiger-hunters saw and understood the Indian fighters of our Western Plains.

himself more or less at home. Scattered about the city he would find several motion picture houses, and on the fronts of these theatres he would find the very same posters so common at home, with just enough foreign atmosphere in the attached lettering to remind him that he is some thousands of miles from the U. S. A.

Stepping inside the theatre he would find an American motion picture—perhaps one he had seen months before in the States—but nevertheless a genuine American motion picture. If it were a Norma Talmadge feature, he would be certain to feel that he was back at home in his own neighborhood house when the storm of applause marked her first appearance upon the screen. And if he could carry on a conversation with his neighbor, doubtless he would be startled to find that this foreigner could tell him as much about the life of his own favorite home star as he could tell himself.

This is true not only in Singapore, but in every part of the world. The foreign motion picture lover, if anything, carries a little more earnestness into his worship of the screen and its luminaries. And this ardent worship of an art so thoroughly American in its early roots and cul-

PEDDLING film, even in the foreign market, is just business merchandising. But when that film happens to be the story of the men who drove their wagon trains across the West, the pleasant feeling of satisfaction comes to us that the old spirit still survives. Across the plains of the world still forge the Yankees. Indomitable Argonauts. Overcoming handicaps and difficulties, they drive on to the gold fields of foreign markets and to the hearts of all the world.

Sailing into the harbor of Singapore today, one would not have to walk a mile from the docks to find

不日即將開映
邊外英雄
柏拉蒙影片

製監司公片影伶名國美
THE
COVERED WAGON

ⓈA poster in Chinese to advertise the Shanghai opening of "The Covered Wagon."



¶These covered wagons used by progressive Far East theatre owner to advertise Yankee pioneers at least show the same spirit that conquered our far West.

tural development is doing more than any other movement to bring about a mutual and common understanding of ideals throughout the world. Hollywood has become the mecca of hope for tens of millions of motion picture fans in all corners of the globe.

It would be astonishing for the average American individual to know of the lengths to which his foreign cousin goes in his efforts to become better acquainted with his favorites on the American screen.

This is particularly true in Japan, the Far East, and in all Latin countries, notably South America. Because of the insurmountable difficulty of translating film captions into Japanese, it is necessary to use the regular English titles and supplement them with the services of a reader, who can glibly translate the titles into understandable Japanese and tell in sing-song fashion the story of the picture.

One cannot pass a newsstand on any principal street in Rio de Janeiro or Buenos Aires without being visibly reminded by the faces of the stars upon the magazine covers that he is not so far from home at all, thanks to the (Continued on page 79)



¶The Corso cinema in Rome decorated for showing of Cecil B. De Mille's Paramount special, "The Ten Commandments."



¶The film carrier of Batavia, Java. The posters advertise Elliott Dexter in "A Daughter of the Wolf" and Robert Warwick in "In Mizzoura."

"Better BOY Friends"

Plans and Specifications
by an Expert

By Grace Kingsley

WE were exposed to beaux terribly, Pat and I, there in the Biltmore tea room! Pat is a sort of belle of Hollywood, you know. It was around her that the beaux were flocking. I was merely getting what you might call the backwash.

I guess that's what started Pat and me off talking about film heroes, and their comparison with regular, everyday beaux.

And I find that Pat likes the real article much better than the celluloid hero.



Photograph by Witzel

Q Patsy Ruth Miller giving the bobbed haired beauties something to think about.



Q Patsy Ruth, who has studied the screen sheiks, tells why they are never convincing.

"For one thing," explained Pat, "on the screen they never get over the kidding that happens in real life between two honest-to-goodness lovers. Griffith, to be sure, gives us a glimpse of the fact, once in a while, that he knows how the nineteen-year-olds act. It would annoy me to death to have men as punctilious as they are in the screen drama. And yet I have the nicest collection of men on my staff—but there, some of the girls will say I am bragging!

"For instance, the rigamarole a man goes through when he visits his lady-love on the screen—first course with the butler, second course with the maid, third course with papa. Why, our doors at home are never locked! Any friend of mine, boy or girl, can walk in any time of day

or evening, and if I'm not there, my father or mother or kid brother will entertain my friend—give him food or drink or a place to rest the soles of his weary feet. Or if none of us is at home, the maid has instructions to let my friends enjoy themselves any way they like—on the tennis court, playing the victrola or radio, or out of the ice-box!

"And as for frankness—well, can you imagine one of those film heroes ever talking

about life as it really is? Most of them belong to the Mid-Victorian era, and, judging from their manners, would deliver themselves of the kind of conversation that goes with 'tidies' and shells on the what-not."

I asked Pat how about this sexy flapperism. She's a flapper and ought to know.

"Why, young people aren't more sexy than they always were. They simply are franker—more honest if you want to put it that way. I would much rather marry a man I had talked life over with. There aren't so many illusions now when two people marry. It should make for happier marriages, and I think it will."

Goodness, but Pat was serious. Who says a flapper can't be in earnest?

"Most of the mistakes in living are made through

demands *Patsy Ruth Miller*



Q Patsy Ruth Miller "does her stuff" for Harry Beaumont, directing "Rose of the World." The leading lady is always the center of interest, but if she lets this admiration ruin her simplicity, she is spoiled for the screen forever.

ignorance. There is no excuse for ignorance now-a-days."

"Of course," I said, "you admire the film hero's manners?"

"No, I don't," said Pat. "They aren't natural. People take correct behaviour as a matter of course — don't fuss so much about the details. Nice men's manners are informal; any way the American's are."

"My ideal man?" repeated Pat dreamily. "Well, first he must be physically fit — not necessarily a wonderful dancer or floor decoration — not even handsome. And he must be mentally alert all the while, and —"

Just then up sailed two of Patsy's beaux. They wanted her to go to a dance that night.

"But I was chewed by the lions in 'Lorraine of the Lions,' and frozen stiff in a rain storm last

(Continued on page 78)

Q "Tom Mix is absolutely fearless," says Patsy.



The SUPPER CLUBS of

Here you can see:—

Lillian Gish	Frank Mayo
Bebe Daniels	Mary Hay
Constance Talmadge	Richard Barthelmess
Barbara La Marr	Harold Lloyd
Ben Finney	Marshall Neilan
Bessie Love	Hal Roach
James Kirkwood	Edna Murphy
Lila Lee	Constance Bennett

MANHATTAN

Where the Movie Girls

"STEP OUT"

By Delight Evans



IT'S the end of a long, hard day. Little Susie Simplex has been working since very early that morning. Her long curls are tossed and tangled; her pink toes peep through the holes in her worn shoes; her dress is tattered and torn; her hands are grimy; and smudges of dirt obscure the smooth whiteness of her face. She is very, very tired. Would the day never end?

Susie waited for a chance to approach her boss, the big man in the striped shirt with the hat on the back of his head. "Please," said Susie in her soft little voice, "won't you let me go now? I've worked so hard today. I'm all tired out. I don't think I can stand it any longer. It's six o'clock. I'm hungry." Then, as the big man seemed not to hear her, she added: "And besides, I've got a date."

He turned at that. "All right, Susie," he grinned. "You can go in a minute. Almost through with you. Stepping to-night, eh? Well, just one more close-up."

Susie Simplex, the poor little rich motion picture star, faced the camera for the last close-up. Her eyes sparkled. She was no longer a poor, beaten slum child. Her rose-bud lips parted in a sweet smile. Songs of angels, but Susie looked seraphic! A visitor to

Priscilla Dean and Addison Fowler, famous exponent of the real Argentine Tango. Priscilla's recent appearance "In Person" at the premiere of her film, "A Café in Cairo," in New York gave her a few happy nights at the clubs.



¶ This scene from "Recompense" has the supper club spirit.

the studio, passing, paused to watch the pretty scene. Surely this star was thinking beautiful, beautiful thoughts—how ethereal, how spiritual, she looked! The visitor was right. Susie was thinking about her date; she was stepping out with a perfectly grand new man to a first night and then on to a night club. The poor little working girl did her stuff and then trotted to her dressing room, attired her slenderness in a bit of a frock and, escorted by a secretary and two maids, not to mention an Airedale and a Pekingese pup, proceeded to the studio gate where she hopped into her brand-new, snow-white, imported perambulator, manned by an oriental chauffeur in immaculate uniform. She forgot the headache that the blinding lights and her heavy wig had given her; and thought only of the evening ahead. Susie, in fact, was just like other girls.

The supper club is the most popular prescription for tired motion picture stars that good ole Daddy Knickerbocker has to offer. Society and the stage gather there; but actually it is the movie contingent that makes or breaks a new club. And why not? Youth and beauty, and—important consideration when the check says, as it often does, two hundreds dollars or so for several hours' enjoyment—money—they're all in the movies; and the movies bring the golden triplets right along with them into the clubs. These clubs, you understand, are

(Continued on page 76)

¶ Bebe Daniels and Ricardo Cortez, dancing in "Argentine Love." Bebe loves to tango and is frequently seen at the Trocadero, West 52nd Street.

¶ *Marvel Quivey had Beauty, Brains and Training but could not gain a*

"Quack"

Marvel Quivey's Fairy Godmother

¶ *She longed to be in pictures but she tried in vain until last summer, and then her luck changed.*



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

THE "quack" — opprobrious epithet applied to irregular practitioners from time immemorial by ethical physicians — reputedly has never done anything for long-suffering humanity. But that is all changed now, for Marvel Quivey's "Quack" has placed her on the screen, her life-long goal. And since Marvel is exceedingly good to look upon, this particular "Quack" has helped picture-loving humanity a lot.

By H. B. K. Willis

You all know "Quack." He was the admirable duck, "Peter," in "New Lives for Old," Betty Compson's recent Paramount starring vehicle, in which he waddled into countless hearts with his ducky antics.

You will recall how he followed Olympe down the truly rural lane like an adjutant, two paces in rear of his colonel, when she was masquerading as *une jolie paysanne*. His demeanor was almost ducal. "Quack" scored again in the shot showing the column of doughboys swinging down the road, headed by Olympe and her young American captain (Wallace MacDonald). His efforts to keep ahead of his mistress and her sweetheart won roars of laughter from spectators at the performance of the picture I witnessed.

"Quack" as "Peter" was such a remarkable duck that I decided to learn more of him. Inquiry at the Famous Players-Lasky studio in Hollywood brought forth the information the estimable duck was owned by Marvel Quivey (pronounced "mar - VELL kee - VAY"), who had the part of "Nancy," the captain's sister in the film.

I rickenbackered over to the Quivey home on North Manhattan place, Hollywood, and was greeted by Mlle. Marvel herself — a bewitching blonde with big violet eyes.

"I've come to see about the duck," I stammered after a few bowings and scrapings.

"Quack?" she queried.

"Quack," I quacked in reply.

place in the movies until "Quack" solved her problem in a very ducky fashion.



¶Filming "Quack" with Betty Compson in "New Lives for Old." Clarence Badger, the director, kneeling by the camera, is directing Marvel Quivey's *Fairy Godmother*.

From then on we gave each other quack for quack.

Marvel, it seems, is not yet seventeen and has been enamored of the cinema since the age of seven. Her father, Claude E. Quivey, the noted painter of miniatures, early realized the futility of crossing the will of a daughter with violet eyes, especially when she was aided and abetted in her artistic aspirations by her mother. So he saw to it that Marvel had all of the training that an actress in these versatile days should have.

He sent her to Miss Hamlin's Select School for Girls in San Francisco, where, by the way, Francis Teague, now with Fox, was Marvel's classmate. Then she studied dancing four years with Ted Shawn and Ruth St. Denis before attending dramatic school.

Right here it can well be said that Mlle. Marvel's artistic aspirations are ancestral as well as apparent. On her mother's side she is descended from English nobility, John Quincy Adams and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Her father's family tree contributes such illustrious forebears

(Continued on page 76)



¶"Quack" watches anxiously to see that Wallace MacDonald and Betty Compson do not make ducks and drakes of the picture.

Doris Kenyon's

HOROSCOPE



Q Photograph of Doris Kenyon and Jane Carleton, the astrologer, taken at Miss Kenyon's lovely home in New York City. Miss Carleton sees in the horoscope of Miss Kenyon a continuance of a brilliant career.

Made Her
A MOVIE

STAR

By Christine Vallean

Kenyon, Miss Carleton and myself completed the merry party.

Doris was a little distracted, but sweet and smiling as ever and looking exceedingly beautiful. The telephone and doorbell had rung all morning, she said, and the carpenters had hammered loudly. Everything had gone wrong.

Mr. Alexander, meantime, had been searching for a fuse-box. It seemed there was every probability of a fuse burning out unless that box could be located. Mrs. Kenyon searched too — kitchen, bathroom, bedroom, everywhere — but it couldn't be located.

"Well, I'll take a chance," said the photographer, pessimistically. "If a fuse burns out we're just out of luck."

"If a fuse burns out," observed Doris with a sigh, "my day will have been quite perfect."

"And now," she said, brightening up, "what's all this about horoscopes? I'm crazy to have mine read again. It's already been read twice."

Miss Carleton studied her "case" for a moment. "I think you were born——" she began.

"With Gemini rising," finished Miss Kenyon promptly, "and Neptune in my first house."

I began to feel uneasy. Gemini rising — first house — what did that mean? If Miss Kenyon were going to talk the lingo I was lost.

"You see," she went on, at Miss Carleton's look of interested surprise, "I've studied it a little bit myself, in a very amateurish way. A friend of mine happened to be interested . . . and lured me into it."

Well, I was lost. Ordinarily Miss Carleton would endeavor to conduct her readings in terms that even a child could understand. But there was no necessity here. Miss Kenyon was on common

(Continued on page 60)

IT may be as well to confess at the outset that this isn't at all the sort of story the respected editor of SCREENLAND asked for. He said: "I want you to translate the whys and wherefores of this horoscope business into simple, every-day language. Explain to my readers just how the thing is done. Jane Carleton is going to read Doris Kenyon's horoscope tomorrow. You go along and find out the method of procedure and write an illuminating story."

So the next day found me wending my way via self-service elevator to the roof-top apartment in the West Fifties where the Kenyons — Doris and her mother — have been living since their return from Hollywood last fall.

I found the usual serenity of the household slightly disturbed by the presence of carpenters putting up orange-colored awnings over the rear garden — Doris having discovered that southern exposures, while extremely beneficial for gardens, are not conducive to a soft, restful interior atmosphere. Kenneth Alexander, the photographer, was there, with much camera apparatus, waiting for Miss Kenyon to pose for portraits. Mrs.

Would You Like **a JOB** in the Movies

With all your expenses paid and a salary besides?

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

Will give an opportunity in a real production to a

GIRL SELECTED BY SCREENLAND

The selection will be made as follows: Any young lady wishing to enter the movies must send her photograph and date of birth to SCREENLAND; and Miss Jane Carleton, Astrologer, will cast the horoscope of each candidate. And the girl whose astronomical influences indicate that she will be successful on the screen will be given this opportunity to fulfill her destiny and come into her fortune.

The horoscope will be free

Here is your opportunity — carefully follow the directions.

¶ Important details to be written on the back of the photographs:

Your name.

Your address.

The date of your birth.

The hour of your birth.

The place of your birth.

¶ You can send as many photographs as you wish but each must have the information requested.

¶ If you will send a stamped and addressed envelope which will hold your photograph, we will gladly return the picture to you with a brief horoscope which Miss Carleton will outline without charge.

¶ No photograph will be considered which is received after June 1, 1925.

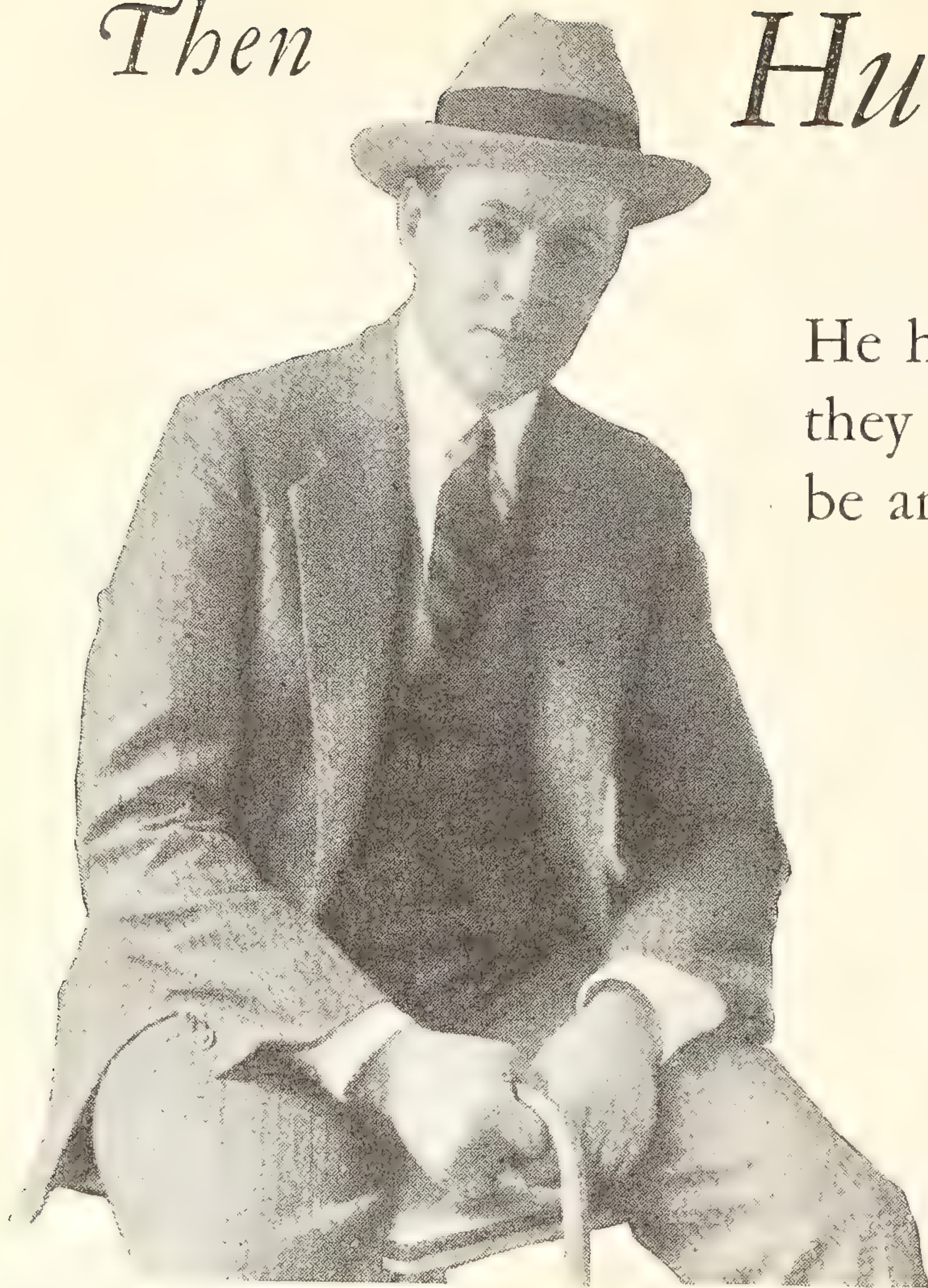
Send photographs thus inscribed to:

HOROSCOPE EDITOR, SCREENLAND,
236 West 55th Street • • New York City, N. Y.



¶ Doris Kenyon is much interested in astrology and has already fulfilled by her great screen success predictions which were indicated by Venus in her astronomical chart.

Then Huntly Gordon did



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

He had to be a success;
they wouldn't let him
be anything else.

What You Can Do!

If you have not the success that you long for,
probably you have not found the right job. It
is very easy to know what you can do best —
it is what you WANT to do.

YOU know him and you have probably envied him. He seems the personification of the rich men that he plays. Big business! Success! And successful he is NOW. Where a successful business man might be known in an average city to a hundred thousand people, Huntly Gordon is known to a hundred million. Any tailor is honored to make the clothes that he wears. Any friend of a friend is proud of the remote connection. Huntly Gordon is a success because he has found the work that he can do.

In Hollywood on the motion picture lots they build of canvas and papier maché convincing facades for impregnable fortresses and gorgeous castles. And behind these imposing fronts, there is nothing more than braces and supports. If anything could be said to be utterly false, these sets are the symbols. And yet they are perfect for their purpose.

In Hollywood is Huntly Gordon, with the imposing front of the astute business man. But in business life he failed — a failure as a banker, a failure as a miner, a jest as a broker, a false alarm as a contractor, a flop as a cigarette factory owner, and as a salesman he was just an "also ran."

He admits that he would probably die in poverty if he had to earn his livelihood in any other than his present occupation.

Banker, miner, broker, contractor, cigaret factory owner and salesman . . . these are the fields he explored before he finally drifted to the stage and thence to the screen.

He first branched out of short pants into man's sized garments when he cast his lot in a bank in Montreal, Canada, his home town. But he hates figures. Even now his income tax

(Continued on page 73)



Huntly Gordon in his latest picture, "The Golden Cocoon," is the personification of the successful American business man. Do you wonder how they keep him in the movies when, obviously, he could juggle a trust or corner the wheat market? The truth is that he was a failure at everything until he became an actor.

What He Wanted To

By James M. Fidler



Photograph by Henry Waxman

New Screenplays

Reviewed By Delight Evans

SCREENLAND'S **BEST BET** *Of the Month:*

MADAME SANS GENE took in laundry before landing a good job as a Duchess. Gloria Swanson was once a bathing beauty—and now look at her. Cheer up everybody; there may be a chance for us.

¶ "Madame Sans Gene" has more than its share of that rare thing—Romance

MADAME **SANS** GENE



IMAGINE a little figure—all gay impudence and daring—skipping down a great hall where a king once walked. Imagine her calmly removing her slipper in the room which has witnessed some of the most brilliant and formal gatherings on record. Imagine an American screen actress, unheard of ten years ago, invading the almost sacred settings of history—standing on one foot, doing comedy falls, making a moué at the world?

¶ But through all the pageant, it's Gloria who shines.

That's what Gloria Swanson does in *Madame Sans Gene*. That's what she does; and it gave me a thrill to see her do it. To think of all the long way she has travelled to this triumph, and how gracefully she stands on the pedestal now that she's there, gave her new picture an added kick. She's a superb *Sans Gene*; she works like a small fury to put every scene across; she looks more enchanting than she ever did

before; and she lends more glamor to a screenplay which has more than its share of that rare thing: Romance.

Because it's romance all the way, *Madame Sans Gene*. Isn't it romantic that the actor playing Napoleon should take his snuff out of the jewelled snuff-box which belonged to Bonaparte? That when the script called for Versailles, it was the fairy-like beauty of the real pleasure-grounds that the camera caught? That the Louvre, opened by the co-operation of the French Government, should have yielded up its priceless treasures so that an American film company with an American star should make a French classic immortal? I'll say it is! I am not given to the sanctification of film magnates or box-office attractions, but I think we should all be a little proud of our Adolph and our Jesse and our Gloria.

The romance of the little laundress who becomes a duchess in Napoleon's court is one of the most exciting in history. It's the kind everybody loves. It has "local girl makes good" for its theme. The rise from obscurity to fame and fortune is the favorite literary formula of the ages. It has the same appeal that Miss Swanson's own story has. Maybe that is why she makes *Sans Gene* really live again. She understands her. The pert and saucy piece whose head is as level and heart as kind in her duchess days as in her laundry is a great heroine — once played by Rejane and Rehan. I didn't see them; but I know that no other screen star could have done it except Gloria. The few who still insist she is only an expert clothes-model should see her in her laundress' garb, and admit she never wore a deMille gown with more grace. Her antics in her elegance are uproarious, but she is not always the comedienne. She surprised me in her serious scenes. She has, for the first time,

created for me a character. I can never forget *Sans Gene*.

Leonce Perret, the director, made some appalling pictures over here. But he is at home with *Madame Sans Gene*; and displays delicacy and strength and tact. He has the right idea about "costume stuff." His actors do not behave as if they are attending a fancy-dress ball; they are attending a fancy-dress ball; they are inspired, not awed, by their surroundings — and such surroundings! Except for a few scenes at the outset, the settings are the real thing — get that? — not studio sets, but the actual furniture, tapestries, trinkets, and even costumes of the time. You are living over again, by the magic of the camera, the days of the little Corporal's glory.

The cast — French with two exceptions — is splendid. Emile Drain is Napoleon — physically and artistically excellent. Charles de Roche, already ours by adoption, is the stalwart soldier Lefevre; Warwick Ward, from England, is handsome and sympathetic — in the Barrymore manner! — and two very lovely and gifted actresses play the sisters of Bonaparte — what cats they are, and how *Sans Gene* does put them in their place!

But through all the pageant, it's Gloria who shines. Her role demands it, and she doesn't fall down once, except when she is supposed to. *Sans Gene* is supplied with the spice of satire — it endears Napoleon to us by letting us in on the fact that he was hard on his hose. Gloria lives up to her picture. She's seen her name in the largest electrics ever lighted for any star on Broadway; she has been the heroine of an ovation rare even on that glittering street; she has conquered France and carried off one of her sons. But your applause still means a lot to her. Go ahead — *Vive Gloria!*

¶ "*Grass*" is an interesting account of the travels of three Americans with the Bakhtiari tribe in Persia.

Go to Grass

¶ The Bakhtiari find the long green at the Criterion.

THE Broadway crowd gathered around the posters outside the Criterion Theatre. It seemed to concentrate on one sign in particular which said, in elegant words to the effect that right inside there were fifty thousand naked bodies hurling themselves against the mighty bosom of nature. The crowd was impressed and most of it bought tickets.

Grass is offered to the breathless world by the benevolent Messrs. Zukor



¶ The dangerous quest of sustenance for themselves and beasts.

and Lasky, who have this to say about it, among many other things: "It is a lesson in sacrifice, courage, and daring, paralleling any previous camera effort. It is our hope that the public will respond to the showing of 'Grass' for it will encourage the sending of the camera into other unknown parts of the world for other strange adventures with which to entertain and instruct."

There you have it. We are being Uplifted again. The company which let *The Last Laugh* slip out of its hands because, presumably, it wasn't instructive or sacrificial enough, gives us *Grass* with a noble gesture. Remember that in your prayers, little lads. Remember tonight, too, that it's fifty thousand — fifty thousand.

Statistics aside — and I'm fed up with them, aren't you? — *Grass* is an interesting account of the travels of three Americans with the Baktiari tribe in parts of Persia on their search for — you guessed it — grass. Merian C. Cooper, Marguerite E. Harrison, and Ernest B. Schoedsack were the intrepid trio — the lady is the only one we see, the men being busily engaged with their cameras. They endure many hardships for the sake of their cinema

mission, and are the only living rivals of the hardy news-reel cameramen — don't you always get a laugh out of the sub-titles in the current events which read, "Daring cameraman risks life in volcano's crater?" We are told, again and again, via the captions, that we are witnessing a death-defying, soul-stirring, epic adventure — accompanying these modern martyrs, the "forgotten people," on their dangerous quest of sustenance for themselves and their beasts. I had a feeling all through the picture, however, that these same martyrs would be much astonished to walk into the theatre and see themselves struggling on the screen; and if the titles were translated to them, they would doubtless have hysterics. Probably their semi-annual pilgrimage to the grass-lands is no more exciting to them than crossing Broadway at the busy hour is to us. It's a matter-of-fact, businesslike proposition, and all the agony is in the advertising.

Although I would have enjoyed *Grass* much more without being urged to suffer with the Baktiari, I have to admit that the captions, by Terry Ramsaye, are as scholarly as any I have ever read.

¶ A noble compromise for little sister's sake

Sackcloth and Scarlet

¶ Take off that Wig
—We Know You.

MEET your old girlfriend, the suffering sister. I thought she was gone for good; not so. Here comes Alice Terry as one of those noble blonde girls who compromises herself for little sister's sake. It's just too sweet of her; only little sister never appreciates it and neither does the audience.



Why pick on Alice, anyway? Here's a young woman who is, from all accounts, a very modern, sophisticated screen star with a sense of humor. And in the movies you'd never know her. She puts on that wig, checks her Irish wit, and suffers. She has become virtually the leader of the suffering sisterhood of the screen. She



¶ Alice Terry is the sacrificing sister who brings happiness to Orville Caldwell and Dorothy Sebastian.

is so self-sacrificing she probably refused to accept her salary. She must suffer; and suffer she does until the last reel, when death, the great healer, fixes everything, and little sister gets what's coming to her. So does big sister — she gets her man, her raw-boned, virile westerner, that's what she gets; and she is welcome to him.

Miss Terry must have needed all her reputed sense

of humor to accept a role like Big Sister in *Sackcloth and Scarlet*. Director Henry King must have thought he was still directing a Florentine classic; he seemed grim and desperate about the whole thing. I don't blame him. But Lillian Gish is the only actress I know of who can register thought in a close-up without losing two-thirds of her audience, who are either running, not walking to the nearest exits, or simply asleep. I watched Miss Terry's longest close-up for quite a while; then I ran out, had a snack and a chat with a friend, and came back to the same close-up.

Dorothy Sebastian, a newcomer, is the bold, bad little

girl. She had all my sympathy. The blonde angel of mercy in her home, not to mention the little stranger who is the cause of it all, was enough to send any ingenue down the primrose path with a song on her lips. As for Orville Caldwell as the combination villain-and-hero in one, he suffers too, and it's only fair that he should after the way he made me feel. Take that any way you want to.

I can't help imagining the surprise and consternation of Henry King when, after treating *Sackcloth and Scarlet* as a masterpiece, he discovered he had all the time been grinding out Sausage 9999.

¶ It gets to be quite a game after a while.

Men and Women

Button, Button—Who's Got the Bonds?

JUST as things were getting very complicated for poor, dear Richard Dix in *Men and Women*, and good, honest Robert Edeson was pointing a stern finger at charming Neil Hamilton and accusing him of really taking the papers; and Claire Adams came in, threw herself at Bob, and exclaimed hysterically, "No, no — blame me — I am the real thief!" six or eight people including myself rose solemnly, raised our hands for silence, and said: "You're all wrong. I took them!"

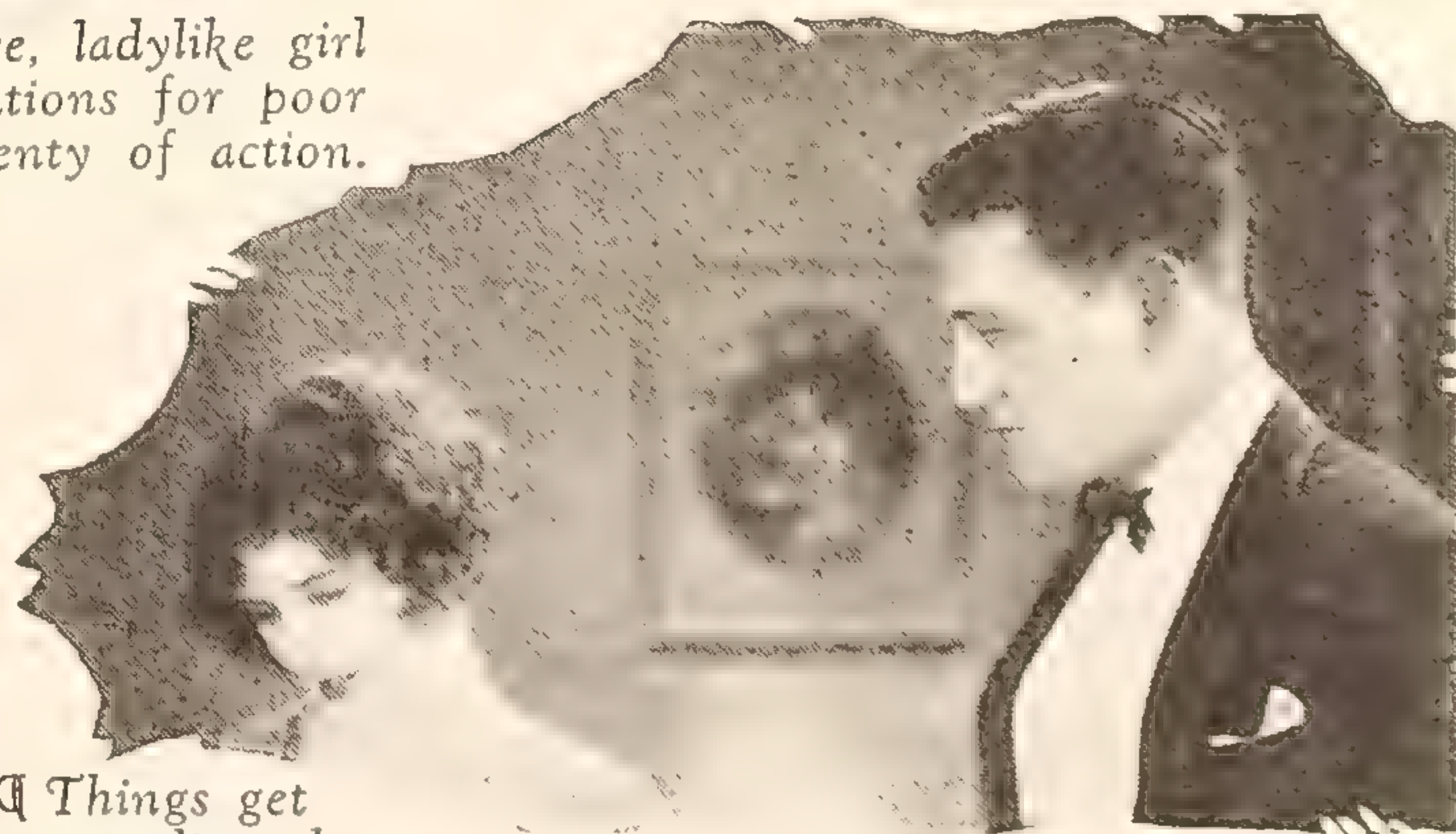
It got to be quite a game after a while. Of course, the audience knew all the time who took those darned securities, so it was no fun for us; but nobody but Richard Dix and another man knew who took them in the picture; and the other man died; so it must have been lots of fun for the cast. Neil Hamilton seemed to have a rather uneasy look all the time; he was being a philanderer and maybe had an eye out for Mr. Griffith, who might fire him if he found out. Mr. Dix doesn't seem any too happy, either; and Claire Adams, an obviously nice, ladylike girl, has to pretend to be the sort of wife who would accept jewelry from Neil, who would never have

offered it to her in the first place.

Years ago, this play by the father of the deMille boys was doubtless thought very advanced stuff. In its film form, it has to try awfully hard to keep up the pace, and the poor old plot must have been all tired out by the time Robert Edeson had done his usual fatherly bless-you-my-children act and sent Richard and Claire off to raise rubber or something in the tropics. Director Bill deMille is so intent upon perfect deportment in his pictures that we have all we can do to keep from going right out and slugging the first person we run into on the street.



¶ Claire Adams is an obviously nice, ladylike girl who causes all sorts of complications for poor dear Richard Dix. There is plenty of action.



¶ Things get complicated for Richard and Claire.

The Charmer

The Song for Today:

Toreador-a,
Don't play that any more-a.
We're getting sore-a —
We've heard it all before-a.

LABELLING a picture *The Charmer* puts an awful responsibility on the poor star. She's just got to be charming whether she feels like it or not. Pola Negri is charming but not nearly so charming as *The Charmer* has to be. Nobody could be, and live. The real Negri is a subtle, tigerlike woman with glittering gray-blue eyes, a lithe grace, a curious, husky voice. Her charm is not of the ogling variety. She doesn't work at it; she doesn't have to. But somehow the potent appeal of the living and breathing Pola is not so apparent on the screen; and *The Charmer* is the Terrible Example of what the movies can do when they want to be mean.

They have certainly picked on Pola. It's the old one about the two Irishmen, Pat and Mike, who were walk-

ing down the street one day, and—— No; it's the story of the Spanish girl who comes to America to go on the stage with her mother and her pet kid — young goat, you know — well, they don't all three go on the stage, but Pola does; and she's the sensation of the season. And there's a young millionaire with designs on her; and his chauffeur, who knows what a Dirty Dog he is; and Pola listens to the one and goes to his apartment and then — my dears — guess what happens? Why, the same old thing that's always been happening in rich young men's apartments when virtuous dancers visit there at night, of course. You know the chauffeur will arrive because he is played by Robert Frazier. And so Pola decides to give up Wallace MacDonald — and keep a chauffeur. Oh, it's snappy stuff, let me tell you.

¶ The Glyn brand of exotic romance — honest, blundering, naive

MAN and MAID

¶ More Glynned
against than
Glynning.



¶ Harriett Hammond and Lew Cody. Harriett, once an adornment of Mr. Sennett's studios, has been glorified into an Elinor Glyn heroine.

YES, I know that's terrible. But then, so is the picture. *Man and Maid* is the latest effusion of Madame Elinor Glyn. There must be people who dote on Madame's books and so I suppose *Man and Maid* will satisfy. But while the screen always had its faults, I don't think it should be entirely blamed for the Glyn pictures. After all, I never saw the particular Glyn brand of exotic romance in films before. Honest, blundering, naive romance — but not this heavily sensuous stuff that her pictures give us. Well, if you like it — go ahead. I am no sissy; give me a Sennett comedy any old time.

Speaking of Sennett: Harriett Hammond, once an adornment of Mr. Sennett's studios, has been glorified into an Elinor Glyn heroine. She's the only member of the cast in my opinion who is worth worrying about. She doesn't seem at home here. Therefore, Harriett, listen to your elders. Get your bathing suit out of mothballs. Back to the old lot, Harriett — go and Glyn no more.

A School for Wives

¶ Introducing
This Little Girl

A SCHOOL FOR
WIVES
has just
a b o u t

everything in it except a train wreck. But there's a fire to make up for it. There are ballroom and boudoir scenes; an ailing child and Conway Tearle as an artist; scenes at sea and Sigrid Holmquist in an ermine coat; Sigrid, again, as a hard-working girl, with the same mar-

cel; a chorus number from a Broadway show and — it there's anything else you want, just write to the producer-author-director, Victor Hugo Halperin, and maybe he'll put it in for you. At that, it's lavish entertainment.

But despite all these attractions, despite, even, Conway's emotional eyebrows, pretty Peggy Kelly, and a rather promising young actor named Brian Dunlevy — the best thing about this film is a very brief scene showing a girl scrubbing the floor. Now, this doesn't sound especially attractive. The scene is introduced so that the luxurious heroine may see the noble example of the scrub-girl, renounce her life of ease, and go back to Conway — no hardship; just ask any girl. It is not, in fact, the dramatic touch it lends to the plot which makes this

¶ Conway Tearle is the artist, and
Sigrid Holmquist is the hard-work-
ing girl who has lovely clothes.

scene interesting — no, dear readers, I have not been taken in. It is the flash it gives of one Alyce Mills, whose name doesn't mean a thing to you now, but will in a few years. In the few seconds allotted to her, she manages to convince you that she is beautiful, charming, and distinctly promising. How does she do it? Don't ask me. I'm no mind-reader. She made me sit up and watch her. She looks like Griffith material to me. She has just been handed a long-term contract by another producer. Just watch Alyce.

¶ Frothy fun that triumphantly turned out a real picture

The Way of a Girl

¶ It's All in Fun

I DON'T know whether *The Way of a Girl* is a happy accident or not. It looks as if they started out to make one of those old-fashioned melodramas which shows the pampered daughter of luxury being transformed into a Real Woman by contact with fresh air and escaped convicts. Then somebody with a sense of humor saw it, added a prologue, kidding captions, kept the girl from her awful fate as a R. W., and triumphantly turned out a real picture.

The Way of a Girl is all frothy fun. It is a naive little piece taking the audience behind the scenes while the scenario-writer is preparing his story — a harassed scenario-writer who is beset by his adventurous heroine whenever she is in a tight place — she comes right up

and sits on his typewriter until he gives her what she wants, which happens to be Matt Moore. She refuses to take her hair-breadth escapes very seriously, and gives us the cue to laugh it all off too. If it had been played in earnest, as it was doubtless originally intended, we would have gone away sighing over "just another movie." But not even her rescue from a watery grave, her encounter with two desperate villains, and the romantic ending to her escapades can be criticized because they are all performed in the spirit of good, clean fun. *The Way of a Girl* indulges in a little ridicule of previous pictures with almost the identical plot, which leads me to wonder how the same company can ever use the old plot seriously again.

Of course the company will. But why worry about that when there is this refreshing thing to laugh at right now? Eleanor Boardman, whom I never suspected of concealing a talent for comedy, is perfectly delightful as the girl with wild ways, and I wouldn't blame her for striking the next time she is made to play the same girl in earnest.



¶ Matt Moore rescues Eleanor Boardman time and again just as the villain crouches near his prey.

¶ Closely follows the play

Declasse

¶ *What Ho, and All That!*

IT is no reflection on the rest of the screen sisterhood to say that Corinne Griffith can play a frail aristocrat a little better than any of them. But she can. There's no one else who could have taken Ethel Barrymore's role in *Declasse* and made it something more than a purposeless puppet — except, perhaps, Elsie Ferguson of the earlier screen days. So many actresses, when supposedly portraying a Lady, believe that the only way to do it is to preserve a cold and haughty countenance, scarcely ever smile, and wear dresses with trains. They are so darned refined about it they give me a pain. I haven't met many Ladies — capital L, printer — in fact, only one; but she was quite human and even said a four-letter word beginning with "D" and ending with "mn" when properly aroused.

But Corinne Griffith is so lovely in *Declasse* that she sweeps aside all skepticism about the story. It closely follows the play except as to ending; and we can't have Corinne dying, can we? Chorus of agitated sophomores: "Rather not!" But the picture happens to expose the skeleton which the delicate humor of the dialogue carefully covered in the play; and it isn't the picture's fault if at times it takes on the tinsel of "a drama in high life." Clive Brook helps Miss Griffith to carry the acting honors. Don't confuse him with Holmes Herbert — they're both British and both good. But Brook is decidedly himself, and as the rich man who seeks to purchase Lady Helen Haden, he is not at all despicable and quite interesting.

¶ Clive Brook helps Corinne Griffith to carry the acting honors



¶ Excellent all the way through, and thoroughly human and satisfactory.

MY WIFE and I

¶ Wives and Otherwise

I AM starting a movement to establish a fund for the Suppression of Cruelty to Irene Rich. I am getting tired of the way this poor girl is being treated. She has stood too much already. Won't you all join me in this drive to make a free woman of Miss Rich? She can play the neglected wife, all right; but she'll be getting so she can't play anything else, if they don't give her a rest from these roles. I doubt if she would ever be a neglected wife anyway.

Outside of the fact that it offers

Irene in the same old part, that of the wife with the handsome husband who neglects her for a fair flapper, *My Wife and I* is excellent all the way. It is thoroughly human. Now, I detest that word human as much as you do. It's come to apply to any picture in which the cast does not behave exactly foolish. But I can't think of any other word to describe this one. Irene is the wife who takes reducing exercises; Huntly Gordon is the husband who takes pills; Johnny Harron, ingratiating brother of the beloved Bobby, is the son who is smitten with the charms of the capricious Constance Bennett, who in turn manages to ensnare the old man. And all that is human. It could happen; it does happen. The ending may not be as realistic as it should be; but it's more satisfactory; and we can al-



¶ Irene Rich is the neglected wife, Huntly Gordon the husband who takes pills, and Johnny Harron the lovesick son.

ways read the illustrated papers for the other kind.

This Constance Bennett, when properly cast, is a revelation. She is the most daring, dashing, unscrupulous charmer we have on the screen. Her clothes — well, it's a crime for any one girl to wear such stunning clothes so well. Constance may not be so popular with the ladies, but boy, what she is going to do to the male portion of the audience! Gentlemen, leave your wives at home. Now I've done it!

¶ Do you read Delight Evans' Reviews? They are considered throughout the Moving Picture Studios as the fairest and most intelligent as well as the most readable of all reviews. . . . She says what she thinks. Try and influence Delight Evans . . . just try it!

SOME NEW Reviews



Q "Lilies of the Streets" — We don't know when we've seen a better picture. The story is based on the actual experiences of Mary S. Hamilton, New York's chief of police women. Virginia Lee Corbin plays the pampered daughter of the rich with an amazing depth of feeling; and Johnnie Walker and Wheeler Oakman walked straight into our hearts with her — and sat down!

Molly-O Goes to the Movies

HAPPY New Year everybody!
Yes, we know it isn't the first of January, but 'member those old copy book lines —
*Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is a year made new —*

So what's the difference in the date, can you tell me? Here's where we make our bow to you, dear SCREENLAND reader, so what's wrong with a "get acquainted" party, right now?

My job is to write reviews, yours is to read them. Oscar just came along and read that over my shoulder.

"Rub it out," he advised. "Anybody can tell who's getting the worst of the bargain."

But to get down to brass tacks, here's William Desmond waiting to be nailed. His latest picture, "The Burning Trail," is the real thing. Honest Injun, we mean it. It's a story of the ranch country, Wyoming, a feud between the sheepmen and cattlemen and "Smiling Bill" Flannigan. William Desmond is no Adonis, but give us the plain hero. Only an Irishman and a prize fighter like Bill could flip a hot pancake over his shoulder and plaster Texas, the local bad man, one on the ear.

Oscar laughed so hard we had to poke him. Anyhow, Bill, when the picture comes to town we're going to see it again. Poor Bill found the walking mostly up hill. Every time he lost a job he shot a hole in his hat, until you'd have thought his head gear was made out of Swiss cheese. But if a fellow keeps walking, he is sure to get there. And there he found "the right girl" waiting. Boiled down, his philosophy was just this: "It's hate and greed that makes all the trouble in the world. What we need is friendliness and love."

* * *

I went to see this next picture alone. Poor Oscar stayed at home with a perfectly good tooth-ache to keep him company. So when I returned I had to tell him all about the movies the first thing.

"When Jim Fairfax graduated from Yale, what do you suppose he did? I'll give you three guesses, Oscar."

Oscar held his bandaged face in his hands and made three grand misses.

"Went into the bank with father —"

"Started in an aeroplane factory to learn the business from the ground up —"



¶ Every dog has his day, but not every dog gets a day like Strongheart in "White Fangs."



¶ The thrills in "Sunken Silver" terrified the lovely Allene Ray and sent the shivers down our spines.

"Got a job in the movies."

Well, I suppose it's up to me to tell you, folks, same time as I do Oscar. He went to Texas, donned the picturesque garb of his forefathers, and soon became known the whole country over as "That Devil Quemado." There you have the title of this new picture featuring Fred Thomson. We can't remember ever meeting Fred before, but we'll call it a day when we have the luck to meet him again.

This Quemado isn't such a bad lot after all, even though he abducts a beautiful bride right in the middle of the marriage ceremony.

Right on top of this he meets Joanna Thatcher visiting on her father's ranch. Joanna is effectively played by Gloria Hope. The minute Quemado sets his eyes on Gloria, he knows where his Hope lies.

Ned Thatcher, the delicate son, does the comedy stuff. We've often heard of "mother's angel boy," but Ned surely was "father's little pest." Poor Ned has every ailment in the almanac. When he learns of a new one, he goes out and gets that too. He carries a dinky little thermometer in the place where a cigarette ought to be. His tonic, disguised under a



¶ Fred Thomson is a new kind of Don Juan and Lochinvar in "That Devil Quemado." "Westerns" will be in style as long as hard-riding, good-looking heroes such as Fred Thomson rope them and bring them to the screen.

patent medicine label, is the stuff Mr. Volstead is so bitter-against. Every once in a while, Ned comes out with — "Oh, I wish I were dead!" But when Quemado shoots the thermometer right out of his mouth and sends a playful bullet through the tonic, even while Ned is holding the bottle in his hand, the poor sick fellow suddenly shows the speed that is in him.

All the excitement centers around Joanna's abduction. Joanna is terribly frightened and thrilled too. Not every girl has an honest to goodness romance like hers. Why tell what's in the pie before it's cut? But we will say this much, any fellow who rides so hard and shoots so well for the real girl, as did Quemado, deserves to get her in the end.

To-morrow we are going to take Oscar to the dentist. It'll be as good as another scenario!

* * *

"Sunken Silver," the new Pathe serial, is sure to keep you coming for ten weeks anyway, at the rate of a chapter a week. The story is from the novel, "Black Caesar's Clan." (Continued on page 78)

Before THEY WERE FAMOUS

Conrad Nagel's High School Days

By
AGNES
BEARMINGTON



Conrad Nagel's house doesn't get finished fast enough to suit him, so he tries his hand and only succeeds in building up a large appetite.

YOU all know Conrad Nagel, one of the most popular screen stars of today. Well, I knew him when he was one of my classmates at high school in Des Moines, Iowa.

I remember so well the first time I saw Conrad. He sat across from me in the assembly hall, and looked around like a scared rabbit, just as though he didn't quite know what it was all about. In his short trousers and Norfolk jacket he resembled "Mama's boy" let loose amongst a gang of roughnecks.

The upperclassmen teased him unmercifully, calling him "Angel Child" and "Darling Boy," so that by the end of the first month poor Conrad was looking around for a friendly hole into which he might crawl, thereby ending his misery.

I am sure his freshman year was a nightmare to the boy. We girls, I remember, liked Conrad, as he was so nice and polite to us, and we felt sorry for him because the boys insisted that he was a sissy and treated him as such.

However, he stuck it out, and by the time he had completed his second year he had won most of the boys over to his side. One could not help liking Conrad, as he had a very winning personality, but his main trouble was that he was so shy. It took one a long time really to know him.

Putting on long trousers made a great difference—Conrad looked more grown-up. During his junior year he became a member of our football team, and by the time he was a senior he was one of the most dependable members of the class.

The night we received our diplomas I remember how thrilled we girls were when Conrad got up to give the Class Poem. Even the boys were impressed.

After I graduated, I went away to school and in that way lost track of Conrad for several years. Then through a friend, I heard that he had gone to California and had entered the movies.

There Conrad has succeeded, and has changed from a modest, retiring boy into a real actor.

Write to SCREENLAND if you knew any of the Movie Stars before they were famous. Every letter printed will be paid for.

¶ *The Stage of Broadway, not unlike the ancient omnibuses, brings every sort of visitor. Some are week-enders but some stay on and thrive, save their money and then take a trip to Hollywood.*

By John Eliot



¶ *Lyonel Watts and Martha Bryan Allen in "O Nightingale."*

"O NIGHTINGALE"

THIS is a charming play and Martha Bryan Allen is an equally charming girl, and as the play could not possibly exist without the girl — and the girl we are sure is exactly the same offstage as on — then together, they must go into the movies. They will be welcomed throughout this land of flickering romances, for they are Brave Youth and Gentle Fancy.

The story is woven by Sophie Treadwell (she plays a part, too) and she has taken as a theme the armor of virtue, the safety of the innocent, and while little Appolonia Lee as given life by Martha Bryan Allen was earnest and ambitious she never does win to the role of Juliet nor even to the stage; however, she finds her Romeo.

The little country girl is fed and clothed by an excellent roue, Ernest Lawford, and if he did come to learn that there is such a thing as innocence, he remained a gentleman. And then, of course, the boy, Lyonel Watts. He tried to avoid women, and here was one, and he didn't believe her at all until finally he believed in her more than in anything else in this very nice old world.



¶ *Gareth Hughes, who gave up an enviable place in the films to star in Lula Vollmer's new play, "The Dunce Boy." Here he is as Tude, the "dunce boy."*

¶ *David Tearle and Eve Balfour in Congreve's "Love for Love" at the Greenwich Village Theatre.*



Doris Kenyon's Horoscope—Continued from page 34

ground with her.

"It is an exact mathematical science," Miss Carleton had told me, "worked out by spherical trigonometry." I believed her. If spherical trigonometry had anything to do with it I was out of the running.

Having retired from the unequal struggle, I sat back to enjoy myself, as a dramatic critic might settle down to enjoy a play he didn't have to review. Miss Kenyon, I discovered, is a very easy person to gaze upon—in fact, I might say it is somewhat difficult to refrain from gazing. Here is the fragile beauty that the camera can capture but a fraction of, for an essential part of it is the delicate gold and blue and white coloring which is, of course, totally lost in photographing.

Her hair is gold, with a tinge of red in it, and because red photographs black, as any good fan well knows, in a portrait her hair looks almost a dark brown. She has large blue eyes, and one of those creamy white skins-you-love-to-touch, with just the proper dash of pink in it.

Her dress was blue, a perfect shade, and had pink flowers—roses, I think—painted about the hem. The sun was streaming through the French doors leading into the

garden. Out there, forming a nice background, was a fountain, circled about with flowers. (Doris is an authority on gardens.) A perfect setting, if ever there was one, and Miss Kenyon, with hardly the least effort, succeeded in looking utterly seraphic.

Miss Kenyon was saying something about having thrown away one of her two previous horoscopes because she worried about things it predicted. I pricked up my ears again.

"But you mustn't use it in that fatalistic way," Miss Carleton protested earnestly. "Why, it's the worst sort of a handicap if you do—not a help at all."

"In the particular aspect of ill fortune, it is intended to warn you against certain situations or events which your chart shows could occur, under certain conditions. If I should tell you that some time next December you are apt to meet with an accident, it doesn't necessarily follow that that accident is going to happen. If you exercise care to avoid it. The signs might point to your participation in a shipwreck, but if you deliberately refrained from ship travel during that period, you'd be beating the game, wouldn't you?"

"Similarly, I might tell you of a wonder-

ful business success that lay ahead of you in a certain line of work. It could never be more than potential success; it would be up to you to be prepared to seize it when it came along. If you deliberately gave up your work and entered something else you would have thrown away your opportunity. Use your horoscope as a guide. Don't let it be a source of worry."

"I know. 'A wise man rules his stars; a fool obeys them,'" quoted Miss Kenyon.

Miss Carleton assured her that from the superficial reading she could give on the spot, there didn't seem a great deal for her to worry about. If the hour she had given for her birth was absolutely correct, the coming year should start a marvelously successful and happy period, she said.

Neptune and Jupiter, it seems, had much to do with Miss Kenyon's career. Neptune—I learned at least this much—brings a marked aesthetic sense, a high idealism, love for the arts, particularly music. Jupiter brings a love of the stage. Their combined influence, it appears, has made of Miss Kenyon a musician, a poet, a connoisseur of all the rest of the seven arts, as well as an actress of rare charm.

Doris Kenyon and the Astrologer—By Jane Carleton

My afternoon with Miss Doris Kenyon was a pleasant, enjoyable break in this work-a-day monotony. Not only did I find her charming, but a kindred spirit—she has studied Astrology.

I started my reading of her Horoscope by saying: Gemini was rising on the Eastern Horizon at the time you were born. And Miss Kenyon, much to my surprise, answered right away: "Oh yes, Gemini is the Twins; one Twin says, 'Let us do it this way,' and the other twin says, 'No, we must do it this way,' that accounts for my love of change." Not only for your love of change, say I, but your adaptability. Because of the changeableness in your nature you can suit yourself to any environment, and take on for the time being the conditions and moods of those with whom you are associated. It is this influence that stands you in such good stead in your screen work, making it possible to be one type today, and tomorrow play a part entirely different. Also it makes it easy for you to carry out direction.

Gemini rising gives you the mental planet Mercury as your Ruling Planet. Mercury was the messenger of the gods, in Grecian mythology. Not only that but he was a peacemaker. One day when out on an errand for one of his many god friends, he saw a staff that he liked very much. It was just what he needed on his many flying visits through the vaulted blue, for he also was the treasurer for the gods and handled the purse, and I suppose even in those days he was afraid of hold-up-men, so he wanted it for protection. Anyway, liking it and needing it, he took the staff. Continuing on his way he saw two snakes in battle. He put his staff down between them to stop their quarreling, and much to his surprise, they coiled themselves around it in perfect contentment and harmony. In all of the pictures or statues of the winged Mercury, notice how he is holding his precious staff. He is bringing his love of peace to the troubled world. Being

your ruling planet he gives you this quality; you are a natural born peace maker.

One of the nicest influences in your chart is the Sun, the giver of life, and Jupiter the planet that gives us our greatest material blessings, in the fifth house, or the house of the amusements of the public. Here again Miss Kenyon surprised me by saying: "Oh yes, I remember that, let me see what else does that house stand for?" And then I said that same little house has a very great deal to do with love affairs, and the Sun and Jupiter there will give you many of these pleasant pastimes, for you see Jupiter is the cornucopia, and he gives and gives and gives, and the Sun too makes things grow—strange to say, Miss Kenyon didn't look as pleased as most young misses would. But, being on the subject she couldn't help asking a few questions, for it is some time since she studied astrology, and being so much occupied otherwise, she has become a little vague. "What is the planet that rules our love affairs, Venus isn't it?" Again you are right; Venus, beautiful Venus, our Morning Star at the present time, is the planet of Love and the Artistic side of the nature, and with you she is in Leo the natural sign ruling both Love Affairs and the Amusements of the Public, and friendly to Mars, who always brings into activity the nature of the planets he influences, and she is also mingling her rays with those of Mercury your ruler, so you see it was fore-ordained; you were born to give pleasure to others. But thank the gods for these positions of the planets in your horoscope, for they promise you marvelous success, in any artistic profession where you are catering to the public at large; and you must take the added sweet to the Sweet, for without this Love Interest so strong in your chart, you would not be loved and adored by the masses.

Neptune, the planet of our aesthetic sense, is in the first house of your horoscope; Neptune's mission is to refine the feelings, and he usually gives genius in some form

when he is so well placed. You could have made a very good violinist, and even if you didn't learn to play the violin I am sure you must be fond of all music. Whether or not you have developed your natural talents it is impossible for me to say. "I did study the violin for a while, but it took so much time I finally gave it up, for I knew it would take years before I could hope to be a proficient performer, and with my other studies I simply didn't have time to do it justice, but I do play the piano," said Miss Kenyon.

Later I asked Mrs. Kenyon about her daughter's musical ability, and she told me that Doris composes for her own amusement; so you see Neptune so strongly placed has bestowed upon her the unusual artistic abilities it is in his power to give.

All during this conversation with Mrs. Kenyon, Doris was in the other room changing her frock, for the photographer was there. I was most anxious to see how Miss Kenyon responded to exotic Neptune, so just casually I said, "I am sure Miss Kenyon would never have done this room in these dark colors. If she had decorated it herself she would have picked out lovely pastel shades, for Neptune delights in the lovely warm rose and the delicate pink of the inside of a deep sea shell, the beautiful mauve and lavender that blend into the fading yellow of the setting Sun, the iridescent pastel hues of the fiery opal. But whatever she picks will be delicate, nothing harsh, nothing that could offend. Before Mrs. Kenyon had time to answer, Doris came into the room. The most ravishing creature imaginable, in a chiffon frock, on the mauve shades, and all over the skirt were sewed glistening ornaments that made her look like the beautiful planet that so strongly affects her life. She was aesthetic, exotic, transparent Neptune brought to life, in the embodiment of a rapturous, smiling girl, but with a smile so ethereal that one would have been afraid to touch her for fear she would go back to the Sea and take her rightful place as one of Neptune's daughters.



Photograph by Apeda

John Gilbert

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED MAN WILL WEAR
after finishing "The Merry Widow."



¶ The June bride is Mae Murray in "The Merry Widow."

Gossip from THE WEST COAST

By H. B. K. Willis

DEAR Maw, Paw and the Kids: Things do not happen anywhere else in the world like they happen out here in Hollywood. Betty Bronson has stuck her thumb in the cinema pie again and pulled out a picture plum that is as equally delectable as her Peter Pan role. She has been chosen to play the part of the Madonna in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer "Ben Hur" spectacle. "Ben Hur" might well be called a pair of spectacles, for it will cost as much when completed as any two of the other so-called big pictures of the past.

Betty vanquished two hundred and fifty charmers for her Peter Pan opportunity and surpassed an equal number of pulchritudinous persons for the religious role she is now essaying.

Ever since the "Ben Hur" company first went abroad, France, Italy and Germany have been scoured for a girl suited to the role of the Virgin Mary. Scores of screen tests of continental girls were made but none could meet Director Fred Niblo's exacting requirements. When the company returned to Los Angeles the search was renewed. For three weeks scores of girls were interviewed and screen tests, acid tests of their screen value, were made until Betty Bronson came along.

It is a far cry from the realm of Barrie's film fantasy, "Peter Pan," to that of the Lew Wallace classic, but Betty Bronson's sweet, wholesome, spiritual beauty will make of her a marvelous Madonna.



¶ Charlie and his brother, Syd Chaplin, who scored as "Charlie's Aunt," photographed on "The Gold Rush" set.

—o—
"The luck of the Irish" again comes to the fore with the selection of sweet Sally O'Neil to play the leading



¶ "The Gold Rush," Chaplin's great picture now just completed, is the story of the Yukon strike and has a rich vein of pathos as well as comedy.

feminine role in Alf Goulding's M-G-M production, "The Rebellious Girl," an adaptation of Rupert Hughes' "The Girls' Rebellion."

Sally's first picture was made with Marshall Neilan at the megaphone and the one she will make with Goulding will be her second. She is sixteen years old and hails from Los Angeles. She will invest the role of the small-town girl who kicks over the traces of conventional restrictions, in which she is hitched by blue-stockings parents, with a great deal of charm.

Sally is a slender child of medium height with blue eyes and curly hair. Though typically American she has the wit and vivacity of the "ould sod" where her forebears once trod.



¶ Robert Vignola and Corinne Griffith, during the filming of "Declassé."

The mountain could not go to Mahomet so Mahomet went to the mountain. Romain de Tiroff-Erte, the artist, who has drawn many fantastic and fanciful front covers for the fifty-centers in the magazine class, has come to Hollywood to go into the movies. He has left his dear Paris and its atmosphere for the modern plumbing of the capital of Celluloidia. You have all seen countless examples of his art. His wan-eyed, anaemic beauties and their advanced modes, done in bold colors, have been the despair of American designers. He is to design gowns for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Erte is a product of Russian aristocracy. Three of his ancestors were Slavic sea commanders of distinction. His father was a vice-admiral under Czar Nicholas for twenty years until the Bolsheviks went that way.

—o—

When Lilyan Tashman murmurs "I do" to Edmund Lowe in her cellar contralto this August, Edmund will be the husband of one of Hollywood's most beautiful stars.

Lilyan and Edmund have purchased a home in Beverly Hills and are now busy furnishing it. It is Italian in aspect though without the flavor, but Lilyan has an agent in Italy who is buying much furniture for it so they can move in just as soon as the wedding bells stop tinkling.

Lilyan has made sensational progress in pictures. She made her debut less than a year ago in "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model," arriving from Broadway, New York. Since then she has played in a dozen others and is now doing a "vamp till ready" — she always plays vamps — in Monta Bell's "Pretty Ladies." She sure qualifies.



¶ Marie Prevost — posing for a publicity photograph. And don't let 'em tell ye different.



¶ Station KFWB where the screen players of Warner Brothers broadcast to all the world that stays home from the movies.

With nearly everyone in Hollywood related to each other by a marriage in either the past or present tense, the problem how one's "exes" should be treated is sometimes a delicate one, especially when they work on the same lot.

Renee Adoree came into the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer restaurant the other noon when it was crowded with the lunch-time horde. The only vacant seat was next to one occupied by Tom Moore, her ex-husband, who was doing a part in "Pretty Ladies."

Hunger conquered diffidence and Renee slipped into the chair at Tom's elbow. No untoward complications ensued — which makes it news as well as gossip. They chatted amiably and parted gaily, which proves that friendship lasts even if marriage sometimes doesn't.

—o—

Two directors with notably good voices are using them in their business now. Bob Leonard, who says he doesn't know whether Mae Murray has gone to Paris to divorce him or just to buy some new clothes, has a deep, rich baritone. He wanted Mae Busch to ooze real, briny tears in a scene from "Time, the Comedian," so he had the set closed in and softly sang to Mae until her tear ducts began to drip.

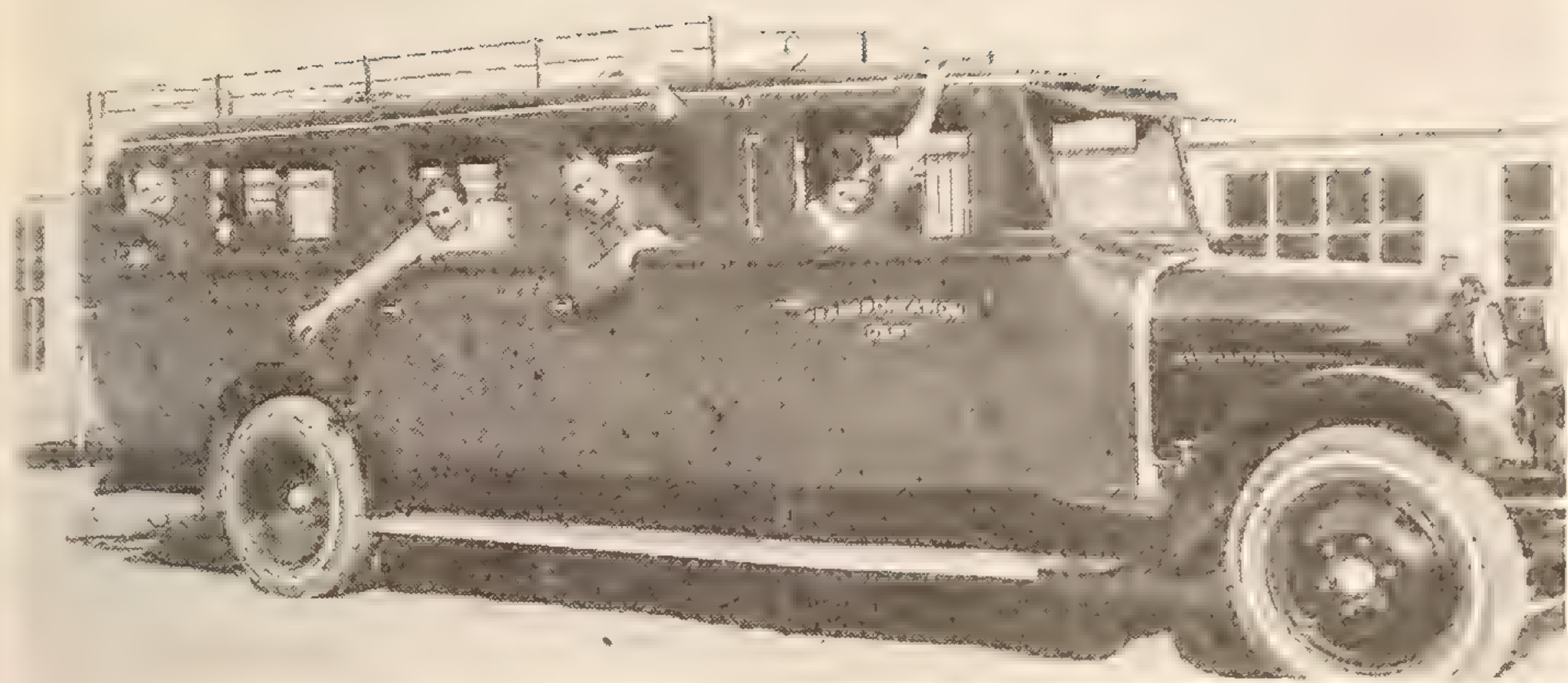
Alf Goulding, former vaudeville topline and now a movie director, duplicated Leonard's stunt in his picture, "The Rebellious Girl." He wanted little Sally O'Neil, Marshall Neilan's "find," to weep. She did.

Bob sang "Oh Promise Me" to Mae and Alf yodeled "I Wonder What's Become of Sally" to his victim.

It's going to be terrible if any more directors turn sirens successfully as these two have done.



¶ Patsy Ruth Miller at the new Hollywood indoor skating rink — and strangely enough, she's skating.



Q Off to location! Mr. Lubitsch takes his stars out to make scenes for "Kiss Me Again."

And speaking of Mae Busch, wait till you see her in "Time, the Comedian!" In the early part of the picture, laid in 1900—like some of the cold-storage eggs—she wears the wide-sleeved, broad-hipped, full-busted dresses of the period. In a later sequence, she appears in a costume of even an earlier period, like that of Solomon's favorite bride. Though she is supposed to be twenty years older, she is one of those modern women who have hired help to keep them handsome and the clothes have much to do with her youthful appearance.



Q Jobyna Ralston and her brother Angus whom she is sending through college.

At last Zasu Pitts, the grey moth of the screen, is going to emerge as a butterfly. Usually seen in drab characterizations, her newest role in "Pretty Ladies" gives her a chance to wear beautiful clothes. She plays a musical comedy comedienne of the eccentric type who has risen to stardom but who is heart-hungry. Three choruses of shapely choristers provide her background.

In one of the stage scenes, Zasu came on to sing a comic song, in a freakish mountaineer make-up, leading a goat. The goat became temperamental and butted her in her southern exposure. The scene, though not in the continuity, proved so much of a laugh-producer in the projection room that it will probably be left in the finished picture.

Lew Cody claims the distinction of being the only film star who has a star for a valet. His valet is Chai Hong, once starred in comedies as

the "Chinese Charlie Chaplin." Now that's all over and he is content to be Lew's manservant. What price glory?

When Edmund Goulding had a birthday recently, he didn't take time off to celebrate. Instead he gave a party right on the set and invited all the principals of "Wrath," which he is directing for M-G-M. Pauline Starke, Conrad Nagel, Lucille La Verne, Edward Connelley, George K. Arthur, Arthur Rankin, Sam De Grasse, Norma Wills, Monte Collins, Jr., Robert Owens and James Kilgannon all cut themselves pieces of cake.

Norma Shearer has a new coiffure in "Nothing to Wear," which is so becoming that it may start a new fad. The hair is parted and waved tightly back from the brow, similar to the Frances White hair-do. Try and do it.

Perils in the making of motion pictures have been publicized so frequently as to arouse suspicion whenever anything that even smacks of the perilous is printed. So Reginald Barker didn't tell the M-G-M press agency about any of the hardships he and his company encountered in the making of "The White Desert" atop the Continental Divide. Percy Hilburn, one of the cameramen, was nearly killed by a snowplow; several of the company suffered severely from frost-bite; two were lost in a blizzard and another was almost asphyxiated while riding on top of a locomotive.

"No one would believe it if the



Q Fred Windemere, Belle Bennett, Creighton Hale, Shannon Day, Robert Vignola, the director; Vera Reynolds, Pauline Garon, Jane Post and Marjorie Daw, about to fly to San Diego.



¶ Extra girls on the Paramount lot between scenes of "Eve's Secret." This secret evidently has something to do with bathing suits.

papers printed it," Barker said. "So what's the use?"

—O—

Hank Mann was a proud papa for ten days and didn't even know it. His wife should have written him a new song entitled "Unsuspicious Papa" to apprise him of the arrival of the eight-pound girl but she didn't.

Hank was away on location with Mickey Neilan, and Mrs. Mann knew that if she wired him of the stork's visit he would come galumping home, leaving the company flat and delaying the picture. So she didn't.

But when he finally arrived at the station in Los Angeles ten days later, somebody's "Hello, Pop!" by way of greeting to him caused the famous comedian to hurry homeward faster than the traffic laws permit.

Yes, Hank walks the floor with her.

—O—

Diana Miller, once plain Ruth Miller, of Seattle, Washington, though she is far from plain, owes her success in motion pictures to her dancing. She was about to embark on a big-time vaudeville tour when the late Wallace Reid saw her dance at some affair



¶ John Harron, Bobby's brother, experiencing a dark moment in the course of taking "Below the Line," which Herman Raymaker is making for Warner Brothers.

in her home town and was struck by her grace and beauty. When he returned to the Lasky studio in Hollywood, he talked to the powers that be, for Wally was always happiest when doing some one a good turn.

The result was that Diana came to Hollywood and made her picture debut. She did extra work and small parts for five years but now she has a Fox contract.



¶ Lila Lee and Tommy Meighan during the filming of "Old Home Week." Tommy Meighan is said to have the largest fan following of any male star.

Housewarming in Hollywood will soon become the leading indoor sport if the film stars do not stop buying the choice realty bits. Patsy Ruth Miller, recently decorated with the order, L. T. W. B. C. (long-time Warner Brothers' contract), has acquired a new Beverly Hills home. Patsy is also an ardent ice-skater. She is a frequent patron at Hollywood's Palais du Glace, which would be "ice palace" anywhere else, even as it is here.

—o—
Another "unknown" has won fame in Hollywood. Her name is Trilby Clark and she hails from Australia. Miss Clark has been in America about two years and was in the "Greenwich Village Follies" until a William Fox scout sent her to Hollywood. Hunt Stromberg recently signed her to a five-year contract.

—o—
Harry Langdon caused Hollywood Boulevarders to stand and wonder a few days ago when, seated on top of a fire engine with three plunging horses ahead of him, he led an assortment of old-fashioned fire-fighting apparatus of the horse-drawn variety down the popular thoroughfare for one of the big scenes in his new starring vehicle, "His First Flame," with Harry Edwards directing. Vernon Dent, Natalie Kingston and Ruth Hiatt are in the cast.

Lloyd Hughes, accompanied by Gloria Hope, is visiting New York. Now, just a minute, this is no scandal. Gloria Hope is married to Mr. Hughes and they are there on a holiday. It seems to me everyone is in New York at this time—a sort of Spring reunion, as it were.

—o—
Rod La Rocque has returned to California to begin work on "The Coming of Amos," his first starring vehicle for Cecil DeMille. He made two pictures in New York, "Night Life in New York" and "The Wild, Wild Girl." All this was done while Gloria Swanson was making up her mind to start "The



¶ Rin-Tin-Tin. The pup is a sculptor's portrait of the famous dog star.



¶ Mary Brian. Her first part as a leading woman is in "The Little French Girl."

Coast of Folly," and now, after all there will be another hero in Rod's place.

—o—
Malcolm MacGregor has started work on "The Happy Warrior," under the direction of J. Stuart Blackton, for Vitagraph. In this production, Mr. MacGregor, who has been advancing in popularity by leaps and bounds, will attempt the biggest portrayal of his career.

—o—
Alma Rubens will play the famous and imperishable Lady Isabel, she of the many tears and wrongs, in the Fox production of "East Lynne." Eddie Lowe, as recorded last week, will be Archibald Carlyle.

They Say

By
Marion
of
Hollywood



Colleen Moore and June Mathis, the scenario chief, gossiping. Colleen's next picture is "The Desert Flower."



Jack Holt was a rancher in the Northwest cattle country before he became an actor.

APRIL in Hollywood—rain and more rain—most unusual—but Springtime is coming, too, and love—weddings—comings and goings—studios busy—brand new babies—everything good in the air—Springtime, glorious Springtime, has sneaked up on us all unaware!

They Say—

"Ben Hur," Senior, will cost approximately \$6,000,000, which isn't much if you can say it fast enough. Every day another well-known player is added to the cast, the

last being Betty Bronson as the "Madonna." All of which means prosperity and hard work for us out here.

But "Ben Hur" Junior—oh well, that's something else again! Haven't met him? No? Don't know him? I guess he didn't cost six million, but ask his pop and mom how much he's worth. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo (Enid Bennett) present a "fighting blood" series in one act, Fred Niblo, Junior! Now for the chariot race, with the young man cheering at the finish.

In Hollywood everybody knows who the speed director is—the fellow who "shoots 'em" the fastest. Jim Cruze just can't shoot 'em slow—it's sort of in his bones to get there quickly. All of which brings us down to Luke Cosgrave—Luke, white of hair, old in years, but youth eternal in mind. Luke and Jim are fast friends of the days gone by. The other day Jim finished "Welcome Home," in which Luke has a "beautiful part," as he says. If some other director had been making the picture, Luke would have earned three times the amount of salary he could earn with Jim.

"Well, Luke," I said to him, "too bad you weren't working with some one else so you could get a little money out of such a peach of a part."

Luke stroked his white beard (I've been accusing him of bleaching it, because it's so white, but he only smiles



Lois Wilson, cooking her father some Hollywood biscuits.



Mary Pickford as "Little Annie Rooney" and Douglas Fairbanks as "Don Q," still the undisputed rulers of the realm of the cinema.

and tolerates me as if I were a little kid who has to play, and said:

"That's right — it didn't take long — but working with Jim like that — say, I've had a taste of what Heaven's like." And verily I say unto you, Luke, we on earth could be using more like YOU!

My pets again — Betty Bronson and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., "when you and I were seventeen" stuff, with that unknown dream of beautiful maidens and young Lochinvars in the air. Doug tells me of a mind-reader, a sort of soothsayer, who unravels the past and the mysteries of the future to you. Yes, he told Doug lots of things — about the past and the future. He even described

the "best girl" and predicted the wedding day. I asked Doug if he told the "best girl," and he blushed; I asked him what she said about it, and he blushed; then I asked him if I could write it, and Doug just blushed again! But they're only kids, with their dreams. Their blushes come easy, and perhaps fate knows as much about their destinies as does the soothsayer.



Luke Cosgrave



And how he gets that way. James Cruze trims his star for "Welcome Home."

Springtime again, helping along our monthly Matrimonial Bureau. Even the radio knows about it, because over the air last night Mr. Town-Crier tuned in from the Cocoanut Grove at the Los Angeles Ambassador Hotel, and played a "number" in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Patrick, "bride and groom." Mrs. Patrick was Miss Mildred Legaye, of New York City. The worst of these film romances is that the groom immediately has to leave for location!

Which brings us down to the radio and

the movies. Some day you radio fans will be straining your ears to "get the announcement" and you'll hear: "KFWB, Warner Brothers Studio, Hollywood, California. 'The Voice of Movieland.' The only motion-picture studio broadcasting station in the world." And maybe Monte Blue will say good evening; and Adolphe Menjou might sing a song, or Bill Desmond might give you a few lines from some old production of forgotten stage days. Oh boy, ain't it a grand and glorious feeling!

They Say —

Hard luck comes knocking at everybody's door. Most everybody gets a share,

and the only difference is that some get the papa bear's share! I was talking to a gentleman the other day about parts—moving picture parts. He was going to play the part of an alligator in a big Universal picture, he said. In fact, he had his suit all made and had even spent weary days getting used to being an alligator on and off land. After about two weeks of this, studio officials decided to use a real alligator! Seems to me that's taking a terrible chance, too, because, according to Clarence Brown, director of Universal's "The Goose Woman," when he started making that picture his live-stock consisted of "fifty geese, three goats, swine and other domestic animals." After working six weeks, the natural course of events increased the families to such an extent that the sets became too



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

¶ Leatrice Joy and little Leatrice Joy and evidently considerable joy of motherhood.



¶ Louise Fazenda and her mother. Louise is the leading comedienne of the screen, and her mother knows it.

small to hold the population. If that's the case with geese, whadal they ever do about alligators?

They Say —

John Ford is going to direct another picture for Fox under the queerest circumstances ever heard of in the movies. The picture is "Thank You" and deals particularly with the hardships suffered by a minister who practically starved himself to death to serve his parishioners. Ford gave a speech before a large body of ministers, explained to them how sincerely he felt he could depict such a narrative because of his familiarity with the life of his father-in-law, a minister under the same circumstances, and he so thoroughly convinced the good men of his ideas and ideals in their direction that they pledged themselves to stand back of him and help him in any way within their power.

I have been told that German hotel people have scathingly denounced



Irene Rich and her two daughters at their home in Hollywood.

Emil Janning's interpretation of a German hotel porter in "The Last Laugh," and say the whole film is a slander on the noble calling of a hotel porter and tends to make them all ridiculous in the eyes of the public. Of course, I had never thought of it that way, but decided I would make a little investigation of my own. First I went to the telephone operator at the Lasky Studio. I asked her if she felt ridiculed in the eyes of the public because in many films she is pictured as a gossipy, meddlesome, gum-chewing sort of person. She laughed and said, "You know, just because I am a telephone operator and because they do make us out so funny, I get much more enjoyment out of a movie telephone operator than any one else does."

Then I went to one of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer secretaries. "Say," I said, "because you see yourself in a movie pictured as a brainless, powdered, painted vampire, do you consider yourself disgraced before all the world?" She laughed, too. "I don't know," she said. "Some day I'm going to be a great scenario writer, and the first time I get a chance at writing a script, I'm going to take myself as a secretary and burlesque myself until I get such a good laugh at myself that when the director comes to that part in the script he'll tell me I ought to go back to being a secretary!" Who can judge? I guess, though,



Alma Rubens and her mother. It is easy to see where Alma gets her beauty from.



QGeorge O'Brien, Fox star, plays basketball and scores heavily with us.

that we think no less of the German hotel porters on account of "The Last Laugh." In fact, if every one of them is as true to himself and to his little niche in life as this old man was, they must have some pretty fine hotel porters in Germany!

They Say —

It must be on account of the good roads (cheers from the native sons of California). Certainly there is some fine excuse for screen luminaries vs. speed cops. Cecille Evans started the ball a-rolling. Cecille of the pretty grey eyes spent five hateful, tearful, foodless days in the Los Angeles county jail on account of speeding. It was no joke for Cecille, either; she says they were the most painful days of her life. Followed by Cecille, was Rudolph Valentino, who was hailed into court in Mexico. His fate wasn't harsh, though, like Cecille's. And on the same day, Larry Semon was trying out the smooth California highways in the little town of marriage licenses, Santa Ana. As it happens, Larry's director, Mr. E. T. Montgomery, was piloting the car. Starting the day Larry's new feature production is finished, please address Mr. Montgomery, for the next five succeeding days, at the County Jail, Santa Ana, California.

A couple of days ago Mary O'Connor, head of the Story Department at the Lasky Studio, gave a little party to all the folks in her department in honor of having completed thirteen years of work in the moving picture business. Thirteen years is a long, long time to have been in this infant movie game, and for those of us who figure on going into it and who think perhaps that it's a bit soft to be sitting pretty as head

of the Story Department in one of the biggest companies, hear ye how Mary got her start!

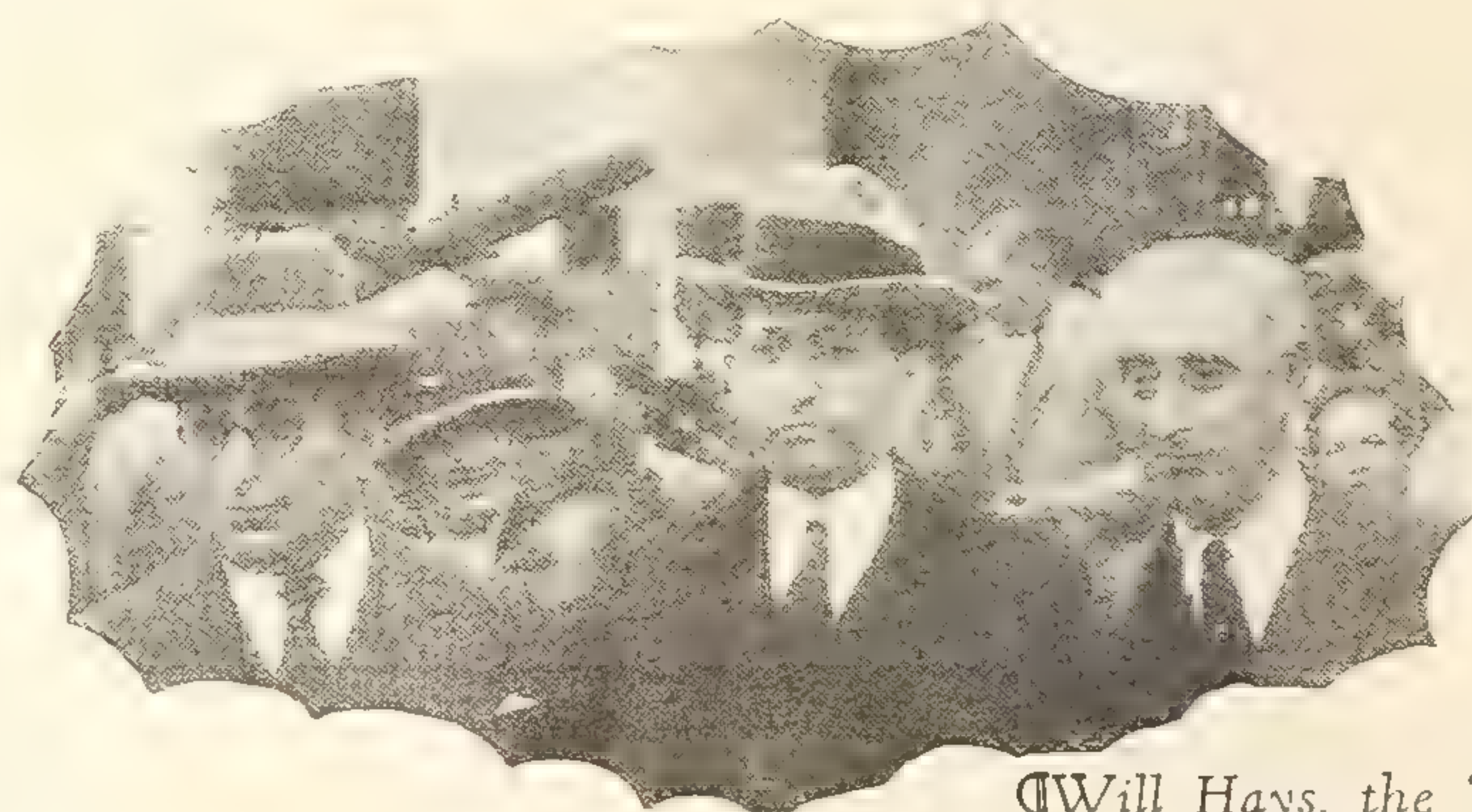
She was working in New York, but wanted to come to Los Angeles in order to be near her sister. The movies seemed to offer her the only opportunity, so for TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS a week she

Wrote the scenario for the picture,

Assisted the director,

Played a part in the picture — AND

If the company went on location, Mary's twenty-five per included carrying the camera!



QWill Hays, the "daddy" of the movies, with Louis B. Mayer and Harry Rapf.



QFor what "purpose" does Dorothy Devore play with this basket team? Oh,—just preparing for the California dog days.

Then Huntly Gordon Did What He Wanted—Continued from page 36

Huntly's greatest annual worry. Receiving and counting change from a twenty-dollar bill after an eighty-cent purchase is his principal abhorrence. He dreaded the daily opening of his teller's window at the bank and the endless stream of numerals that was constantly before him. With his heart thus separated from his work, he could not hope to succeed . . . and didn't.

He gave up banking permanently when he reached the point where he had nightmares in which numerals with legs chased him over giant ledgers.

It was at about this time that the Cobalt silver and the Porcupine gold booms swept Canada. Huntly was little more than an adventuresome kid and the lure of possible riches a few feet underground proved stronger than his resisting powers. So he became a miner.

Far out in the mountains, he mined during the day and after sundown dreamed of himself as a stage actor. Many times, when the day's labor was done, he wandered off alone and, with only the sky and trees to hear him, played that he was an actor and talked and rehearsed for hours. That was when he first began to feel the ingrowing pains of a stage ambition. There, far back in the hills, he was physically in search of silver and gold, but mentally in search of a more artistic life.

Huntly found no minerals. Either ill luck caused his pick to avoid the hidden nuggets, or thoughts of the stage so occupied his mind that when he unearthed ore he did not recognize it. He soon lost interest in mining and returned to Montreal.

Somewhat disheartened by his two failures, he next turned his attention to something more remunerative. This something proved to be selling sugar and canned goods for his father, who is a prominent wholesaler in Canada. Here his well modulated voice, his poise, his great personality and his handsome appearance stood him in good stead; for a time he made good.

But soon the novelty of selling goods to hardboiled store owners wore away and the yearning for the stage returned stronger than ever. Huntly returned at night to the small hotels in which he found lodgings while traveling around the small towns, and there he play-acted for hours. He always secured rooms with full-length mirrors, so that he could watch his reflection in the glass and criticize his own work.

With his mind thus diverted from selling, he received a letter from his father suggesting that he return to Montreal and enter the offices of the firm. He returned to Montreal, disheartened, but he did not enter the company's business office. He had experienced his fill of business in the bank.

Instead, he decided to take his savings and become a contractor. His first job was the building of a garage, which entailed about five hundred dollars, almost all that Huntly possessed. With little experience at such work, he first measured the length of the automobile that was to be kept in the garage, then built what he believed would be the most ideal automobile shed in Montreal. However, there was one fault. He made the garage exactly the same length on the outside as the car was on the outside, so that when the machine was driven through the doorway, it protruded about one foot into the open air. It took the last of Huntly's money to repair his error.

By this time he was thoroughly discouraged. He had come to the conclusion that he was a misfit in life. He was in reality

a lost soul, groping for its guiding light. And all this time Fate, the same Fate that had given him the business man's body and an artist's soul and heart and brain, sat back and shaded the light.

With what money he was able to salvage following the disastrous and brief career as a contractor, he went to New York. There he located a cheap place in which to live while he cast about to learn what should be his next venture. All this time he had been growing . . . growing taller and more handsome and more impressive. One day he was walking down Broadway when he met a former school friend.

"I've a real opportunity for you, Huntly," this friend confided. "I know where a small cigaret factory is about to go bankrupt. You can buy it for next to nothing."

Here was irony. Gordon doesn't smoke and he was a total failure in life. And he was offered an opportunity to purchase a cigaret factory that was almost bankrupt.

He was interested, however, and immediately set about investigating the factory. When he concluded, he wanted it, but found himself with just about half the funds required to purchase it. Then it was that Gordon became a promoter. He organized a small stock company and set about to re-finance the little factory.

The first man he visited was a prominent banker in New York City. Upon his arrival at the office of this man, he was guided into an outer room where some six or seven people were waiting. Rather hesitant, for this was a new experience, he took a seat. He was self-conscious because he knew that every eye in the room was focused on him. He could not see that in every eye there was only respect and admiration. Every other person in the room adjudged him to be quite important. They were judging entirely by his outward appearance.

A door opened and the banker stepped into the room. His cold, grey eyes passed along the line of waiting people and rested on Huntly. He smiled slightly, then indicated the doorway into his private office: "Come in," he said, not uncordially.

Once inside, Huntly accepted a chair across a big mahogany desk from the banker. The latter smiled, looked at the card in his hand, then at his visitor:

"What can I do for you, Mr. Gordon?" he asked.

Huntly plunged into his subject. He was there to sell stock in his new cigaret factory. As a matter of fact, he wanted to sell the banker ten dollars' worth of stock. To insure the safety of the purchase, he was giving ten dollars' worth of cigarets with each sale. He could afford to do it, because he made the cigarets for about five dollars.

The banker's jaw dropped in amazement. He stared at Gordon as if to catch a slight quiver beneath the set muscles of his face to suggest a hidden laugh. He thought Gordon was joking. It took Huntly five minutes to prove that he was very much in earnest.

"Why—why, I thought you were a big business man," ejaculated the banker, then feeling that he might have offended with his words, he hastened to add: "I was judging entirely by appearances. When I saw you outside, I thought you were here to borrow a hundred thousand dollars, more or less . . . not to sell me ten dollars' worth of stock."

But Huntly sold him the stock, and he sold many other men. Finally, he raised

enough money to start his cigaret making business. For quite a while he went along languidly, neither failing nor succeeding. He might have done better, but for one thing.

That was the still unquieted love of the stage. It was a bad malady in New York, for Huntly soon learned that he could learn much at the afternoon and evening performances of the various shows.

Huntly's landlady was a very kindly woman who had harbored many actors within the four walls of her home. As she saw his business failing and realized his love of the stage, her heart went out to him, for she knew him to be a square peg in a round hole. She recognized also the spark of artistic genius which dwelt beneath the big business exterior. It was this landlady who persuaded him to give up the cigaret factory and attempt the stage.

So once more Huntly changed careers. This time he went on the stage. He cast his lot in this new field with an eagerness that was almost pitiful. He wanted to be an actor; that he knew. But he began his stage career with the feeling that in this new business, as in all others, he would soon fail. He gave himself one year in which to again brand himself a failure.

What has happened since is biographical information. He has found himself . . . the inside man that is so strange to the outside shell. He attained his first successes on the stage. There Ralph Ince, a motion picture director, saw him and realized at once his screen possibilities. It was Ince who first contracted with Gordon to enter motion pictures, and it was under Ince's direction that Huntly achieved his initial silversheet success.

As a result of the Ralph Ince picture, Huntly was contracted to cross the continent and play his never-to-be-forgotten role in "The Famous Mrs. Fair," which Louis B. Mayer produced. This was the real beginning of his present high position. It brought him his first long term contract, with Mr. Mayer. It led to "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." It was in this picture that he played opposite Gloria Swanson. Of course, it established him firmly.

When Mr. Mayer affiliated with Metro and Goldwyn, the three forming the organization now known as the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation, Huntly joined the new alliance. He continued there until a short while ago, when he signed a starring contract with the Warner Brothers. His first picture for the new company is "My Wife and I," in which he co-stars with Irene Rich. His second is "The Golden Cocoon," in which he shares starring honors with Helene Chadwick.

I asked Huntly, after we had discussed the story of his life, to point out the moral he had gained from his own experiences.

"There isn't any moral," he replied. "Every man has his niche. The reason so many men fail is because they do not find their niche. I do not believe success can come to any man unless he is interested, heart and soul, in his work. I wasn't interested in banking or salesmanship, and I failed in all of them. I am interested in acting, which accounts for what little success I have attained in motion pictures."

Huntly Gordon is the best in his line, and that means success. He has friends, position and hard work in plenty—and all because he found his right place. It is, in his case, as it is in your own and as it always was and ever will be—his success came when he did what he wanted to do.

SCREENLAND'S

¶ In Hollywood, the new fashions are eagerly seized upon, for, to a movie star, appearance is everything.



¶ Claire Windsor has the reputation of being one of the best dressed women on the screen. This little afternoon dress is of tan and rose printed georgette with a large Bertha collar.



FASHIONABLES

By Madame Bally



¶We have had light hose and dark hose, long hose and short hose, sheer hose and heavy silk hose, and just when we think old Dame Fashion is completely exhausted, Paulette Duval introduces this new creased stocking which all Hollywood has taken up enthusiastically.

¶Marie Prevost (on the opposite page) is irresistible in this charming little dancing frock of soft gray chiffon, with its unique sprinkling of tiny stars and crescents. Gray stockings and satin slippers to match complete the costume.



¶We caught Marion Davies just about to step into her Locomobile landaulet for a spin around the park. Marion told us the color of her costume was the new Coolidge gray with felt hat, gloves and stockings to match.

Marvel Quivey's Godmother—Continued from page 39

as Millet and Corot and the composer, Saint Saens. One of Marvel's aunts is Grace Van Studdiford, Metropolitan soprano, and the other is Mary Quivey, Orpheum headliner.

But let's get back to the *piece de resistance*, the duck.

Marvel had soaked up a lot of training by the time she was fifteen and the next year started to haunt the studios for a chance to display her talent.

But Hollywood is, as you know, filled full of pretty girls with all sorts of talents, so Marvel hardly got a tumble from the casting directors. It is true she had a part with Gordon White when he made his "Puppy Love" series, but she was dissatisfied with that.

Her inability to score an immediate success in Hollywood wore heavily upon her, so her parents decided a rest back on an uncle's ranch in Indiana would do her a world of good. Hence Marvel was packed off to the rustic regions protesting.

It was there that she met "Quack" the duck, just one of the plain everyday farmyard variety, faced with a destiny of some day being hung up by his paddlers in front of a butcher shop with a neat price-card pinned to his breast bone.

Marvel says that from the very first "Quack" seemed to have something of the super-duck about him. He would follow her about the farmhouse yard like a dog except that he waddled when he walked. "Quack" would even come when called and was able to learn some tricks, like kissing his mistress (although it is very difficult to see anything difficult about that), and to zig-zag in and out between her feet as she walked.

Mlle. Marvel grew to be very much attached to the duck during her period of rustication and when she returned to Los Angeles she brought "Quack" with her.

Another period of haunting the studios ensued with little result. Marvel accepted



Esther Ralston has the lead opposite Richard Dix in "California or Bust."

the role of the flapper in "White Collars," a farce which has been running a year and a half at a Los Angeles theater. But she never gave up her ambition to become a motion-picture star. She knew she would be able to achieve it if she could only gain an entry or entree, suit yourself.

Then, one day last summer, her luck changed. She was out on the front lawn of her home pranking around with "Quack," when a serious young man, whose attire was enhanced with rubber-tired spectacles, stopped to watch her put the duck through his paces. Out came the young man's note-book and pencil, along with a whole flock of questions, which Marvel answered. The next day she was called to report at the Lasky studio. Clarence Badger, the director, went wild about the duck and was not so oblivious to the creature's sophistication as to miss Miss Marvel whom he signed up for the part of "Nancy" in "New Lives for Old."

Mlle. Marvel is not so keen about the work she did in the Compson film. She declares her make-up was all wrong and that practically all of the scenes in which she appeared were left on the cutting-room floor. But she has a pound of determination for every ounce of her 118 pounds, and knows that she will succeed since she has at last effected an entrance and gained program recognition.

Incidentally she has as many followers as most of the people of the films whose names are up in electrics, for she attended school in twenty-three American cities while her peregrinating, portrait-painting parent was journeying over the country. Hence there will be scores of young people in Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane, Portland, San Francisco, Chicago, New York, Washington, Fort Worth, New Orleans, Detroit, St. Louis, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and points east and west, who will be eager to see her advance.

Yes, she was born in Los Angeles.

The Supper Clubs of Manhattan—Continued from page 31

(Continued from page 31)

glorified cafés. Because they're called clubs they have privileges denied the lowly restaurants. They are places, usually small, where you dance and sip mysterious beverages and dance some more—until night merges with morning and it's time to remember what time it is. In the night clubs, the movie stars can be themselves. Outside the studio, with no cruel camera to record their every gesture; with no director to tell them for Gawd's sake put a little action into it; with no prying press agent or hungry reporter to appease—here the tired filmsters find peace, if you can call it that. They throw aside their professional pretence as much as they ever can; they forget temperaments and caviar and get right down to temper and corn beef and cabbage. The screen star is there for a good time. He's among friends. A few outsiders—a tourist here and there; a gaping admirer now and then; but mostly his own gang. Stars and leading women and "society" extras. Great directors with their newest finds. Pretty blonde ingenues with "scions of wealthy and socially prominent families." All there, all having a good time.

The latest supper club is always the best. A new place to go; new entertainers to applaud—that's the life and spirit of Broadway. Most of the clubs are on the side streets, but Broadway isn't just a street; it's an emotion. Right now, it's

Ciro's. There is a Ciro's in Paris, another in London, and others scattered across the world, but the Manhattan Ciro's has an incense all its own. It is a special haunt of the cinemese-in-search-of-a-good-time; you will see a rounded dozen of filmdom's fairest almost any night, not to mention the brave boys whose screen exploits have thrilled you. Ciro's popularity is due to the dancing team that gives generously of its talents twice an evening—the team of Webb and Hay. The "Webb" is the angular and curiously graceful Clifton; the "Hay" is the diminutive Mary, also known as Mrs. Richard Barthelmess. The night that Mary and Clifton made their bow at Ciro's the club looked like a living jazz edition of Who's Whose in Pictures, for all the screen world and its wife or sweetheart or what have you, turned out to applaud little Mary. Chiefly conspicuous was little Mary's husband, also known as Richard Barthelmess. If Dick, as rumor hinted, had opposed the appearance of Mrs. Barthelmess in a dancing club, preferring that she confine her charm to the home or to pictures, there was no sign of it. He looked as if he enjoyed his wife's piquant performance as much as the others, and his applause was proud and hearty. Webb and Hay are not the usual ballroom twirlers. They have a sense of humor and it shows in their dancing. The best of their numbers is an original eccentric dance. Mary

wears a little girl's frock, a straw hat with ribbons, and carries her baby daughter's parasol. With her quaint bob, her childish face, and twinkling feet she is the most engaging thing you ever saw. Watching her, it didn't seem possible that Dick would want to stop her dancing; and I wondered if that rumor didn't start when *New Toys* was shown, in which Mary plays a wife who wants a career and gets it despite her husband's objections.

Michael Arlen, author of *The Green Hat*, who next to the Prince of Wales has probably broken more hearts in New York than any other one foreigner—he's British-Armenian—was guest of honor at a party at Ciro's on his very first night in Manhattan. A number of screen stars were included—Barbara La Marr, fetching in scarlet, and Alice Joyce, queenly as ever. Mary Hay joined the Arlen party when she had done her "turn."

Webb and Hay are such a riot at Ciro's that they are also doubling in brass in big-time vaudeville. Mary, by the way, wears three or four different costumes—the very same dress in a different color each time. No wonder—it's tremendously becoming.

But after all, while Susie at Ciro's may be having the time of her life, it is not at Ciro's that she will glimpse the real passing show. At least, that's the way I feel about Ciro's; I can't answer for Susie. It's a charming place, perfectly charming; food,

music, dancing—all good. But somehow being at Ciro's is like being shut up in a dainty taffeta band box, and you behave accordingly. Decorous dancing on the tiny floor; a duke and a duchess seated nearby; Dick Barthelmess waiting to escort his wife home—its atmosphere is downright home-like! And shouldn't a night-club be one of those places in which you could, if the fancy seized you, turn handsprings, play in the orchestra, or rise and "Sing of joy, sing of bliss, home was never like this—"

You may have to go clear down to Greenwich Village to find the kind of night-club you like best. There is Jimmy Kelly's Allegria which, on Saturday nights, packs pleased patrons into its tiny rooms and induces them to rotate on a floor which seems to be, if it actually isn't, the smallest in town. Here you'll see the excitement-seekers, lustily applauding the entertainers, who happen to be artists from the Columbia Burlesque show uptown, but most of the audience is blissfully unaware of the fact. It was on a crowded Saturday night—along toward morning—when the place was blue with smoke and resounding with the combined good will of all present, that I happened to turn and see, at one of the tables along the wall, a quiet couple with eyes which, when they weren't turned on each other, were watching with amusement the antics of the patrons at their determined merry-making. Were they holding hands? I couldn't be sure. I stopped at their table. The frail blonde girl in the big hat was Lillian Gish; her squire was George Jean Nathan, the critic. I couldn't believe my eyes. Lillian Gish at Jimmy Kelly's! She is one of the few celebrities who is rarely seen in public, least of all the night clubs. When she does step out it is usually with her mother, or her sister and brother-in-law, James Reñnie. Why, I remember the dainty and ethereal Lillian describing to me a *thé dansant* to which she had been inveigled once upon a time and how shocked she was at the manners of the frisky debutantes! And here she was at Jimmy Kelly's! Mr. Nathan, critic and connoisseur, was responsible for the phenomenon, and he looked as if he were quite willing to take the blame. Is it any wonder that when I hear rumors of a matrimonial nature about the film star and the litterateur I should jump at conclusions? They say that he is leaving his editorial duties flat to write scenarios for her. And it is very likely that they sought out the noisy isolation of a night club to talk over their plans! A screen star's recreation need not necessarily be gay and giddy; even Lillian Gish found the nocturnal rendezvous a welcome refuge from the click of the cameras.

Other stars are more familiar figures in what is vaguely referred to as "New York night life." Peggy Joyce, a screen debutante, is a veteran of the night clubs, if anyone as pretty as Peggy can be called that. I think it was on my first visit to a cafe that I first saw the blonde Miss Joyce; and the last time I went, there she was. Bebe Daniels has rather taken the place of the vivacious Connie Talmadge in the younger screen set, since Constance has deserted the east for California—against her will, as she loves the bright white way and its attractions. Constance, a marvellous dancer, used to step out regularly, often attended by the son of one of the old town's first families—so often that they were rumored betrothed. But Constance's heart was as light as her feet, and besides, there is always an adoring circle of young men around her. Maurice, the dancer, former partner of Florence Walton, was a Talmadge fan. Now he is a Daniels fan—

or was when he caught a boat for France to dance there with Barbara Bennett. You see, Maurice held forth nightly at the Trocadero with Leonora Hughes as his partner. Bebe Daniels was a frequent unprogrammed added attraction during that engagement. Bebe and Maurice danced and played bridge together and were even reported engaged. As is usually the case the rumored engagement never materialized. Miss Hughes took it into her head to marry an Argentine millionaire and desert Maurice and the Trocadero; Maurice had to find a new partner. So he looked to the films for one. Out flashed Barbara Bennett, daughter of Richard and sister of Constance Bennett, the budding ingenue. Barbara is a striking brunette with several screen appearances to her credit. Now the team is Maurice and Bennett, and when they have tired of the Continent they will come tripping back to Broadway. Before she became devoted to her picture work, the lovely Constance Bennett was seen almost every night at one or another of the fashionable night clubs, dancing the night away and ordering ham and eggs or something substantial toward morning.

Oh yes—that's the thing to do. You go to the club after the theatre. You dance and—dance; and—well, maybe hold hands, or drift to another table for more lively badinage; and dance some more; and then, "Comes Dawn"—creeping into the canyons of Broadway and even through the closely curtained windows of night clubs; and it's time for you to beckon the waiter and say, "Ham and eggs"; or "Wheat cakes with maple syrup," or "Scrambled eggs and sausages," or, sometimes, just a mutter, "Black coffee." Chicken sandwiches may still be ordered if you really must have them; but remember I told you. It's ham and eggs or wheat cakes, or sausages, these days. Welsh rarebit is simply not being ordered. I heard that the last time a man ordered it—in a temporary fit of aberration, and he was a habitue, too, and should have known better; he was mobbed and escaped with his life only by hiding behind the bass viol.

But wait—you haven't seen anything yet. No tour of the battlefields of Broadway would be complete without a visit to the El Fey Club, now padlocked for a few weeks. There is a club. It has more atmosphere, undoubtedly, than all the others put together. If it isn't run for, by and around the movies, it might just as well be; for picture people are the life of the party at the El Fey. It's a real club, where you're out of it unless you can exchange greetings with practically everybody in the room. You don't get in unless they know you. "They" practically means Texas Guinan. Texas was once the "two-gun woman" of the films. You may remember her. She is what Aunt Tabitha would call "a character." Texas was once a Winter Garden queen. She was a hard-ridin', straight-shootin' movie actress in the old Triangle days. Then she went into vaudeville. Some one had the bright idea of making her hostess of the El Fey Club; and there she reigns as undisputed empress. It's Texas' club, and don't you forget it. She is said to have at least a bowing acquaintance with everybody in the world—that is, everybody who is anybody. That's easy to believe when you see the folks she brings to her club. Every screen star in captivity comes there sooner or later. If you sit long enough at a sidewalk table at a certain cafe in Paris you are sure, they say, to see the whole world pass by. That's doubly true of the El Fey. If you are lucky enough to get a ring-side table you're in for a good time. There's Barbara

La Marr over there, with Ben Finney—handsome and rich, Ben is—a regulation motion picture hero; he is in Barbara's picture, *The Heart of a Temptress*. The party entering now includes Bessie Love and Mr. and Mrs. James Kirkwood—Lila Lee, you know. That's Frank Mayo. There's—but look! Here comes Texas. She's blonde and elaborate, and makes her way through the crowded room with a laugh and a hand-clasp and a quick retort or two—she has a flashing wit and a gay spirit and a genius for making people feel important. She brings new life into the place. She calls the famous—whether screen star, film magnate, sportsman or politician—by their nicknames, and they love it. She kids the dignified and makes them like it. A word from Texas and you feel that you own the El Fey. There is a show, and nobody has ever decided whether it is a good show or a rotten show, because Texas introduces the performers and leads the applause. "Now, this little girl—" she will say, pulling forward by the hand a youthful dancer; and when this little girl has done her stuff Texas calls for cheers, and her crowd responds wholeheartedly. "Come on," Texas will cry, "give her a hand. That's nothing—let's have real encouragement"—and there is a dreadful din until Texas is satisfied. She's an artist in her line. Half the crowd stays until morning—until appetites demand the inevitable scrambled eggs or wheat cakes.

The screen world drifts to the El Fey sooner or later. It's the approved and enjoyable way for winding up an evening. Harold Lloyd went when he was in New York; in fact, few pilgrims from the west fail to visit it. And it is one place where the stars seem to feel they can throw off all their tinsel trappings and have the kind of fun they used to have before they acquired French maids and accents and imported motors. It has the carnival spirit, and all those boys and girls who earn their livings by hard work that seems to be play, like to play just as hard as they work. And the supper club is just the place to do it. It isn't so much that the stars like to show off their newest jewels and beaux and gowns to each other; or talk about their latest productions; or exchange choice morsels of gossip. It's more like a picnic, with everybody determined to have a good time. No chicken a la king, but good old ham and eggs. No weighty talk of contracts or continuities, no apprehensions about the reviews of the newest million-dollar-super-de-luxe production; but a fox-trot to George Gershwin's latest.

There are other supper clubs. The Club Lido, where Billy Reardon, a familiar figure around the Hotel Algonquin, dances with Edythe Baker. The Mirador, one of the very smartest, although it is in a basement, with superb setting by Marjorie Moss and Georges Fontana. There used to be the Plantation, where Florence Mills and her dusky damsels held forth—I remember seeing Marshall Neilan there; and on another occasion Hal Roach and Edna Murphy. There's one for every night in the week.

While thousands of housewives are rushing through the supper dishes to dash off to the Bijou Dream to see Susie Simplex's latest masterpiece, Susie herself, and her screen sisters, are rushing through the last close-up and looking ahead to an evening off. Both "stepping out." After all, it's much the same idea, isn't it?

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
Jump into your motor car.
Leave the studio and the lights—
For the gay old New York nights!

Some New Reviews—Continued from page 47

The plot has to do with fifteen million silver dollars which was the amount paid to France by the United States for the Louisiana Purchase, away back in 1804. The ship bearing the money never reached France but was lured to a watery grave off the Florida coast by the notorious bandit, Black Caesar. The excitement deals with the hazards of locating and making off with this treasure.

With Milo lives his beautiful half-sister, Claire, a part well taken by lovely Allene Ray. Claire does not know what the mystery is all about, and is terrified by the half wild dwellers of the swamps, believed to be guarding the lost money.

If you like beautiful scenery, wild men, alligators, daggers, Chinese cooks and tons of mystery, you won't want to miss one chapter of this serial. When we got out I took a good look at Oscar.

"Gracious——!" I cried. "Oscar, what's the matter with your hair? It's—it's standing up."

"Well," says Oscar, "how'd you expect it to sit down during a thriller like that?"

—o—

"Every dog has his day," quotes Oscar,

"but not every dog gets a day like Strongheart."

Strongheart, the wonder dog, does his part to live up to movie traditions. You know how it is with all these stage villains—their bark is worse than their bite.

His latest picture, "White Fang," will add one more laurel to his already weighty crown.

The story is laid in the far north amid the white expanse of frozen snows, where the wild wolves lurk in the shadows of every wood. Even on a hot summer afternoon it is enough to make your blood run cold when you see a pack of these man-eating demons.

To the little outpost of Gold Creek is brought an animal, half dog, half wolf, named White Fang. He has a reputation as a killer, and before the story is done he fully lives up to his reputation.

White Fang is as good a sheik as any of them, and judging by the wag of his tail in the final close-up, he has completely captivated the heart of Lady Julie, the flapper dog next door.

It took a great writer like Jack London to create a dog like "White Fang," and a

great dog like Strongheart, to bring "White Fang" to life.

—o—

There's no end to the gallop in any horse, even a wooden one. But the way Lefty Flynn handled his in "O. U. West" made us sit up and take notice. He is such a likeable sort of a chap, and his pleasant smile helps along in many a tight situation. In this picture, Lefty's reel self is Oliver—O. U. West, to be exact. Things begin to hum at the ranch the minute Oliver arrives. There's plenty of action, prairie dust, and an honest-to-goodness runaway. You'll fall for Tina, the ranch owner's daughter, maybe harder than did Oliver. But mark me, we said maybe, and we don't mean perhaps. The part is played by Ann May, and she surely knows the way to a man's heart is via the culinary route. She feeds him so well that it must have seemed to him like Christmas every day. If you like thrills you'll surely be satisfied with this picture. And you'll get your money's worth of chuckles from the sub-titles. Evelyn Francesco, Fred Burns, and Leonard Trainer lend a hand to this romance. There's always the "Villain"—and they are IT.

Better Boy Friends—Continued from page 29

night," explained Pat, "and I have to start work on my first Warner Brothers picture tomorrow," she pleaded.

Pat finds it awfully hard to say no to a friend—anything from becoming engaged to him to going for a canoe ride. However, along came Papa Miller pretty soon, and that dance was off!

"There you are!" exclaimed Pat, "there's life for you! What picture hero would stand for that? Why, he'd ruin papa on the stock market! But these boys won't mind a bit—they'll take it perfectly sweetly."

"That's another thing about screen heroes," went on Pat. "They rave and tear their hair over big problems—and walk out all chesty to solve them! Whereas in real life, a man just walks over obstacles, that's all. If he makes any remark at all, if somebody talks to him about them, it will be some simple little expression like 'Applesauce!' He just snaps his fingers, and says, 'That doesn't matter a bit!'"

"Yes, I think I should find a film hero very trying if I were to meet him in real life. It is only the personality that our film actors put into films that makes them bearable."

"For the most part, these film heroes haven't any sense of humor. And wouldn't that be too awful in a man you had to fall in love with, not to mention going so far as to marry?"

"After all, life is so casual—why not take it as casually as possible—bring good cheer and a sense of humor to bear on it?"

My, doesn't Pat get deep sometimes?

Then Pat's own sense of humor relieved the high-hat-ness of the conversation:

"But I suppose that I shall fall in love with some little 2x4 shrimp, who reads Elinor Glyn and Harold Bell Wright—than which there can be no whicher—and whose idea of classic music is 'Kiss Me Again!'"

We fell to talking of the various screen actors who play heroes.

"Matt Moore is the most natural lover on the screen. He never does a thing on the screen that he wouldn't do in real life—I've heard him argue with directors about

it. People in real life don't figure out everything they will do and say. They do absurd things very often. Matt Moore says that he means to make the lovers he plays just like real life lovers—kids a little, loves a little, teases a lot, doesn't slop over too much, but seems genuinely in love, just the same."

"Tom Mix is a dear—but of course he is the most impossible lover on the screen, because you always feel you come second to the horse! It is hard to compete with a horse. You don't mind a rival or two—but when a horse gets more close-ups than you do, well, it's not so good!"

"What about bravery—are men in real life as brave, do you think, as the film heroes?"

"Yes, but they aren't so chesty about it. The bravest man I ever knew looked bewildered, then perfectly silly, when people tried to thank him for his services—he had dashed into a fire and dragged out a lot of people. That's what I say—life is so casual, so ridiculous."

"Why, right in the middle of a tragic happening, you will stop and wonder if your pink dress has come home from the cleaner's, or something like that!"

"And I cannot stand these crying heroes on the screen! Men are not given to tears much in real life. I have known only one man to cry, so far—he was weeping over a great tragedy in his life—a great love that ended in terrible disaster—and I must admit I was impressed. I cried with him. But he didn't weep sentimentally, with glycerine tears running down his face. He gulped and blew his nose! Yet he was more impressive than all the pretty heroes I have ever known to weep on the screen."

"Speaking of bravery—Tom Mix is absolutely fearless. I remember once we were out on horseback, he and I, looking for location. We climbed up a steep hill, onto a plateau, while the other side seemed like a sheer drop."

"Well, I'm glad that's over," I told Tom.

"Oh, it isn't," said Tom, "we're going right on down the other side!"

"But we can't!" I expostulated.

"Of course we can!" said Tom. And I would have died before I would have let him know how frightened I was. And we made it in safety, though my hair was standing on end all the way down."

I asked Patsy if she thought women weren't braver than men.

"Well, I've known some of the men who are so heroic in pictures who were dead scared to do stunts. In one case, the hero was supposed to rescue the heroine from drowning, but he got scared out there in the water, and she had to go out and rescue him! And I know a certain film actor who would have yelled for a double if he had had to do the things I did in 'Lorraine of the Lions'."

"Do you like the sheiks?" I inquired.

"Not particularly—either in pictures or real life," answered Patsy. "In real life, they are such heavy lovers—never seem to be able to forget they are lovers, and just be a good tennis partner or something like that."

I asked Pat if she usually liked the characters she herself played.

"Oh, goodness, no, not always!" exclaimed Patsy. "I like a real girl like the one I played in 'On the Stairs,' which Elmer Harris wrote. I was a little bit good and a whole lot mean—a regular flesh-and-blood girl. I did one part in particular, in another picture, where I was so right I felt like pushing myself in the face. I felt like saying, 'What if your father does do so-and-so, you are only a little sap. You have no right to tell him what to do.' In other pictures, I have simply looked googly-eyed at the heroes, and that's about all."

"Another thing. Girls in pictures are always falling in love with rough diamonds. No matter how high a man's character might be, if he took a toothpick as he left the dining room, I think it would be all off with me. Even if he were one of nature's noblemen, and he wore purple socks, I think he would be giving Cupid an awful handicap."

"But of course," I said, "the girl fans don't want to see on the screen the kind of men they meet every day."

"Of course not," said Patsy.

The Covered Wagon Has Rolled Across the World

(Continued from page 27)

excellent ambassadorship of the American movie.

Practically all of the cinemas in the South American countries screen American pictures almost exclusively, and each year finds the South American release schedules of the principal American companies creeping closer to the time of our own releases in this country. Thanks to the motion picture, the South American citizen knows more about North American ideals, customs and manners than ever before. His women-folk are turning more and more to American modes of dress, due to their increasing familiarity with American styles as reflected through the medium of the screen.

I might go on indefinitely calling to mind the thousand and one things which have common place in the worldwide brotherhood of motion picture fans. Sufficient it is to state that one can scarcely find a civilized country on the globe in which he cannot find the homey atmosphere of a good American picture.

Because of this tremendous world-wide demand for Hollywood news the leading companies have found it necessary to establish foreign language publicity departments for the broadcasting of this greatly desired information throughout the world. In addition, scores of the best known papers in Europe, South America, Asia and Australia maintain accredited correspondents in Hollywood and New York to supply their readers with the latest developments in the motion picture industry for their own readers.

American films are known and loved in all countries and the titles are read in every language on the face of the globe. Or, as the doughboy put it: "I ain't hep to the words, but the pictures are in English."



Gertrude Olmstead has signed with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, after finishing "Cobra," in which she played opposite Rudolph Valentino.

Learn Lip Reading from the Movies—Continued from page 23

You wonder what I am driving at. You look curiously at me and at the two little girls. And then you see it—that listening look in their eyes! Suddenly you understand. They are deaf!

"But—" you exclaim, "how can that be? They have been talking with you. Why—they heard you."

Yes, they heard me, but with their eyes, not with their ears. You stand back in amazement. Is it really true? How in the world can they do it? Are you quite sure these little girls are deaf?

It was in the spacious rooms of The New York League for the Hard of Hearing that I talked to these children. Many people moved and chatted about us. Some were young with the dream of youth in their eyes; some of them with heads of grey and lined faces telling a story of many years. Most of them were deaf, or near deaf—hard of hearing they call it. But all of them were happy!

"Unbelievable!" you exclaim. "Why they don't look deaf."

And it seemed, in the gay flow of chatter, in the warmth and the genial glow of friendship, that they did not feel deaf either.

The life of a deaf person of to-day is not the one of hardship that it was even twenty-five years ago. To be sure they remain—Dwellers in the Silence. But they have broken the prison bars of that silence. And they are free!

Years ago Edward Nitchie, himself deaf and realizing the barriers of such a handicap, set about to study lip reading, that subtle art of hearing with the eyes. He took note of the different shape and form of vowel sounds, consonants and even complete words. He made grades and distinctions.

Just to illustrate, go to a mirror and watch yourself say—"O." The lips pucker and round. Now say—"E." See how the lips spread to a long shape. Try again—"S" this time. The lips part, the teeth are drawn together, and there is a hissing movement made by the tongue.

All these and many more Mr. Nitchie studied in laying his foundation for lip reading. He opened a school and taught the deaf to look—and listen. Pupils came from near and far, eager for any knowledge that would open the prison doors for them. At his death Mrs. Nitchie nobly volunteered to carry on his work. To-day the Nitchie School, situated in New York City, is one of the best known of its kind in the country. There are many others in nearly every city of the United States, both private and public, where diligent teachers and eager hearts are working for the greater freedom of the deaf.

There has never been an exact count, but the estimate is that there are three million deaf, or near deaf, living in the United States alone.

In New York City the League for the Hard of Hearing is a splendid organization where the deaf person will always find a warm welcome and a true friend. What the League achieves would make a book in itself. Last year one hundred and sixty-seven deaf persons were found employment covering fifty-four occupations. All this is done without charge to the deaf, since the League is kept by outside voluntary contributions. Their stirring motto—"Rehabilitation through Service"—tells its own story.

They have dances and tea parties, lip-reading classes and sewing clubs. They have movie parties too. When a certain picture is being shown, they go in gay groups to the theatre. What a jolly, happy lot they are!

To the blind has come the radio, filling their darkness with the magic of music, leading them out along the ways of the world.

To the dwellers in the silence, there is the hope and the solace and the regeneration of the motion picture.

Deaf folks don't have to sit at home any more through long lonely evenings, while more fortunate ones flock to the concert halls and the theatres. They are off and away—gaily as the folks in the magazine advertisements—to the picture show! Laughter lives on their lips, and Life weaves in a bright colored thread through their silence.

7 Diamond Dinner Ring
18K White Gold

\$200 DOWN
10 MONTHS TO PAY

THE VOGUE OF TODAY

SEND ONLY \$2—we'll send this beautiful 18K White Gold Ladies' Dinner Ring, set with 7 sparkling, brilliant, blue-white diamonds for a 15 DAY FREE TRIAL. Try to duplicate it anywhere at our price. If you are convinced that it represents exceptional value, pay only \$6.25 monthly—price \$64.50. Otherwise return and your deposit will be sent back immediately.

No Red Tape
No Delay
Transactions Confidential
Rush Order Today

FREE—A complete catalog of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry. Ten months to pay on everything. Send for it.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL \$1,000,000

L.W. SWEET INC.
Dept. 1955-L 1660 BROADWAY NEW YORK



FREE HOROSCOPE FREE

Are You Happy and Contented? Is Your Home in Good Order? Have You Any Troubles? Are You Successful in Your Love and Business Affairs? Are You Sick?

If so, write me and I will send you a horoscope free. Will give you my professional advice and will help you in the best way possible. Will tell you what you are best suited for in life. Just send me the correct month and date of your birth. You may endorse 25 cents (coin or stamps) to help pay for this notice. Write your name and address plainly.

ASTRO PHRENO STUDIO
210 West 62nd Street, Room 2, New York City

BUST DEVELOPED



My Big Three Part Treatment is the ONLY ONE that gives FULL DEVELOPMENT without bathing, exercises, pumps or other dangerous absurdities. I send you a GUARANTEED TWO DOLLAR

14-DAY FREE TREATMENT

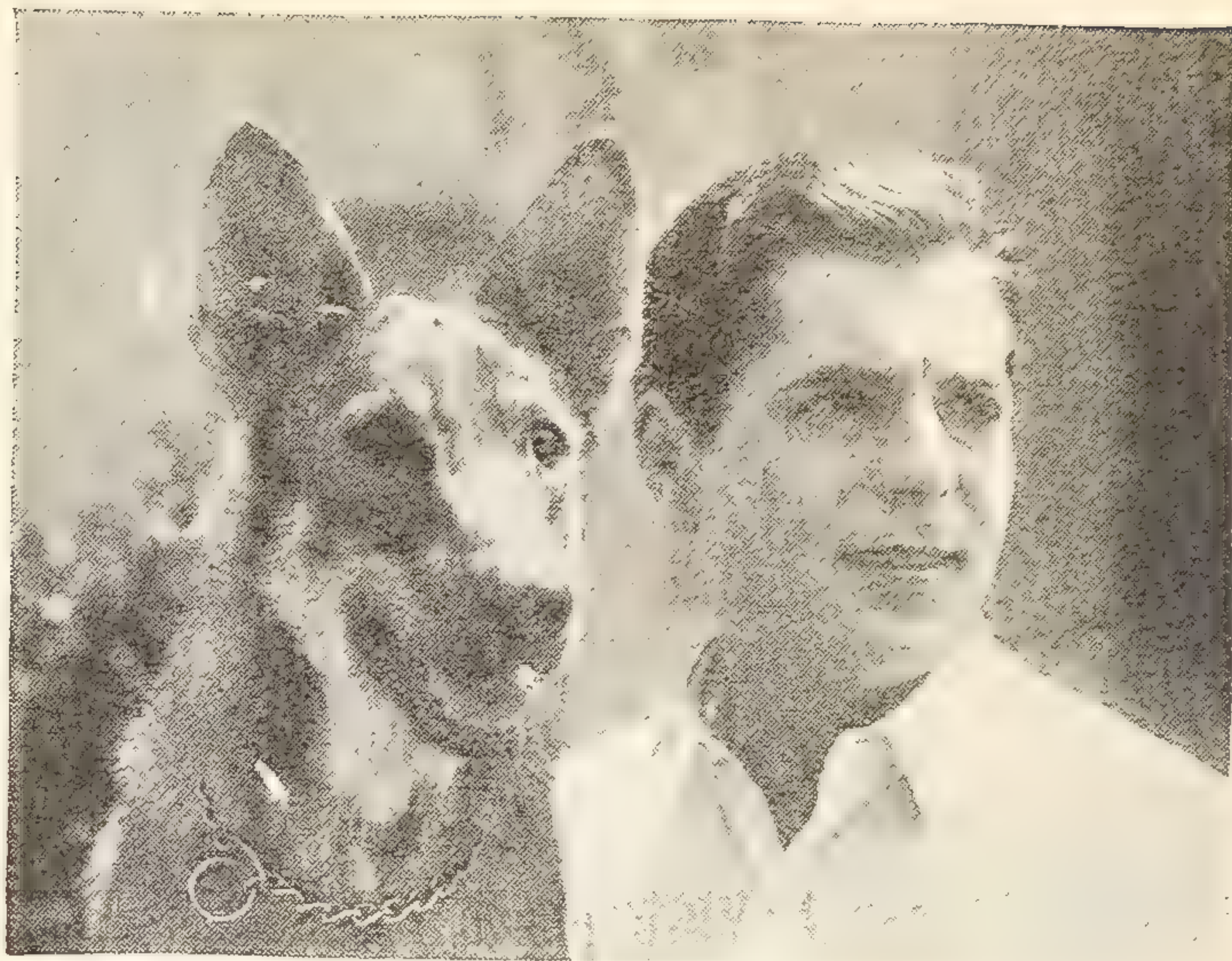
If you send a DIME toward expenses. (A Large Aluminum Box of my Wonder Cream included.) Plain wrapper. IS IT WORTH 10c TO YOU? If not, your dime back by first mail. Address NOW, with ten cents only. Madame D.M. Williams, Buffalo, N.Y.

Superfluous HAIR all GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injuries to the skin in the privacy of your own home. We teach Beauty Culture.

Send today 3 stamps for Free Booklet

D. J. MAHLER CO., 36-B Mahler Park, Providence, R.I.



Q Warner Baxter and his dog Flash. Mr. Baxter has just signed a contract with the new Cecil B. De Mille organization.

If the movies mean much to you, and we are sure they do if you are a one hundred per cent human, can you not guess what they must mean to the deaf person? More than entertainment, more than mere fantasy. Why—they mean Life itself, and all that goes to make up for Happiness!

Were you ever able to read the lips of the people on the screen? How much of the story would you understand if there were no sub-titles?

Some years ago, Edison produced a picture—"With Eyes of Love." To the deaf it was a picture they will never forget. There were no sub-titles but the whole story was so cleverly worked out that an adept lip-reader could follow every word of the screen stars. What a thrill of joy and satisfaction it gave them to be able to do this! Rome was not built in a day; neither is lip-reading mastered in an hour, but only after long hours of persistent practice. The moving pictures offer limitless possibilities as an aid to perfecting this art. To those who do not hear perfectly, who find themselves carrying a dread of future deafness in their hearts, I would like to say—

"Don't dismay. Be of good courage. Learn all you can of the basic theory of lip reading. Go to the movies as many times a week as is possible. Watch closely for every word of the screen stars. You can and will learn to hear something with your eyes. Gradually you will gain confidence in yourself and you will grow less and less afraid of your deafness."

There is no movie to-day without some verbal speech on the part of the players—the beginning of a sentence or the last words of one—an exclamation—sometimes a complete thought. Learn to discern these. A few words recognized from the movement of the lips, and quickly, like the flash of lightning along a storm-tossed sky, the mind leaps to a comprehension of the whole thought. At first a lot of it may seem like guess work, but what does that matter, if in time one learns to guess rightly?

To-day the movies are being employed more and more for educational purposes in colleges and schools. What a great thing it would be if some big-hearted directors and some sympathetic stars (the studios are full of them) would work to create a few more pictures like Edison's "Eyes of Love," and so give to the vast army of the deaf a

limitless opportunity to develop this "audient sight." What happiness the growing ability would bring to these handicapped ones. For deep within the heart of every deaf person, hidden by brave smiles and amazing courage, there is that hunger of desire—to hear, to be not shut off from their fellow kind. To catch the matin song of a bird on the bough and to answer to the music of the wind's light step in the long grass that must remain forever as a lost joy. The yearning they feel—it is like the ceaseless cry of the sea along the unseen shores of the soul. Any assistance that tends to break down that barrier between the deaf person and the world without, can you not guess all it must mean to them?

To the deaf, motion pictures enlarge the experience. No longer shut in a world by themselves, the deaf persons find Life interesting through what they can see. They break the bondage surrounding their silence, and live anew—in each drama and comedy of the screen. Absorbed in a moving picture story, the self is forgotten. Even the deafness becomes as something unreal.

And in this forgetfulness is the real source of Happiness!

To the deaf, the movies swing wide the door of their prison, and real people of the world flock in to keep them company. They are no longer alone! The world is not narrow and forever hushed. Romance is theirs! Adventure is theirs! Mystery is theirs!

They laugh along with the world!

And deep within themselves they can sing with the joy of kinship!

They too, know the priceless joy and the beauty of a dream come true!

Back they must go to the daily round of existence, to the task which must be done, and the plain business of living. But they are not shut off from the world. Through the motion picture they find the happiness and the heart ache, the pleasure and the pain, of countless others. They belong—to the great brotherhood. Laughter and singing has broken their silence into a million bits. They participate in this drama of existence, and Life becomes a beautiful thing. They learn, by pictures, to hear with the ears of the spirit!

And hearing so—they become conquerors of their handicap!

"Why don't you call your magazine 'The screen magazine of ideas?'" writes William Middleberry. SCREENLAND reflects the spirit of the movies, and the movies are the richest market for "ideas."

She Came Back to Town On a Magazine Cover!



Departing an 'Ugly Duckling'

"EVEN MY dear old Dad used to say my looks would never take a prize. My brothers frankly called me homely. No girl in Kingston had wished harder for beauty—or had tried any harder to win it. But that was back in Kingston, N. Y., when my features, face, and skin, and even my hair looked hopeless. Today, illustrators who are supposed to be authorities on beauty tell me—well, they ask me for sittings and pay well for them.

"For the encouragement it ought to be to others I will relate the whole story of how plain Me—an 'Ugly duckling'—became a model for magazine covers.

"When I first came to New York City to take a position I was too busy to give much time or thought to 'beautifying.' Besides all my efforts in the past had gained me nothing. Complexion treatments? I had tried a score; and my pores had grown steadily coarser. I used to do everything anyone would advise for wrinkles—and the wrinkles stayed. I knew loads of people who had had success with things for the hair—but none seemed to give my sparse locks any health or sparkle.

"But I soon saw that beauty counted in a large publishing office quite as much as at parties or dances. Within a year my employers filled three secretarial positions with women I knew were scarcely as well equipped as I—except in looks! Then I concluded I would make myself attractive in appearance if it took every dollar I earned. My first thought was beauty parlors, but a fortunate circumstance put a vastly better beauty plan in my own hands. I met a girl who told me of a woman who had devoted years to working out a regular beauty science. She worked on skin structure instead of on the surface; she did nothing to wrinkles themselves but changed the facial contours and the

Gertrude Follis Left Home an Ugly Duckling. Now New York Artists Pay to Paint Her Likeness and Her New Beauty Was Won in Three Months

wrinkled condition disappeared. Her method with hair was to revitalize it—and so on.

"I was elated with even with the first week of my newly found beauty plan.

Artists Acknowledge Her Beauty of Face



Photo of Miss Follis Taken 6 Months Ago

I never have seen its originator to this day. She does not see anyone—just advises and directs hundreds who seek her direct methods of cultivating natural beauty. I wrote her, got her instructions, did as directed, and in a few weeks the altered glances of friends and associates confirmed what my mirror told me. I no longer needed to feel sensitive about my appearance! Then came the day Greiner, the artist, asked how I would like to sit for a "head" on a magazine cover!

"I could scarcely wait for the Saturday when the picture of me would be published. When the magazine did appear, can you blame me for mailing several copies to my home town, and marking the covers 'This is me.' I knew they would doubt that the portrait was mine—or else accuse

the artist of using a vivid imagination. So I made my old home a visit. Wouldn't you have done the same? And I gloated some, too, as folks were forced to admit that the face on the cover was Gertrude Follis. My 'new' face has since been used for many illustrations. But I'll never feel prouder or be more thrilled than that day at the station when my father hesitated as I emerged from the train—then came forward and stammered, 'As I live, it's true!'"

The methods with which Miss Follis obtained such remarkable results in cultivating personal attractiveness are available to anybody, anywhere. A Chicago woman has learned how to bring any type of skin to normal color and fineness, how to rejuvenate sagging tissues, and enhance one's looks in many ways. She tells how to do it, and what to use. Her name is LUCILLE YOUNG, and her offices are in Chicago. The way to become acquainted with her astonishingly successful beauty methods is to write for her remarkable book



Miss Follis as She Appears Now

"Making Beauty Yours." It reveals every general principle she uses and the book is at present distributed FREE. Use coupon.



Returns a Pretty Girl

LUCILLE YOUNG
Room 354 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago
Please send me, by return mail, your Free Booklet "MAKING BEAUTY YOURS".

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

BANISH GREY HAIR

Wm. J. Brandt
Liquid

EAU DE
HENNA

Hair Color
Restorer



Covers the grey, and restores the color to grey, faded, bleached, or streaky hair, leaving it Soft, Glossy and Natural.

Works so well no one will know the color has been restored. Covers ALL the grey; covers ANY grey, no matter how stubborn or how caused.

Does not interfere with permanent waving. Eau de Henna is two liquids, one application. It colors at once. No mess. No pack. Does not shade off reddish as with many powdered Hennas.

Anyone Can Put It On

No experience necessary. Will not rub off. Not affected by sea bathing, sun, shampooing, or permanent waving. Will withstand tropical climates.

Wonderful For Touching Up

You can put it on just where it is needed. Can be used where powdered henna dyes have been used. The shades blend in beautifully. Can be used over other hair dyes or restorers. Directions in English and Spanish.

Eau de Henna comes in colors: Black, dark brown, medium brown, light brown, drab, blond, auburn. State color desired. Price—postpaid \$2.50 or C. O. D. \$2.65.

Order through your Druggist, Department Store or Beauty Parlor, or direct from us.

HAIR SPECIALTY CO.

Dept. 65, 112 East 23rd Street, New York

Men as well as women can use
Eau de Henna to advantage.

They Love Better by Southern Seas

Continued from page 20

night, the Southern Cross leaning just above your head; days that aren't days but wide canvases brushed splendidly in indescribable blues, emeralds and yellows; seas that sleep until the smash of sunset wakens them, and then they croon the rest of the world to sleep! No million dollar set ever caught the glory of that "exterior-stage." A thousand companies would work there simultaneously, each in a different background. Even the temples of "Intolerance" were hovels compared with mosques of morning-cloud.

"I didn't know atmosphere meant so much to players before," remarked Raoul Walsh when he blew back from Tahiti where he had been directing "Lost and Found" for Goldwyn. As usual the conversation had drifted to the subject of how members of his company trouped; which is always a topic, since you can't herd a dozen volatile temperaments together, then remove civilization, without expecting fireworks. But Tahiti worked the miracle. "It seems to me," proceeded Mr. Walsh, "the way to get the best out of players is to put them on the beach and allow their imaginations to run."

Exactly the word—imagination! Of course, it may run too far, and not necessarily the players' imagination either. A company once sailed from Sydney to New Guinea to shoot native sequences. There were three actors and the leading lady, who afterwards came to Hollywood, but has now dropped from sight. The resident-magistrate received them cordially; the natives co-operated unstintingly under the direction of their fuzzy-headed chief.

Now the chief developed an imagination and the star was a pretty little blonde . . . with no thought of marriage . . . no ambition to be queen of a slightly cannibal island . . . and the only safe place was a wooden stockade which served as a jail. To elude that wild man's love she went to jail and every evening the actors and the magistrate paced sentry-beats with guns outside her sleeping-cell.

"Pep, jazz, New York, pretty clothes, society, and especially one of those Spanish tango-strutting pale-faces for a hero—give the fans all that and you have a box office hit," a producer told me recently.

On the same day a magazine editor requested a story with the following qualifications: "No petting-parties, no Sunday-supplement scandals. And keep your hero ten thousand miles from Broadway and the nearest barber-shop. The public taste is swinging out to the ends of the earth."

Analyzing both statements and admitting that movies follow the magazines (try and sell an original unpublished story if you don't believe it) it looks as though the sheiks must fold up their sashes and roll their round hats away. Possibly the next man you'll love on the screen will be a beachcomber! Clothes and burnsides coiled like question marks on pallid cheeks can't make an actor famous forever. They may please the eye, but the heart counts more; and, after all, doesn't every woman's heart contain a corner for the man whose only strength is love? There the beachcomber fits. I don't mean the hapless derelicts who float around shipping-ports of Honolulu, Tahiti, Suva, Santos, waiting for tourists to

WEAR ONE 7 DAYS FREE

A. Ladies Hand Carved Basket Ring, Platinum effect \$3.52
B. Ladies Pierced Filigree 4 Post Ring, Platinum effect \$3.84
C. Ladies Filigree Ring, Blue Sapphire Set Sides, \$3.93
D. Ladies Bridal Blossom Hand Chased Solitaire \$2.84
E. Mens Heavy Belcher 14K Gold Filled Ring \$3.48
F. Mens Massive Carved Hexagon Gypsy, Sapphire Sides \$4.18

If You Can Tell It From A Genuine DIAMOND

SEND IT BACK These Amazingly Beautiful CORODITE Gems match the scintillating beauty of GENUINE DIAMONDS in every way. They have the same gorgeous blazing flash and dazzling play of living rainbow fire. Standing the terrific Acid Test of direct comparison. Lifetime experts need all their experience to see any difference. Prove this yourself. **MAKE THIS TEST** Wear a Genuine CORODITE and a Diamond side by side on the same finger for SEVEN days. If you and your friends can tell the difference send it back, you won't be out a single penny. That's fair enough. If you keep the ring the price printed here is all you pay. No installments. Remember CORODITES alone have the same facet cutting as Genuine Stones.

A. Ladies Hand Carved Basket Ring, Platinum effect \$3.52
B. Ladies Pierced Filigree 4 Post Ring, Platinum effect \$3.84
C. Ladies Filigree Ring, Blue Sapphire Set Sides, \$3.93
D. Ladies Bridal Blossom Hand Chased Solitaire \$2.84
E. Mens Heavy Belcher 14K Gold Filled Ring \$3.48
F. Mens Massive Carved Hexagon Gypsy, Sapphire Sides \$4.18

SEND NO MONEY Keep your money right at home. Just send name and address stating which ring you want and size as shown by slip of paper fitting end to end around finger joint and your ring will come by return mail. Deposit amount shown above with postman. You do not risk a penny as our binding legal guarantee to refund your money in full is attached to every ring we sell. **SEND TODAY.**

E. RICHWINE CO., Dept. 298 19 West Jackson Blvd. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Original and Sole Importers of Genuine CORODITE GEMS

BEAUTYPEEL "UNMASKS YOUR 'HIDDEN' BEAUTY"

CREATES BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION BY PEELING OFF tan, freckles, blemishes, pimples, blackheads, liver spots, wrinkles, acne, muddy, oily skins. NON-ACID (Pat.) lotion. Painless, harmless. Effects astounding.

TRIAL COSTS NOTHING Write today for Special Offer and "The Art of Face Peeling" FREE.

Newlyn Chemical Company
207H Newlyn Building El Paso, Texas



¶ Raoul Melnotte (Ricardo Cortez) carrying his bride (Greta Nissen) over the threshold of their home, according to an old French custom. Scene from "In the Name of Love."

I Will Prove To You That You Can Make

\$100 a Week



Yes, you can make \$100 a week. You can make \$5,000 a year and not work half as hard as you do now. You can do as well as H. T. Pearl, of Oklahoma, who made \$750 in one month. You can begin like R. L. Marshall, of New Jersey, who made \$80 in five hours. You don't have to wait. You don't have to invest any money. You don't have to take any course or do any studying. You can start right in next week. You can begin at once to make a really big income. The opportunity is waiting. The money is there for you to get. Do you want it? Then read this ad carefully and answer it, for this offer is meant for you.

700 Men and Women Wanted At Once

We are now ready to appoint 700 more Representatives in all parts of the country. You can be one of them, and by simply doing what we suggest you can make a net, clear, cold profit for yourself of anywhere from \$50 to \$100 a week with very little effort. Your first day will bring you big money. W. A. Webster, of Virginia, made \$6 in 1½ hours; Dennis Spear, of Kansas, cleared \$8.90 his first day; W. P. Stone, of Maine, made \$24 in 4½ hours. All without experience or training and you can do as well, or better.

Amazing Profits For Easy Work

We are the originators and manufacturers of Zanol Products—the nationally advertised line of pure food products, toilet preparations, soaps, perfumes, household and

laundry necessities—over 350 different kinds. Four million dollars worth were bought last year but none of these products are sold in stores.

We sell direct from factory to customer. By this means we give greater values and lower prices than could be secured in stores. We have thousands and thousands of customers in every section of the United States. But instead of sending their orders direct to us we appoint a Representative in each locality through whom our customers send us their orders.

Exclusive Territory

We offer to assign you an exclusive territory and let you handle all our dealings with our customers in that territory. You will simply introduce our products and let the people know that you have become the Zanol Representative. The rest is easy. Our products are nationally advertised and well known in every locality. We have been in business for 16 years and have resources of more than a million dollars. The local man or woman who becomes our Representative is given complete instructions, full equipment and everything necessary for success.

Your Profits Will Begin At Once

These records show you how our Representatives make large profits the first day. You can easily do as well.

\$16 Profit First Day

That's the record of Alyse Leblanc, of Massachusetts.

\$32 Profit in 8 Hours

is the result of the first day's work of Adolph Montoya, of New Mexico.

\$4 in One Evening

is pretty good pay for 2 hours' spare time. That is what Samuel Miles, of Arkansas, made his first day.

\$13 Profit First Afternoon

Jacob Myron, of Connecticut, started in the morning and cleared over \$13 before evening.

\$4 an Hour

was what Margaret La Roux, of Michigan, averaged her first afternoon.

\$40 in 24 Hours

was the result of the first work of B. Collander, of Massachusetts.

More Than a Million Dollars Made By Our Representatives In 8 Months

If you want your share of these big profits all you need do now is write. You won't believe how easy it is nor what wonderful profits you can make until you get started and the money begins to roll in.

We furnish all of our people with complete equipment for doing business. We furnish it free. We tell you in detail exactly what to do. We make it easy for you. We help you in every way to get started quick and to make big profits without waiting or delay. You will be given the same proposition that has brought thousands of dollars in cash to E. S. Shelly, of Pennsylvania; Mrs. Nona Kerns, of Mississippi; Edgar Banville, of Massachusetts; and dozens of others. It has enabled G. C. Henry to make four times as much money as he ever did on a farm and G. A. Becker, of Iowa, to earn more than he did in 22 years in the grocery business.

Send No Money

Just send me your name and I will tell you how to get started. I will give you

all the details. I will show you how you can make \$100 a week and even in your spare time \$8 to \$10 a day for a few hours' work. I will show you how you can have a permanent, profitable, honorable, pleasant and fascinating business that will bring in a bigger income than you ever thought possible. It is the one opportunity that you have been waiting for. It is your chance to get ahead. It means thousands of dollars to you. And you are not risking a penny. You are not agreeing to pay anything or do anything.

So mail the coupon. Don't wait until someone else gets in ahead of you. Don't delay until it is too late. Write now.

THE AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.

Albert Mills
President and General Manager

Dept. 1310 Cincinnati, Ohio.

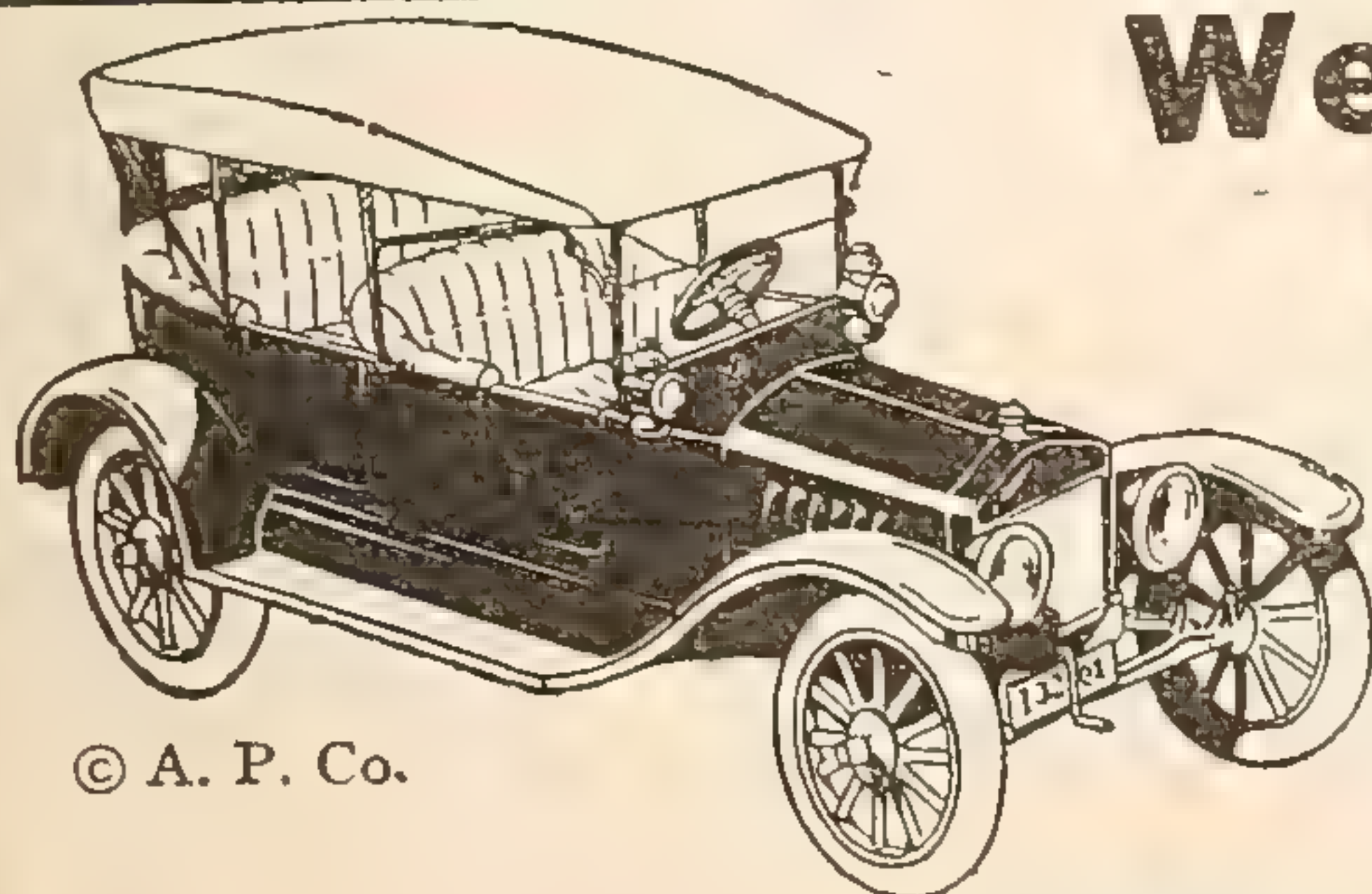
Mail This NOW

Albert Mills, President,
The American Products Co.,
Dept. 1310 Cincinnati, Ohio.
Please send me, without one cent of cost
and without any obligation, complete de-
tails of your new plan by means of which
I can make from \$50 to \$100 a week.

Name

Address

(Write plainly)



© A. P. Co.

We Furnish An Automobile

We want you to realize that this is a high-grade proposition. We want to help you in every way to make large profits and we offer to provide a car without any expense to you whatever. Just write for our proposition. Mail the coupon for details of the plan that will give you this automobile without expense and from \$10 to \$30 a day in cash.

Classic Development of the Bust



YOUR WOMANLY BEAUTY can be developed. The secret of woman's charm is a beautiful, fully developed figure—a bust like sculptors carve in marble and artists portray on canvas. The very femininity of woman demands that she be thus perfectly developed.

BEAUTY OF FORM is woman's natural birthright. It is just as wholesome and right that a woman should be physically charming and attractive, as it is for flowers to bloom in springtime and cast a sweet fragrance by their presence. Physical beauty can be cultivated, for the body—plastic like clay—will respond to the application of nature's laws to a degree little dreamed of by the average person. There is always a way to accomplish the things that are wholesome and right, and since it is perfectly natural for every woman to have a full, rounded bust, it is easy to produce such development with the right method.

Motion Picture Actress Delighted

Betty McCoy, Movie Actress, Los Angeles, whose photo is shown at the left, says: "I am delighted with the results from the use of The New National, which has given me a three-inch increase in size—a remarkable firmness and classic contour. A number of my friends have recently remarked on my improved appearance."

Booklet Tells "HOW" FREE!

Write today for free booklet containing an article by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, telling how any woman may receive development in the shortest possible time. Simply wonderful the results produced. Let us send you photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method.

Sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Simply send your name and address on a postcard if desired. (This information sent under sealed postage, if you enclose 4c stamps.)

THE OLIVE CO., Dept. 30 CLARINDA, IOWA



Q Colleen Moore — It comes to our ears that Colleen did so well with "Sally" that First National has decided to have her do "Irene."

\$1 Brings This Genuine DIAMOND

Blue white, perfect cut genuine diamond 18 kt. white gold band engraved and pierced mounting. Rare beauty.

Only \$30.00

Easy for you to own this beautiful ring or give it as a present. Simply send \$1 to us today.

10 DAYS' TRIAL

Wear ring 10 days and if you don't agree it is an amazing bargain, return it and we will refund your money. If satisfied pay \$3 a month until \$30 is paid.

FREE catalog. Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry. \$10 to \$1000. All on long credit. Wonderful values.

Est. 1890 Address Dept. 736

BAER BROS. Co.
6 MAIDEN LANE - NEW YORK

Youth-Ami Skin Peel
A New Scientific Discovery

which painlessly and harmlessly replaces the old skin with a new and removes all Surface Blemishes, Pimples, Blackheads, Discolorations, Tan, Eczema, Acne, Large Pores, etc. A non-acid, invisible liquid. Produces a healthy new skin, beautiful as a baby's. Results astounding. Booklet "The Magic of a New Skin" free in plain sealed envelope.

Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. F. B 30 E. 20th St., New York

Short-Story Writing

A practical forty-lesson course in the writing and marketing of the Short Story, taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, famous critic and teacher; Editor of The Writer's Monthly.

One pupil has earned over \$5,000 writing in his spare time—hundreds are selling constantly to the leading publishers.

DR. ESENWEIN

150 page catalog free. Please address
The Home Correspondence School
Established 1897
Dept. 25 Springfield, Mass.

New Hollywood Craze!



Movie-Fan's Locket Ring for displaying your favorite's photo where you can see it all day long! Or put in sweetie's picture, a butterfly, or lock of hair. Solid Sterling Silver \$1.97. Genuine Gold Shell \$2.97. Send stamps or money order (15c extra if C.O.D.).

Orient Exchange, Box 14, Sta. M, New York, Dept. S.L.-1

Classified Advertising

Rate 25c a word. Forms June close April 15

ALL MEN—WOMEN, 18 to 65, wanting to qualify for Government Positions, \$140-\$300 monthly, traveling or stationary, write, Ozment, 169, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES. Sell Madison "Better-Made" Shirts for large Manufacturers direct to wearer. No capital or experience required. Many earn \$100 weekly and bonus. MADISON CORPORATION, 501 Broadway, New York.

SONG WRITERS: WE PAY \$250 ADVANCE royalty on songs found suitable for publication. Submit your compositions now or write for Free Booklet. Equitable Music Corporation, 1654-H Broadway, New York.

SONG POEM WRITERS SEND FOR PROPOSITION. Ray Hibbeler, D14, 4040 Dickens Ave., Chicago.

REPRESENTATIVES WANTED: All or spare time, to take and deliver orders for Transparent Handled Pocket Knives. Big commissions. If inexperienced, we train and help you. NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 450 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

STAMPING NAMES

MAKE \$20 PER 100, STAMPING NAMES on Key Checks. Send 25c for sample and instructions. S. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED. What have you? Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 527 Enright, St. Louis, Mo.

GROWS NEW HAIR

LUMCO is keeping its promise. Thousands of satisfied users say LUMCO is growing new hair in 30 days, also banishing dandruff and falling hair. Sent in plain package prepaid \$2.50. Send for free leaflet "PERMANENT HAIR." Address LUMCO Laboratories, Dept. DR, Kimball, Nebr.

LUMCO "Makes your hair grow"

feed them; but the boys who drift 'way out and fancy a feminine face through every plume of spray.

Dick Barthelmess is "on the beach" already with little Bessie Love to kindle "Soul Fire"—quoting their new production's title; and from a glance at Dick and Bessie between the palms I defy any one to ask "What's wrong with this picture?" Dick fulfills what sundry million fans have wanted since "Tol'able David"—his return to rags; while even the immaculate John Barrymore of a dozen successes never won response that equalled the tattered Jack, cast on a dazzling scimitar of sand in "The Lotus Eater."

Take Kipling's word for the tropical "wrecks appeal"—

"Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand,

"An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?

"Beefy face an' grubby 'and—

"Law! wot do they understand? . . .

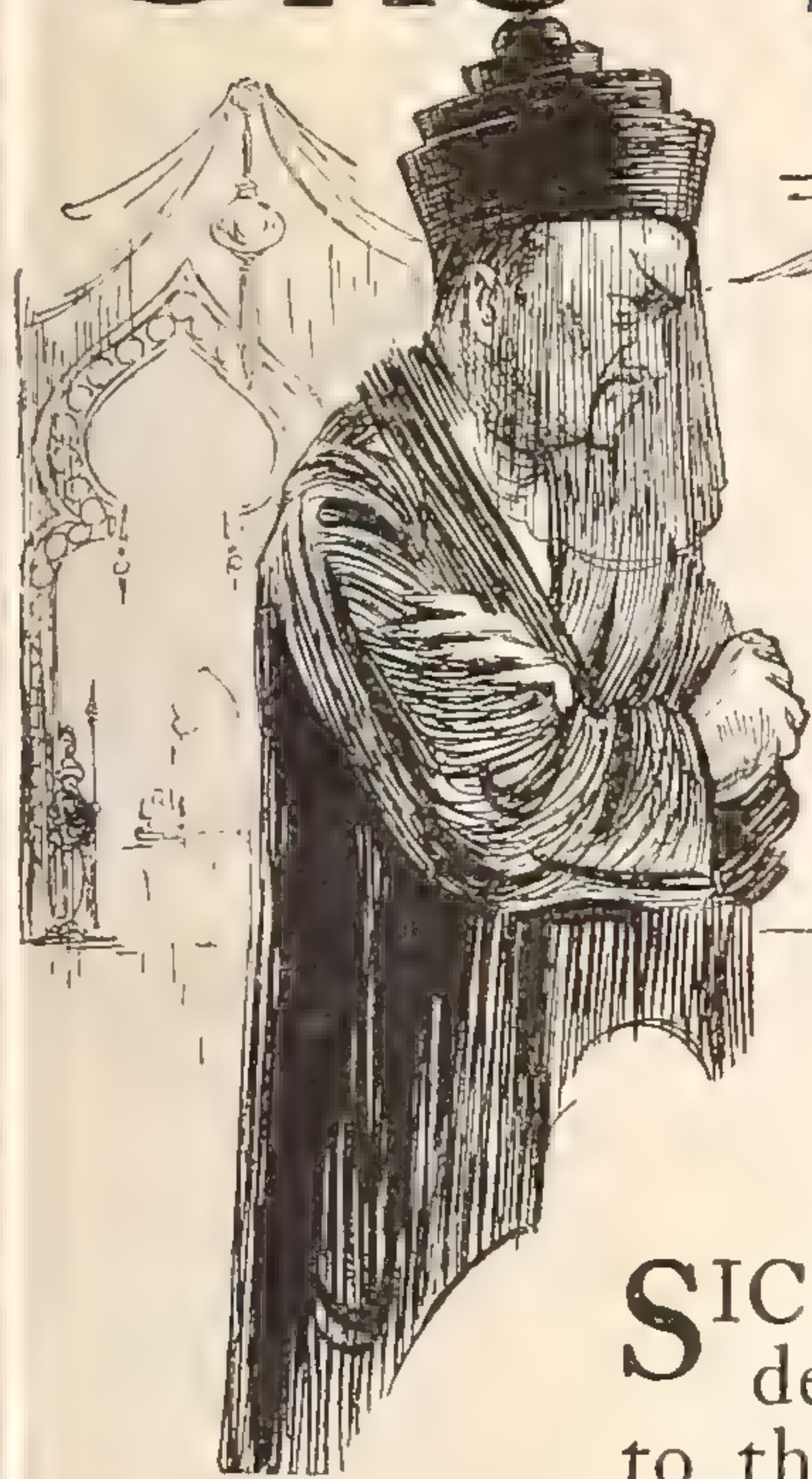
"Ship me somewheres east of Suez—"

But always when I've read "Mandalay" that far I want to shout "Attahoy, Rudyard!" and hurl myself down the hole in Times Square with some wild idea that I'll go skittering completely through the earth and emerge in a coral lagoon. That's where the hole would lead if they bored it deep enough. At present it's only a subway entrance and I've no yearning to land nose-first on the platform below, or to pass out in a blue blaze of glory as I hit the third-rail. Still I can turn away to flow with Broadway's currents and steer by the light of a million electric stars to South Seas on the screen; and whether Barthelmess, Barrymore, Meighan or Monte Blue loaf at the water's edge, or whether my beach-comber is some one I've never known before, makes little difference to me. If the girl's a dusky islander, a stranded millionaire or some poor Sadie Thompson means nothing either. Whatever they do will be instinctive—and that represents drama in its purest form.

But most of all I'd like to see Pola Negri "on the beach." It always strikes me that civilization has tamed even her since the days of "Passion," "Gypsy Blood," and "One Arabian Night."

Well, Pola, why not?

"She is Yours Master"



SICK at heart the trembling girl shuddered at the words that delivered her to this terrible fate of the East. How could she escape from this Oriental monster into whose hands she had been given—this mysterious man of mighty power whose face none had yet seen?

Here is an **extraordinary situation**. What was to be the fate of this beautiful girl? Who was this strange emissary whom no one really knew?

To know the answer to this and the most exciting tales of Oriental adventure and mystery ever told, read on through the most thrilling, absorbing, entertaining and fascinating pages ever written

MASTERPIECES OF ORIENTAL MYSTERY

11 SUPERB VOLUMES

By **SAX ROHMER**

Written with his uncanny knowledge of things Oriental



THESE are no ordinary detective stories. The hidden secrets, mysteries and intrigues of the Orient airily leap from the pages. Before your very eyes spreads a swiftly moving panorama that takes you breathless from the high places of society—from homes of refinement and luxury, to sinister underworlds of London and the Far East—from Piccadilly and Broadway to incredible scenes behind idol temples in far off China—from hidden cities in the jungles of Malay along strange paths to the very seat of Hindu sorcery.

11 Mystery Volumes Packed with Thrills

Be the first in your community to own these, the **most wonderful oriental mystery stories ever published**—books that have sold by the hundred thousand at much higher prices—books you will enjoy reading over and over again. Handsomely bound in substantial cloth covers, a proud adornment for your table or shelf.

2 BEAUTIFUL BOOK-ENDS

FREE

IF YOU ACT AT ONCE



A LIMITED quantity on hand of beautiful sphinx polychrome book-ends, will be sent absolutely **FREE** as a premium for promptness with the first orders from this Ad. After you have received your set for free examination, just mail your first installment within ten days and these two handsome book-ends (5 inches high) will be delivered to you free—but send the coupon today!

Forget Your Troubles—Relax—Enjoy Yourself!

These are the sort of stories that President Wilson, Roosevelt and other great men read to help them relax—to forget their burdens. To read these absorbing tales of the mysterious East is to cast your worries into oblivion—to increase your efficiency many times over.

Extraordinary Offer—Don't Wait a Minute!

Printing these volumes by the hundred thousand when paper was cheap makes this low price possible. Only a limited number left. Don't lose a minute!

SEND NO MONEY—Just mail the Free Examination Coupon Today Sure! Read them TEN DAYS FREE, without a penny down.

VA
McKINLAY,
STONE &
MackENZIE
30 Irving Place
New York

Please send me on approval, all charges prepaid, set of your special Masterpieces of Oriental Mystery, in 11 handsomely bound cloth volumes. If after 10 days' free examination I am convinced they are the most extraordinary, most fascinating Oriental mystery stories I have ever read and are easily worth twice the price, I will keep the books and send you \$1.00 promptly and \$1.00 a month for only 12 months; when you receive my first payment you are to send me promptly, absolutely free, two beautiful polychrome sphinx book-ends. Otherwise, I will return the set within 10 days of receipt at your expense, the examination to cost me nothing.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

McKINLAY, STONE & MACKENZIE, Dept. VA, 30 IRVING PLACE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

MADE AT HOME FROCKS

The Semi-Made Dresses are sent to you already cut, including necessary findings, such as buttons, loops and thread, with full detailed directions for putting them together either by hand or by machine—thus eliminating the dressmaking expense.

The dress is not merely stamped, but **HAND EMBROIDERED** or **HAND DRAWN** and **CUT TO YOUR SIZE**, making it very easy to put together.

Each dress represents the latest mode and is fully guaranteed to answer the description mentioned.



Model 205—Accentuating the graceful, straightline frock and showing another mark of its originality by its fine Val lace, which comes to you sewed on, and hand drawn work down the entire length of the frock. The frock is finished off at the neck with a satin ribbon tie.

Sizes—14 to 20 and 36 to 44.

VOILE: Copen, Corn, Tea Rose and Orchid **\$3.49**

Model 206—An afternoon frock in Crepe de Chine, English Broadcloth or Imported Irish Linen. The drawn work is all done by hand and follows the youthful lines of the frock itself. Fine ball pearl buttons and hand-made loops down the front of the waist. Convertible collar.

Sizes—14 to 20 and 36 to 44.

CREPE DE CHINE: Blonde, Poudre Blue, Navy and Black..... **\$9.98**

BROADCLOTH: Copen, Corn and Lanvin Green **\$4.98**

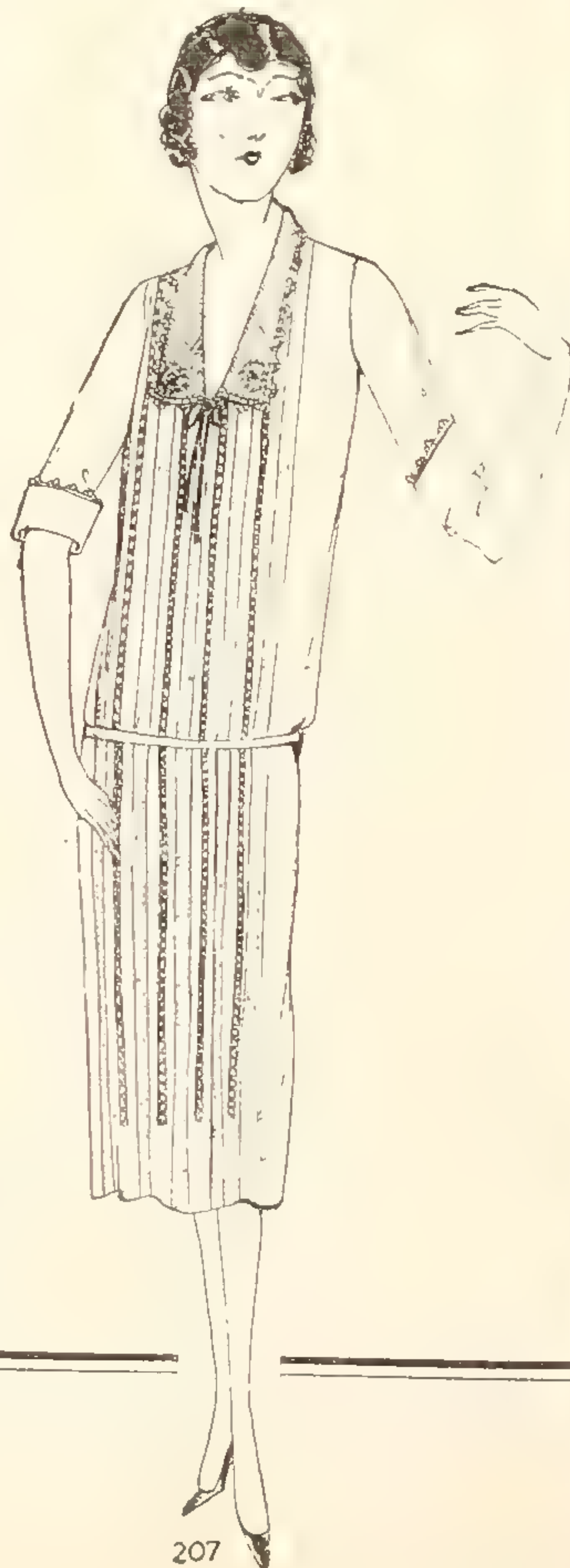
LINEN: Copen, Orchid and Leather Brown **\$4.98**

Model 207—Long, graceful lines are embodied in this frock cut from a fine quality Voile. Made more exquisite by rows of hand drawn work and long tucks. The frock is tucked when received by you. A real Irish hand made collar and Irish Crochet edging on cuffs. A silk ribbon tie finishes off the frock.

Sizes—14 to 20 and 36 to 44.

VOILE: Copen, Corn, Tea Rose and Orchid..... **\$3.98**

Screenland Shopping Service, 236 West 55th Street, New York City, will be glad to buy for you any of these attractive frocks. Send check or money-order, together with size and color desired.



General Mitchell's Case Goes to the Movies

(Continued from page 19)

confusion in the minds of casual readers that they stopped following the subject entirely, lapsing into a state of indifference if not of open hostility to it.

To have maintained this attitude would have been a national calamity. For if even a part of General Mitchell's statements square with the facts then it is high time public opinion forced radical action. Fortunately we have today a news agency that doesn't depend on words, whose messages are, literally, self-evident, whose facts are incontrovertible—the motion picture. It was this agency that in the end came to the rescue. In the space of a few minutes, in the fragment of a news reel, it let the light of truth so shine upon the world that the mental mists of seven months' accumulation vanished into thin air and the facts, the incontrovertible facts, for which the whole country had been hungering, stood revealed.

On March 6 the Army staged a series of aircraft tests at Fortress Monroe, near



Just keep your eye on Sally O'Neil, the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer "find." Her first picture will be "Patsy," which is almost ready for release.



Q "Don't get careless with those guns," Noah Beery and Jack Holt tell Billie Dove. All three are featured players in Zane Grey's latest for Paramount, "The Light of Western Stars."

Langley Field, Virginia. These were to prove Secretary Weeks' contention before the Aircraft Investigating Committee that anti-aircraft guns are adequate protection against enemy airplanes. Secretary Wilbur of the Navy, too, had contended before the Committee that anti-aircraft guns would furnish adequate protection for battleships. General Mitchell, of course, had maintained the exact opposite, dismissing the "archies" as giving negligible protection either afloat or ashore.

March 6 was the day the General was demoted for flouting his superiors' opinions in this respect as in others. But he was on hand for the tests. So was the Pathé News.

A Martin bomber took the air towing a "sleeve" target, which consists of a canvas cylinder measuring ten feet in length and four in diameter. As it soared above Fortress Monroe at elevations ranging from 3000 to 6000 feet a battery of anti-aircraft three-inch guns blazed away at the target to the tune of thirty-nine shots.

Not a single hit!

Then eight 30-calibre Browning machine guns took up the target work, the plane dropping to altitudes averaging one thousand feet. They were joined later by the anti-aircraft 50-calibre machine guns, the whole firing four hundred and fifty shots a minute.

And then the plane descended, and while soldiers supported the sleeve target General Mitchell and some fellow officers examined it. It was a dramatic moment and the Pathé News made the most of it. As the General hunted, passing his hand over the smooth canvas, the smile on his face perceptibly broadened. Finally, for a brief moment, he faced the camera and in a swift gesture held up one finger.

Out of all that barrage of lead, one tiny

little bullet from a 30-calibre Browning had pierced the target!

There followed a demonstration to test the efficiency of aerial bombing, to prove or disprove General Mitchell's contention that "air power can destroy any battleship that has been built or that ever can be built." This time the target was the outline of a battleship drawn on the ground. Martin bombers took the air and from varying heights launched dust bombs at it. With hardly an exception these bombs landed squarely within the outline, leaving great round splotches which in other circumstances might well have been yawning craters in a steel deck.

But as if this weren't sufficient evidence for the Pathé patron, the camera man went up himself in one of the bombers and filmed the bombs as they left the plane. Swiftly they fell away in a dizzy parabola toward that checkerboard of earth such a ghastly distance below. How tiny that great target looked from such a height and how unerringly those snubnosed bombs with their metal fins winged their way to the very heart of it! Those who saw that demonstration won't forget that aerial bombs find their objective.

Every one of the tests was a victory for General Mitchell. And the beauty of it all was that none of us this time had to dive for the truth into newspaper columns already made nauseating from seven months of conflicting testimony. We could get it in less than five minutes, vividly, convincingly presented in the universal language.

And something like ten millions of us did get it in that form, enough to become a very splendid nucleus for that public opinion which will force action in Washington. For what it did for its country that one picture deserves the D. S. M.

The Press Agent and the Lovely Liar

Continued from page 17

extras move up-stage when they got a small part.

But that didn't make me sympathize with Jacobs. He was the sort who would have gypped Cleopatra after he filmed her trip on the Nile. The life of a movie queen isn't anything for an inefficient business girl to tinker with, believe me. What she has to sign away in a contract with a bird like Jacobs doesn't amount to much more than her right eye.

The G. M. of Central Films was the big, aggressive executive type. When he spent money for a press agent, he expected the skies to cloud up and rain hot type all

ready to be locked in a form for Page One of the metropolitan dailies, including the German sheets.

I said nothing, because I've learned that a press agent ought to say it with clippings.

"You'd better look over the stills," suggested Jacobs. He touched a button, and his secretary fluttered into the room like a partridge that's been scared off the nest by a bird dog. She came back with the pictures in less time than it took me to light a cigaret.

One turn through the stack convinced me. The girl was good looking. You

YOU CAN WEAR THIS GENUINE DIAMOND CLUSTER FOR ONLY \$1

Most wonderful offer ever made! Pin a dollar to this "ad." Slip it in an envelope with your name and address and send it on to us TO-DAY! This big beautiful cluster of seven fine fiery brilliant GENUINE DIAMONDS PLATINUM SET comes to you AT ONCE.

WEAR IT 30 DAYS!

See for yourself that it looks exactly like a big solitaire. Try to buy it anywhere at our price. If you can't pay only \$1.75 monthly. Total price ONLY \$51.75. Otherwise return and we'll refund your dollar. Rush your dollar.

FREE CATALOG to-day. No red tape! No delay! 72 beautiful illustrated pages. Best Values—Pay-as-you-please. Ask for catalog "H," Dept. "C."

O.F. BALE CO.
ESTABLISHED 1888
2125 Maiden Lane New York N. Y.

\$ \$ For Photoplay Ideas

Don't send your manuscripts to studios until first protected by copyright. Plots accepted in any form; revised, criticized, copyrighted, marketed. We are right on the ground in daily touch with the studios. Not a school—no courses or books to sell. Advice free.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO CORPORATION
204 Security Bldg., Santa Monica and Western Ave., Hollywood, California

Publishers Popular Scenario Writer *Send for free sample copy*

A Baby In Your Home



So many married couples yearn for children that thousands of copies of a new book by Dr. H. Will Elders are being distributed without cost to childless women. Any family interested in overcoming conditions of nature that hinder the gift of children should write for this free book today. It describes a simple home treatment based on the use of Steriltone, a wonderful scientific tonic that has had marvelous success all over the country in relieving constitutional weakness.

Every woman who wants to live a normal, happy home life with little ones around her should consider it her first duty to know what Steriltone is and why it should be so wonderful an aid to her. Read this little book which is sent without charge or obligation in a plain envelope. It unfolds facts that most women never have had explained to them. Send NO Money, NO Obligations. Simply name and address to Dr. H. Will Elders, 2018 Ballinger Bldg., St. Joseph, Mo.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can earn \$1 to \$2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph System, supply you with work and pay you cash each week. Write today for full particulars and free booklet.

WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE LIMITED
Authorized Capital \$1,250,000.00
169 Colborne Building, Toronto, Can.

SONG WRITERS! ADVANCE ROYALTY

will be paid on songs found suitable for publication. Submit your manuscripts for immediate examination. **EQUITABLE MUSIC CORPORATION**
1658 J Broadway New York City

WRITE FOR *Free Book on Song Writing*

SCREENLAND'S of STUDIOS FOR DANCE

Dance for Happiness

New York



Phone BRYANT 8945

for
Modern Sensational
Stage Dancing
Stretching and Lim-
bering Exercises

143-5 WEST 43 ST.
N. Y.

East of Times Square

B. BERNARDI, M.B.

Formerly ballet master Breslau Theatre:
Solo danseur, Grand Opera, Paris,
Royal Theatre, Munich

Personal Instruction in Toe, Ballet,
Oriental, Spanish, etc.

Teachers' Course Children's Classes

Classes now training for forthcoming
productions

Students of approved talent are offered an
intensive course on attractive terms

SEND FOR BOOKLET

124 West 75th St. New York
Telephone Endicott 5144

MR. and MISS
D U R Y E
Tuition in

DANCE CALISTHENICS

BALLET AND BALLROOM DANCING
Teachers of Teachers and Lay Students
BALLROOM HOTEL DES ARTISTES
1 West 67th St., New York

Mme. LA CHAPPELLE

149 West 57th Street Phone
New York Circle 1243

Thorough training in the art of dancing, all
branches, including acrobatics.

HARRY

CLARA

LAUGHLIN -- WEST

ALL STYLES TAUGHT
Competent Pupils Placed.

SUITE 411 1658 B'WAY (51st St.) N.Y.

EVANS & FLETCHER

SCHOOL OF ACROBATICS
All Styles Stage Dancing

313 W. 46th St., N. Y. Long. 9089

EMETERIO GALI

Modern Argentine and French Tango

Simplified Method of Teaching

Calisthenics Acrobatic Spanish Ballroom

Lessons can be given at your
home and clubs.

STUDIO, 151 W. 57th ST., NEW YORK
Telephone, Circle 8495

New York

HERMANN & DEMUTH

SCHOOL OF ACROBATICS

1658 Broadway

New York

Phone

Circle 10319

CLIFF JEROME

formerly of "NED WAYBURN STUDIOS"
Specializing in Stage Dancing

Special Rates — \$5.00 a week

A professional "specialty" routine every week

Studio 711, 1658 BROADWAY

Phone CIRCLE 9121

New York City

LENORA

All Styles
Dancing Taught

PUPILS PLACED

STUDIO 310 — 1658 B'way, N. Y.

Circle 3127.

LOUIS VECCHIO

The "Physi-Cultural" School

Dancing, Grace, Poise, Stage Arts.

"Physi-Cultural" Classes for girls exclusively.

\$3 monthly.

1446 BROADWAY, at 41st St., N. Y. CITY

JOHN BOYLE

324 WEST 42nd ST., N. Y.

Tel. Penn. 4733

The Dance Master who starts in where all the
others leave off.

All styles taught. Pupils — Fred Stone,
Frances White, Wellington Cross, Tom Patri-
cola, Hal Skelly, Ida May Chadwick, Tom
Dingle, Chester Fredericks, Olin Howland.

SPANISH DANCING

Taught by

AURORA ARRIAZA

637 Madison Ave.

New York

Cor. 59th St.

Tel. Regent 7348

New York

DON LENO

Who has been established 20 years, is known to
every Theatrical Manager as an Actor, Producer
of Novelty Stage Dances, Musical Comedy and
Vaudeville Acts. Exhibition Dances created and
arranged.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO

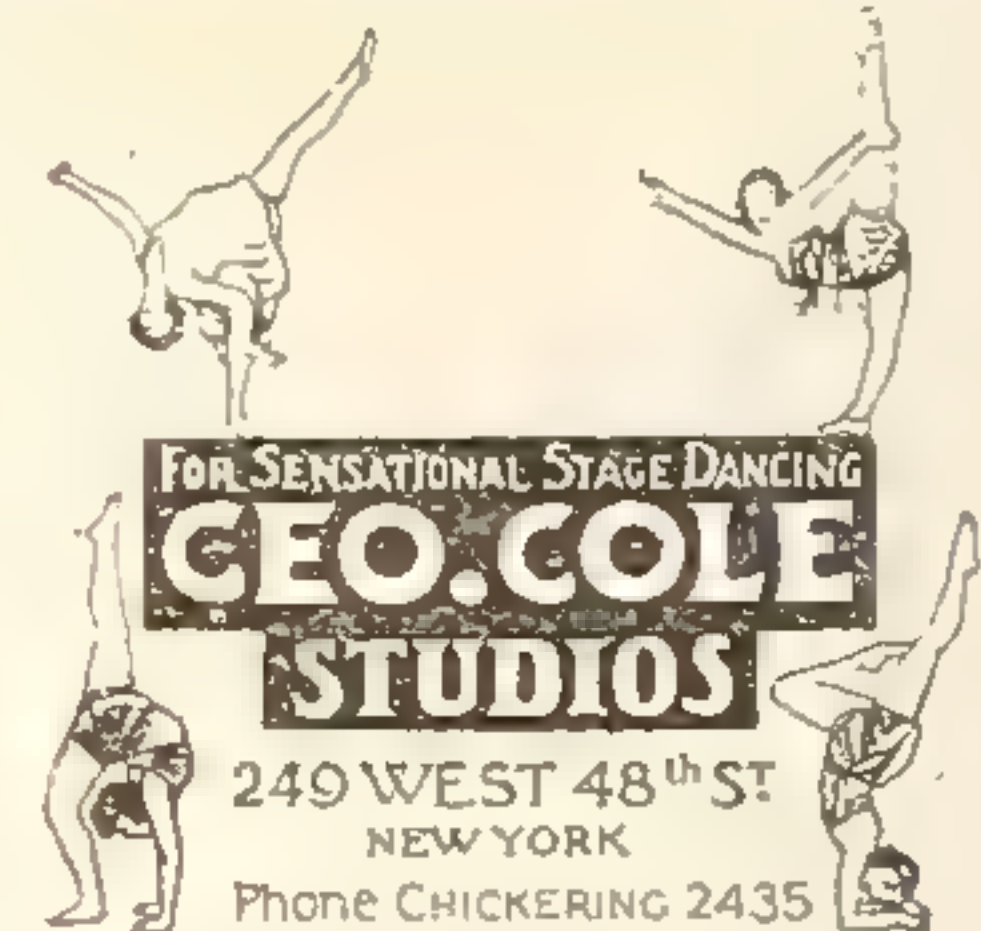
Was taught the ARGENTINE TANGO by the
famous DON LENO, Maker of Stars and Dancing
Teachers. 117 West 48th St., New York.

MARTIN FERRARI

Progressive School of Dancing. Special feature
for Motion Picture Artists. Instructions in the
art of Mimeodrama and Pantomime.

226 WEST 50th STREET, NEW YORK

Phone Circle 8170



Specializing
in Acrobatic
Instruction
for
Sensational
Stage
Dancing

STRETCHING and LIMBERING EXERCISES
ALL TYPES of DANCING TAUGHT for STAGE
or SOCIAL AFFAIRS

Mlle. Amy Mantova and Eddie Russell

Formerly N. Y. Hippodrome

Associated with the COLE STUDIOS.

TOE — BALLET — CLASSICAL — CHARACTER
DANCES — BUCK-WING — CLOG

ECCENTRIC — HIGH-KICKING — ACROBATIC
and CHARLESTON DANCES
Arranged and Routines.

GEO. COLE STUDIOS

249 WEST 48th ST., NEW YORK CITY

STAGE DANCING

TAUGHT BY THE RECOGNIZED

SUPREME AUTHORITY

JACK BLUE

231-233 W. 51st ST.

Circle 6136

The Andalusian Academy of Dancing

Our Instruction in Spanish Dancing
and Fado Portuguez Is Unrivaled.

Specialists in Genuine Tango Argentino (Tango Milonga).
Classic, Ballet and Toe Dancing taught. Limbering and Stretching Exercises.
Instruction in Apache, Character, Oriental and Greek Dancing.
Courses for children, beginners, professionals and teachers.
Private or Class Lessons.

Standardized method of Ballroom Dancing, also La Java and Ballroom Tango.
Classes in SPANISH DANCING daily, from 12 to 1.
Evening classes for business girls.

Castanet playing through the unexcelled Beaucaire
method easily and quickly mastered.

JUAN de BEAUCAIRE, Director
173 MADISON AVENUE (34th Street)
Telephone, ASHland 2059 New York City

DIRECTORY

Instruction



Consult this Directory
for instruction in the
dances of all na-
tions.

Folk, military,
acrobatic, social
and fancy dancing

Dance for Health

Dance for Strength

New York

LA SYLPHE

Ballet :: Acrobatic :: Orientale
1658 Broadway, corner 51st Street
Telephone Circle 10448 New York City

JAC MAC'S

Famous School of Acrobatics
For the Development of all kinds of sensa-
tional Dancing. *Personal instruction for
every pupil.*
223-225 West 46th St., New York
Phone CHICKERING 3127



BALLROOM DANCING

taught by

MISS FAY EVELYN

Beginners and Advanced Pupils.
Lessons private. Day or evening.
Tango Specialized.
Instruction Unrivalled.
900-7th AVE. (at 57th St.) N.Y.C.
Circle 7592

MACHAIRA

Formerly dancer with Dolly Sisters
Society and Stage Dancing
Specializing in Tango

B'way & 77th St., N. Y. Endicott 7330

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sadler's DANCING ACADEMY

Individual instruction in social and modern dancing
from 10 a. m. to 8 p. m. — Classes every evening
Booklet on request Phone Academy 1581
2786 BROADWAY (near 107th St.) NEW YORK CITY

John Tiller's DANCING SCHOOL OF AMERICA, Inc.

226 West Seventy-second Street
New York City

Special Rates to Professionals Now Working
Who May Wish To Improve.
Classes Forming in Groups of Six or Eight.
Special Attention to Children

MARY READ, Secretary
Phone Endicott 8215-6

Texas

SPROULE SCHOOL OF DANCING

Interpretive : Ballet : Classic
*Send for Information Regarding
"Musical Exercises of the Sproule
School"*
1882 McFaddin Ave., Beaumont, Texas

New York

Tomaroff's Home Study Course of Dancing and Body Building



4 Newly Created Books for Home Study

At a price that would not pay for one private
lesson from the author, A. TOMAROFF.

BOOK No. 1 — \$1.50

Body Building, Stretching, Limbering.

BOOK No. 2 — \$1.50

Simple and advanced tumbling, such as
cartwheels, hand stands, splits, limbers and
somersaults.

BOOK No. 3 — \$2.75

Taps, Musical Comedy, Character Dancing,
High Kicks.

BOOK No. 4 — \$2.00

Bar exercises, a fundamental study for
ballet and toe dancing.

Postage 10c Extra

ENTIRE SET OF BOOKS — \$7.00

6 sample lessons 15c

Make your selection and send cash (reg-
istered), money order or check to

A. TOMAROFF

110 West 47th St., Dept. 10, New York City
Phone Bryant 9339

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Los Angeles

Ernest Belcher's

CELESTE
SCHOOL OF DANCING

634 West 15th St.

LOS ANGELES

TEACHERS'
NORMAL COURSE

July 6 to 31

Spend the summer in Southern California
Applications Received Now Information on Request

BENDA DANCERS

Starring on tour
and in pictures

SUMMER NORMAL COURSES

ST. RITUS BENDA STUDIOS

Show place of the West

Western at Fifth

Los Angeles

New York

IF IT'S DANCING I HAVE IT
Charleston "Strutt" and Black Bottom

The BILLY PIERCE STUDIO

Lady Attendant — Colored Instructors — No Classes
Suite 307, Navex Bldg., 225 W. 46th St.
New York

Phone Lackawanna 0275 Walter Brogsdale, Instructor
Open 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Courtesy Our Watch Word

Chicago

ESTABLISHED 1914

RICHARD O. KANDLER DANCING ACADEMY

*The Art of Dancing
All Branches*

Ballroom Dept.

EXHIBITION DANCING, REVUES

RICHARD O. KANDLER, Dir.

Stage Dept.

ARTHUR KRETLOW, Master

SENSATIONAL DANCING

1301-2 CAPITOL BUILDING

159 N. STATE ST.

CHICAGO

The

HAZEL SHARP SCHOOL of Dancing

25 EAST JACKSON BOULEVARD
CHICAGO

Classic Ballet — Character — Ballroom Dancing

MME. MARIE YUNG EUROPEAN BALLET SCHOOL

Formerly Instructor of the

CHICAGO GRAND OPERA BALLET

Downtown Studio

Fine Arts Building

410 So. Michigan Ave.

North Side Studio

The North End Club

6200 No. Sheridan Rd

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Madame Ludwig SCHOOL OF DANCING

1105 Lawrence Avenue
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Ballet

Character

Belle Bender

The school that specializes in all forms
of artistic Dancing.

218 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Tel. Wabash 5985

Announcing

The Tiller Shoe

DANCING FLATS for STAGE AND STREET WEAR

Writes the famous John Tiller: "Mr. Barney is the only American manufacturer who has been able to make shoes that can stand up under the hard wear given by Tiller girls."

This special dancing flat--leather lined, hand turned, covered heels--now obtainable for general use on stage or street! Write for Catalogue W -- MAIL ORDER our special \$5 Mailed C. O. D. -- satisfaction guaranteed -- on receipt of foot outline.



Sizes 1 to 8
Widths
A to E

Barney's

304 W. 42nd ST.
NEW YORK
Patent Leather
Bl. & W. Kid
Gr. & Red Kid
Bl. & W. Satin
W. & Pink Canvas
Split Fiber Soles,
\$1.50 extra

\$5

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

You can earn good money at home in your spare time making show cards for us. No canvassing or soliciting. We show you how by our new simple instructograph method. We supply both men and women with work at home no matter where you live and pay you cash each week. Full particulars and booklet free. Write today.

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SYSTEM LIMITED,
254 Adams Building. Toronto, Canada

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of SCREENLAND, published MONTHLY at NEW YORK, N. Y., for April 1, 1925. State of NEW YORK, County of NEW YORK, ss. Before me, a NOTARY in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. THOMAS WOOD, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the PUBLISHER of the SCREENLAND and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, J. THOMAS WOOD, 236 WEST 55TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; Editor, ELIOT KEEN, 236 WEST 55TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; Managing Editor, ELIOT KEEN, 236 WEST 55TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; Business Manager, NONE. 2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given) THE MAGAZINE BUILDERS, INC., 236 WEST 55TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; J. THOMAS WOOD, 236 WEST 55TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; ERNEST ADAMS, 236 WEST 55TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state) NONE. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. J. THOMAS WOOD, Publisher. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3RD day of APRIL, 1925. (Seal.) MAE LEVINE, Notary Public, New York County, No. 724. (My commission expires March 26th, 1926.)

know that, of course. Her poses in character looked natural enough, but a good director usually can do that with any of the Elks Beauty Contest winners. I was judging her from the technical standpoint, not from the personal. My illusions about movie actresses had worn out with my adjectives, which I used as lavishly as a show girl uses rouge, putting them anywhere, you know, and spreading them heavy.

"She clicks," I admitted to Jacobs.

"She has to. And so do you," he added peevishly. "We need publicity and lots of it."

I nodded cheerfully.

"Look at these damned reports from the branch exchanges," he barked, sweeping a stack of yellow sheets before me. They all contained bad news. The branches were reporting a falling off in the demand for Central Films pictures.

"Our product is just as good as it ever was . . . better. Why do the exhibitors hand us the razz?" Jacobs acted as though he blamed me for it.

I could have told him, but why should I punch the last number on my meal ticket? The trouble was that Central Films squeezed the exhibitors down to the final note in their electric organs. "A showman who wanted one of the feature pictures had to buy three mediocre films to get it. He lost on them what he made on the big one. So he bought from the companies that were willing to sell one picture at a time.

"Maybe this campaign will start a comeback," I offered.

"I'll say it better," Jacobs snapped.

After which he outlined the sort of campaign he wanted me to general. He wanted pictures in the Sunday rotogravure

sections and the magazines, plus stories and even an editorial now and then. Oh, he didn't want much.

"There are fifty men after this job, Allison. You're lucky. Now I'll expect action!"

Those were his parting words. I went away from there about as cheerful and optimistic as the man behind a post in a three dollar and a half seat at a Broadway hit.

I started with a little story for the New York papers that told of the launching of "Drawn Shades" at the west coast lot--just a paragraph.

The hook in the story announced that no star had been cast and we were open to suggestions. In the meanwhile, the important scenes were being held up and we were shooting only those sequences in which the star would not appear. Pictures are made, you understand, in starts and jerks, like a trip on a New York surface car. They don't start at the beginning and work through to the finish like a book, or a play. Not at all.

Most of the papers printed my paragraph. Then I had it multigraphed and mailed out to every sheet of any importance and some of none, all the way to San Francisco. It worked! Movie fans began to write in suggesting this girl and that one for the role. Every girl who had entered a beauty contest must have thought this part was made for her.

That little preliminary done with, I was ready for the real job. Our file records gave me no help. You can't get the public interested in a girl from Delhi, Ohio, who went to the University of Cincinnati and



Vera Reynolds, Raymond Griffith and Louise Fazenda in a scene from "The Night Club."

then took a job as extra in the movies because she needed the money and the opportunity presented itself. That was Helene Eynon's record. About as colorful as a pink shirt after its third trip to the laundry.

You notice that I stuck to the truth all through the whole battle. It was true that no star had been cast. I merely omitted to mention in that first story that Jacobs had selected an extra girl for the part. However, my conscience bothered me, so in the next one, I gave the newspaper boys a close-up, but not too close.

I told the truth, as usual. Helene Eynon was an unknown, and this was her first effort before the camera in an important part. I told them a little about her social life in Delhi and her career at school in Cincinnati. But the big punch, the angle they took hook, line and sinker, ran like this:

"To launch her career before the camera, this girl from Delhi sacrificed love, wealth and social position. The martyr is a wealthy New York business man. Miss Eynon rejected his offer of marriage, with all that it might have brought her. She refused to divulge the identity of the man."

Again, most of the papers carried it. Some of them turned it over to their rewrite men who added the little artistic touches which a press agent could not imagine. I had not overlooked pictures either. And take it from me, an expert, that when the public looked at that face, even in the coarse screen that newspapers use, they saw something.

A week before the premiere of "Drawn Shades" on Broadway, Helene Eynon came to town. Naturally I was with the delegation from the main office that met her at the Grand Central Station.

You'd think that a little nobody, coming to New York to file her claim for fame and fortune, would be frightened and somewhat awkward in the glamor that is Gotham's. Not Helene Eynon. She came out through the gate behind a red cap, self-possessed as a veteran troupier on her current farewell tour.

"So you're Perry Allison!" she said, when my turn came to be presented. "Your stories are simply immense."

She has blue eyes, you know. Well, I've seen all kinds of eyes, but hers were the first ones that ever made me feel bashful. I swallowed, though, and acquired one of my inspirations. At least, I wasn't tongue-tied.

"I've all sorts of things to take up with you, Miss Eynon, and we have to work fast," I lied. "Could you take dinner with me tonight?"

I got the equivalent of three fingers of pre-war Scotch from the blue eyes again and while my head was whirling I heard her saying to them all: "Of course, I know that what I say doesn't matter to the press agent, but—"

"You don't refer to me, Miss Eynon," I cut in. "When I use quotes you can get the line in court records as testimony. That's why I want to talk to you."

"Oh!"

I didn't want this girl to high-hat me, so I had to take her down right at the starting tape. That little exclamation of hers was an apology, I figured, because any time a movie performer scorns printer's ink is the time to listen hard for old Gabriel's trombone.

"Have you any favorite dining place in town?" It was expense money from Central Films and the roof was the limit—any roof in town regardless of cover charges.



\$1 the Bottle

ALHAMBRA BATH SALT

Softens and perfumes the hardest water, giving you the sensation of bathing in the flower-surrounded fountain of a Spanish garden. A delightful luxury for the bath—pleasant to the skin. People of refinement everywhere use it. At your druggist's, or favorite department store.

ALHAMBRA, INC.—KANSAS CITY

\$2 Brings This Genuine DIAMOND RING

SIMPLY send \$2.00 for the most sensational, price-smashing diamond ring offer ever made. A perfectly cut, guaranteed, blue white, fiery diamond is set in an 18 Karat white gold cup; 3/4 Karat size. Latest design, hand engraved mounting.

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL

We take all chances—if you are not satisfied at the end of ten days for any reason whatsoever, return the diamond ring to us and your deposit will be refunded to you. Send only \$2.00, and receive this genuine steel blue white diamond ring in a handsome gift box charges paid. A legal guarantee bond accompanies each ring. After ten days' trial pay balance \$6.46 a month for 12 months. Price only \$79.50.

NO RED TAPE—NO DELAY

Order Now! This offer is limited. It may never appear again. Don't delay. Just send \$2.00 as a deposit. If you wish to return the diamond ring after trial, your deposit will be refunded.

FREE BOOK OF GEMS

Most complete Jewelry Catalog ever issued of Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry — newest designs at lowest prices.

A full year to pay on everything you order from our **TWO MILLION DOLLAR STOCK**.

Address Dept. 1357 Est. 1895

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
35 Maiden Lane - New York



GIVE BIRTH DATE

and give BIRTH DATE. There will be no delay—you will hear from me at once in a plain envelope securely sealed post paid. This wonderful offer may not be made again so ACT now. Address Parashira. H.-19 166 Temple St., New Haven, Conn.

Can You Stand the Truth?

LET ME TELL YOU FREE

Some of your past experiences, future prospects, financial possibilities and other confidential matters as indicated by **ASTROLOGY**, the most ancient science known to history. Your prospects of life, death, happiness in marriage, friends, enemies, success in all undertakings, legacies, speculation and many other vital questions can be revealed through the great science of **ASTROLOGY**. Let me tell you **FREE** startling facts that may change the whole course of your life and bring success, happiness, and prosperity instead of despair and failure, which may now be staring you in the face. Your astrological interpretation written in plain, simple language will consist of not less than two solid pages. To avoid triflers and children, enclose 10 cents in any form to cover cost of this notice, mailing, etc. Money refunded if not satisfactory. 3 Samples 25c. Catalogue Free.

Beautiful Complexion IN 15 DAYS



Dorothy Ray, 646 N. Michigan Blvd., Suite 170 Chicago

Clear your complexion of pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, oily skin and other blemishes. I can give you a complexion soft, rosy, clear, velvety beyond your fondest dream. *And I do it in a few days.* My method is different. No cosmetics, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage, rollers or other implements. No diet, no fasting. Nothing to take. Cannot injure the most delicate skin. Send for my Free Booklet. You are not obligated. Send no money. Just get the facts.

\$20 PROFIT DAILY selling Piccadilly Needlebooks. Our style AA costs \$6.50 per gross, sells \$36. Our style AAA costs \$8 per gross, sells easy \$36. 100 Packages (1000 Needles) Selfthreading cost \$2.75, sell for \$15. Can supply any kind of Needles, like Embroidery, Machine Needles, Needles in packages, etc. Small deposit brings any quantity order. Money refunded if not satisfactory. 3 Samples 25c. Catalogue Free.

NEEDLEBOOK SPECIALTY CO.
Dept. 26 661 Broadway, New York

Literary Assistance

FOR STUDENTS, TEACHERS, PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

Speeches, Orations, Addresses, Essays, etc., prepared to order on any subject, \$3 per thousand words. Manuscripts typewritten correctly for publication (with one carbon copy) \$1 per thousand words. Markets for Literary wares suggested.

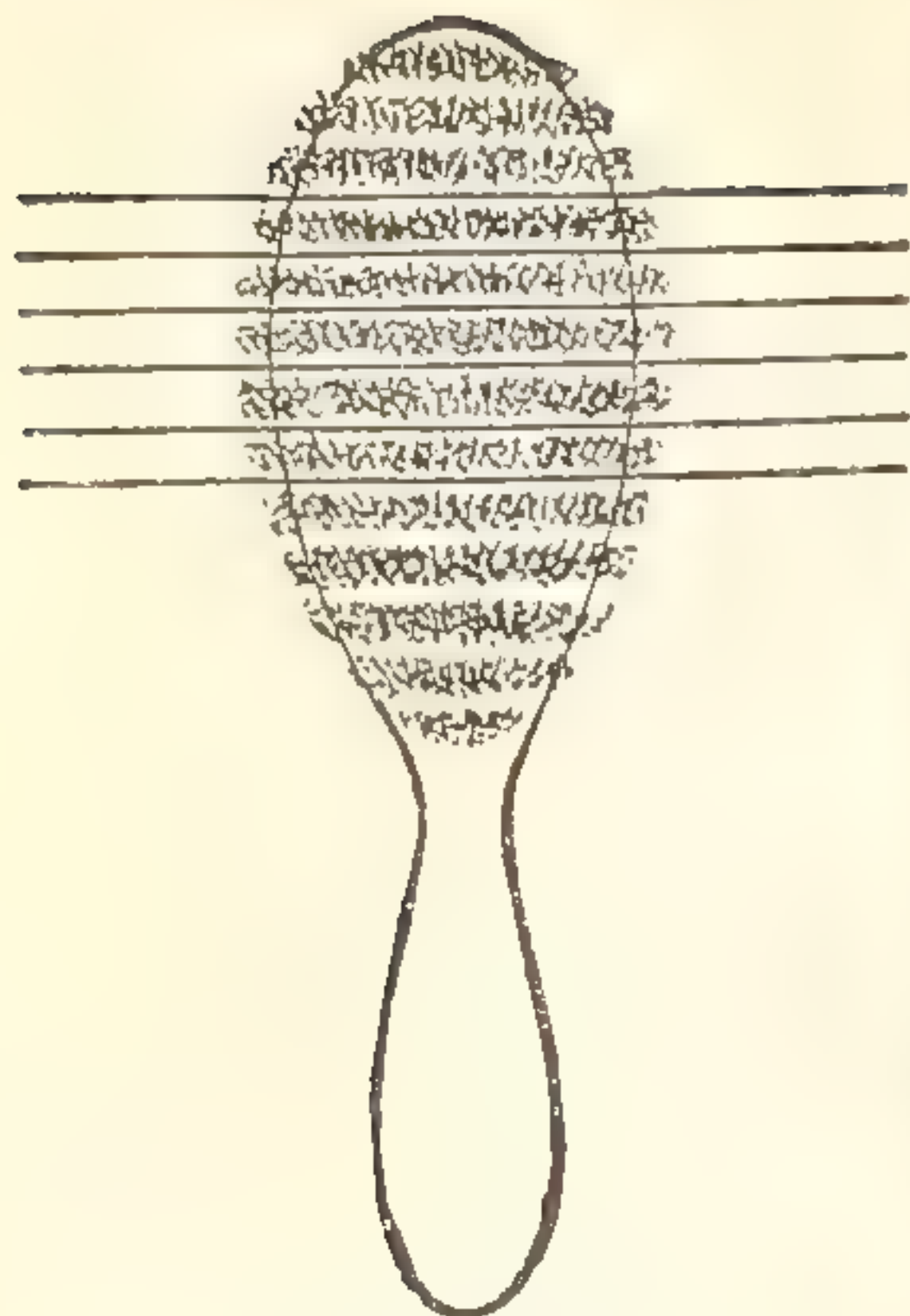
F. B. CROSS, STUDIO, 4553 Emerson Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



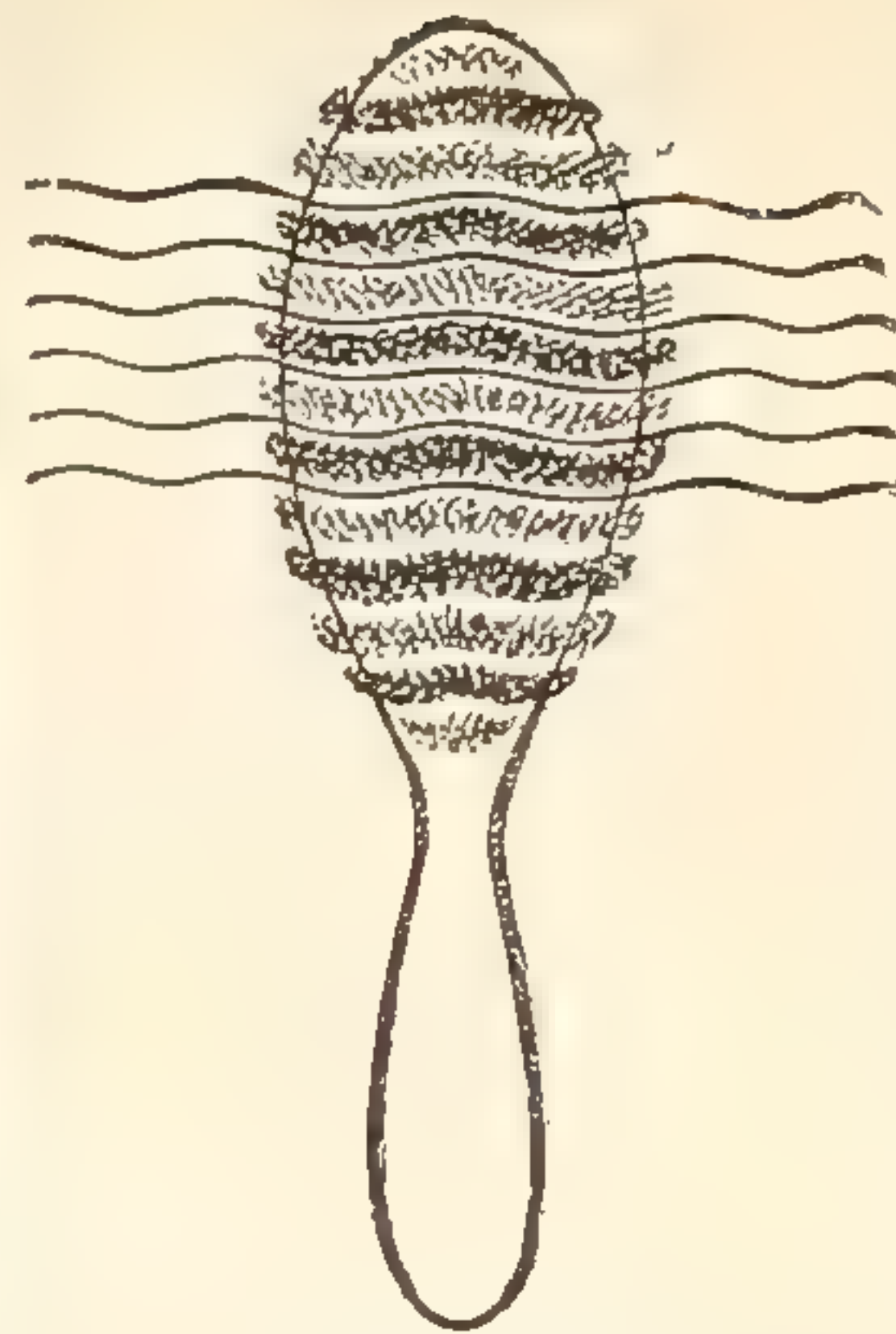
Get Rid of Your FAT Free Trial Treatment

Sent on request. Ask for my "pay-when-reduced" offer. I have successfully reduced thousands of persons, often at the rate of a pound a day without diet or exercise. Let me send you proof at my expense.

DR. R. NEWMAN, Licensed Physician
State of New York, 286 Fifth Ave., N. Y., Desk S-2



STRAIGHT
Bristled hair brush
straightens the hair



WAVEX
Curling hair brush for
brush-waving the hair

A Brush for Waving Hair!

Waves the hair with every stroke! Every strand—every hair—is encouraged to curl as it ripples through the waving rows of bristles in this scientifically formed brush!

If you want wavy hair—that really waves, with a real, natural wave—use the new brush that brushes in waves. Free proof, on your own hair; see offer.

For years women have done everything and anything to make waves in their hair—only to brush them out! The hair brush with straight rows of bristles straightens the soft hairs; how could it be otherwise?

But now, those who wish wavy hair may have it. Your hair will be straight if you brush it straight; it will wave if waved in the brushing.

Any Hair Brush-Waved With Ease

All hair requires ten to fifteen minutes daily brushing to keep it healthy, or even clean. So the brush-wave means no extra time nor trouble; all you need is the right brush. It's ready in limited quantity now—it is called Wavex—costs no more because of the waving feature—a fine quality, genuine pig-bristle hair brush that will be a delight to use.

You need no preparation with this scientific brush—there's no mystery or "magic" in this discovery. No special skill in using, just brush your hair—and Wavex will coax to curliness in a perfectly natural and beneficial way.

At New York's beauty show Wavex was a sensation. Women were shown and convinced on the spot. Every brush was soon gone, and scores of others left orders. A thousand Wavex brushes are reserved and ready for this first published announcement; you are assured a Wavex brush if you act promptly. Just your name and address brings the brush, and you need not send any money unless you want to.

If you want wavy hair, give Nature a chance. All you'll ever require for hair that ripples and falls into soft curl is the right brush. You'll soon have an effect

that all the dressings ever made for hair could not duplicate.

How to Get a Wavex

Soon the stores will be supplied with Wavex brushes, but you need not wait for yours. We will forward one brush to any address. Then you may see for yourself what a marvelous beauty aid has been found in the curling hair brush. What you save in beauty parlor fees makes the cost of Wavex insignificant. Send for yours now—pay the postman when you get it.

NOTE: Everyone needs, and should use a good hair brush and the Wavex is a quality brush with genuine pig bristles hand-set in its strong, graceful ebonized wood back. The introductory price is *three dollars!* So, the wonderful waving feature really costs nothing.

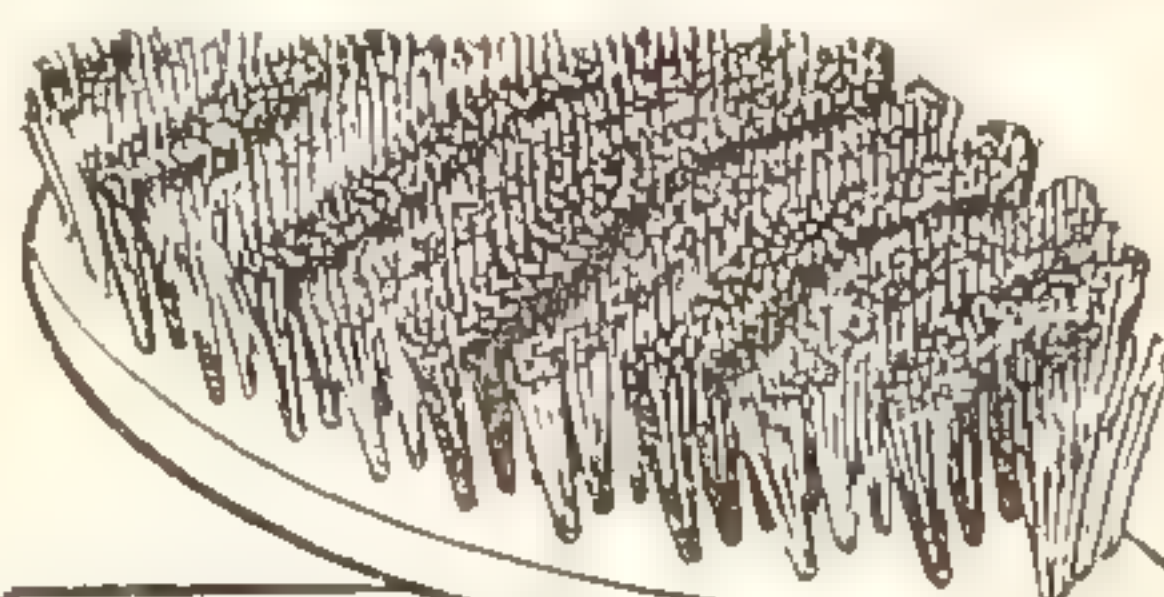
One Thousand

WAVEX

CURLING HAIR BRUSHES Ready Now For FREE TEST!

Until further notice the makers of Wavex will distribute to readers direct. One brush only, at the special price of \$3 to each who makes immediate use of the coupon printed here.

Send no money unless you prefer; you save the postage if you do. But either way, a week's trial is absolutely free—with every penny returned if you don't get results that make you glad and grateful. Doubt it if you like, but *try it!* Here is the coupon:



WAVEX HAIR BRUSH

THE WAVEX COMPANY (99A)
310 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me one Wavex curling hair brush for a week's free demonstration which must sell me, or my money is to be returned. I will pay postman \$3 and postage. (Or enclose \$3 now and get brush prepaid.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

"You choose the place," she said quickly. "Everything in New York is my favorite."

So I took her to the Spanish patio in one of the fussy hotels downtown.

"A setting for Carmen," I said.

"Or a tamale," she grinned.

I suppose, in a story like this, you should describe the girl and go into ecstatic details concerning her clothes. In this yarn, it can't be done. I've told you about her eyes. Well, she wore a blue hat that was small and fitted closely over bobbed hair that looked like a bronze rug I watched two Turks weaving one day in Constantinople. The fur trimming on her coat was the color of her hair, but it lacked the lustre. She frankly touched up her cheeks and her lips, but that's superfluous description.

I started the conversation because it was my play. There was that sob story of her wrecked love on the coast of ambition and I had to make it good. So I told her about it. She let me go into all the details.

"Yes," she said casually, when I finished, "I read it."

"That's certainly good of you to tell me."

I was peeved and I showed it.

"I wanted you to talk about that," she went on, "because I've been wondering how you found out about it."

"Found out about what?"

"My affair with this man."

Imagine that! This little extra kidding me!

"Why, a little bird told me," I kidded back. Still she was serious.

"I've never told any one about it, so naturally I wondered," she said soberly. "It certainly proved your contention that you don't fake."

"Miss Eynon, let's be serious. I honestly want to make that story look good. It's the first real fake I've pulled in years. Look here——" I was warming up to my subject now—"couldn't we find a man to play with us?"

She gazed thoughtfully at me, but through me. Of course, if she wanted to pretend that my fiction was a slice of life all right, but that didn't change my belief at all.

"You mean, a man who would carry out this story of yours for the reporters' benefit?" she asked.

"Exactly. You get the idea perfectly," assured her.

She smiled, and I thought of Mona Lisa the Sphinx, the Goddess of Liberty on our coins and all of the other unfathomable women I'd heard of. There was something about Helene Eynon that was deeper than I could drop a hook.

"Yes, I know just the man." She was laughing at me inside. Her eyes told me that. But she had nothing on me. I was having my little joke, too.

"It won't be hard to put over," I explained. "You just appear around with this—this fictitious sweetheart of yours. The boys will nick the story without me having to tap a typewriter key. But don't forget he has to be somebody. . . . I've given this bird some rating——"

"Don't worry," she interrupted gently. "He is."

"Is what?"

"Somebody."

Again that intimation that this particular "he" really existed. I let it pass with a smile. We talked some more about the general scheme and then I gave her some advice about her future. That just came along naturally. You couldn't help but feel that Helene Eynon was the real thing, even when she was spoofing you. I knew the other type so well that I recognized her by the contrast.



Q Casting Director William Cohill at the Paramount Long Island studio has brought Director Herbert Brenon a group of likely young players to register in his book. L. to R.—Mr. Cohill, Brenon, Edmond Burns, Bebe Daniels, Rod La Rocque and Dorothy Gish.

It was a good dinner and a success on every count. I taxied her to the office and it didn't hurt my sense of loyalty to warn her on one thing.

"Look out for that bird," I said, referring to old Jacobs. "Let him do the talking. You do the thinking."

She looked at me oddly in the dim light of the cab. "Why do you say that?"

"Oh, I just mean—if you have any gold teeth, padlock 'em."

That laugh came again. And she squeezed my hand when I helped her to the curb.

"I'll do all I can to help," she assured me.

"That'll make it a hundred per cent," I returned.

I was looking over the stories in the morning papers next day, with my electric lights switched on. It was that kind of a day. Helene Eynon came in and it was just as though the sun had burst through the clouds.

"Well, I still have my gold fillings," she said gayly.

"Some people have all the luck," I replied.

She sat opposite me and picked up one of the papers I had marked with blue lead for the attention of Jacobs.

"And you're still at it." She smiled at the ringed story.

"As still as a press agent ever is," I went on with my work. "Tell me about your lion taming." I was curious to know what Jacobs had done.

"He wanted me to sign a three-year contract."

"Make it one," I cautioned.

"Don't worry. I did."

That lifted my eyebrows right up to the part in my hair. Imagine this girl holding her own with Jacobs!

"At a decent rate?" I tried to speak casually.

"He balked at more than five hundred for every week I work, but we finally agreed on eight hundred," she reported, in a matter of fact tone. And until then, I had thought there weren't any new thrills! She was looking at me curiously.

"Will you tell me something, Mr. Allison?"

"Anything." I was thoroughly rash.

"Why do you advise me as you do? You're Jacobs' man, aren't you?"

"I am not," I snapped. "I'm a Central Films press agent. And I advised you because I thought you were different. You

don't know the ropes around here, yet. I'd advise anybody. I like to do it. Jacobs doesn't need any advice, or I'd give him some."

That rang the bell for another silvery laugh. Which encouraged me.

"How does our plan come along? Will you see this man today?"

"Oh, I meant to tell you. I 'phoned him this morning. He's wild about it. He's the best old dear——"

She seemed about as enthusiastic as I was curious.

"Who is he?" I sounded like the reporter who had put that question to me.

"I think it's best not to tell you that," she spoke quite firmly. "Then you can tell the truth and you won't have to fake a thing."

"That's all right with me." I tried to show a poker face. "Just so you put it over. I'm satisfied."

But she couldn't keep him from the news hounds. Try and do it! Before the opening of "Drawn Shades," they knew the man and named him. James R. Kent, with offices on lower Broadway, a bachelor in his early fifties, who made business a game and liked it so well that he kept on playing. He didn't need the money.

"He doesn't look to me like a man who has no hope," remarked Dan Larkin, of The World, as we sat in the theatre on the opening night and watched Kent and Helene Eynon in their box. They were chatting like a couple of class mates after the summer vacation.

"Maybe he's getting used to being hopeless," I offered. "Or maybe she changed her mind after all. I don't know."

"You talk like you mean it," Larkin looked at me sharply.

"I always talk that way."

I could see Kent pretty close-up. The man was about as handsome as they come. Distinguished looking, I believe you'd call him. I was never sad about my own appearance until I saw him. He had smooth gray hair, almost white, which made me realize that the dingy tufts over my ears might have grown on an old gray mule. He commanded attention and I could easily imagine him commanding men. That sort of a chap.

The orchestra tuned up and the lights went down, so I settled back to be bored. Pictures never interested me much as entertainment.

But believe me, I didn't stay settled. Larkin wasn't so impressed, but he doesn't

Make your figure slender!

Take off those excess pounds and bring back the graceful lines to your body by using this simple method which reduced the weight of more than 100,000 people last year!

You want to reduce your weight and become slender—of course you do. But you have hesitated to try starvation diets, violent exercises, torturous reducing garments and other strenuous methods of reducing. You would rather be stout than endanger your health by such methods.

You are right! Don't endanger your health in order to reduce! You don't have to—you can reduce your weight the same way that more than 100,000 people used successfully last year!

Why should you try some new method when you can use the famous *Marmola Tablets* which hundreds of thousands of women and men have found successful during the past twenty years!

This pleasant way to reduce is so easy to use, so satisfactory that no matter whether you have been overweight for years or if you are just starting to become stout, you should use *Marmola Tablets* now. Then watch your excess weight disappear—pound by pound until you have taken off as much weight as you want.

Surely this is the way you want to reduce—pleasantly, easily, without any inconvenience, without any bad effects, without letting anyone else know what you are doing!

Go to your druggist and get a box of *Marmola Tablets* (\$1.00 a box) and start using them today. You will soon be enjoying the good health which slenderness brings. (If you prefer, a box of *Marmola Tablets* will be sent to you in plain wrapper, postpaid, by the Marmola Company, 1740 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.)



THICK LIPS REDUCED! (Free Folder Tells How)

Thin, adorable lips is beauty's cry. Cloree's lip-reducing lotion makes unnaturally thick, protruding lips, thin, shapely and bewitching. No plasters, rollers or cutting; a simple, painless, harmless lotion. If you value sweet, lovely, alluring lips, start using "Cloree" today and watch results. Particulars free; send today.

Mlle. CLOREE of NEW YORK,
25-Z—West 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Ideal Summer Vacations BERMUDA Only 2 Days from New York

8-Day Tours - \$90.00 and up



Including all Expenses
Longer Tours in proportion

Bermuda is cool in Summer. Average Summer temperature, 77 deg.

All Outdoor Sports

Sailing, Bathing, Golf,
Tennis, Crystal Caves,
Sea Gardens, etc.

Sailings Twice Weekly

Via Palatial.

Twin-Screw, Oil Burning, Transatlantic Liners

S. S. "Fort Victoria" and
S. S. "Fort St. George"

Canadian 12 Days Cruises NEW YORK HALIFAX QUEBEC

4 DELIGHTFUL YACHTING CRUISES

Leave New York July 11-25, Aug. 8-22

via Palatial Twin-Screw S. S. "Fort Hamilton"

Stopping One Day (each way) at Halifax and Two Days at Quebec. Magnificent Scenery, Smooth Water, Cool Weather, Orchestra for Dancing.

For Illustrated Booklet on Bermuda Tours or Canadian Cruises Write

FURNESS BERMUDA LINE

34 Whitehall St., N. Y., or any Local Tourist Agent



"Thineest"

A TRE-JUR Compact scarcely thicker than a gold-piece.....and as precious

The convexity of the beautiful metal case fits the palm—And in the *large* mirror the swiftest glance shows every facial detail.

The touch of Tre-Jur powder is as soft as a lover's caress—perfumed with the new *Joli-Memoire*, a scent that savours of happiness.

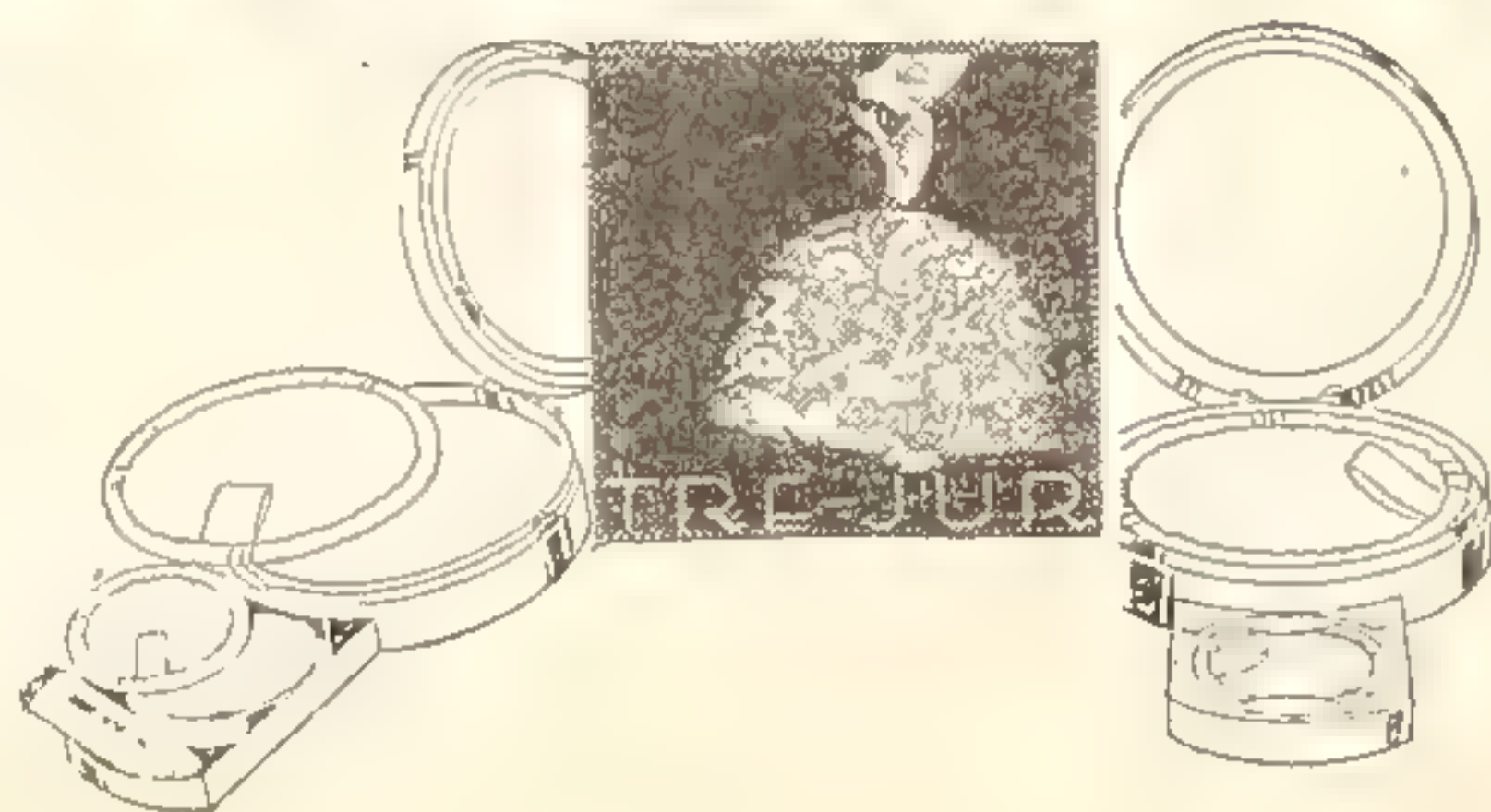
"THINEEST" will vastly surprise you. It *looks so expensive and costs so little*—to be exact, One Dollar! Ask at your favorite store for your own shade of powder and rouge....Or order by mail from us.

THE HOUSE OF TRE-JUR
19 WEST 18TH STREET, NEW YORK

TRE-JUR

THE "TRIPLE"
Combines powder,
rouge and lip-stick
in a delightful
case—with the
famous sliding
drawer

\$1.25



THE "PURSE
SIZE TWIN"
Powder and rouge
ingeniously pre-
sented in a case
that snuggles into
the smallest purse

\$1

know a picture when he sees one. You remember "Drawn Shades." Its Broadway run bears me out. Then look what it did in Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia. One of the best box-office attractions ever screened. Of course, Helene Eynon walked away with it.

The audience called for her at the fade-out and I thought she was going to faint. Kent whispered something and she rose. I remember every word she said.

"I—I feel like a little girl. Everything is so new—people are so kind to me—Oh, I thank you—thank you, very much."

She sank down smiling, still frightened. The only other thrill I ever got at a movie was when the roof caved in, letting the balcony down on the pit.

Old Jacobs had arranged a dinner for a few of us after the show. He had to do it because it was the usual thing. You would have thought, to hear him tell it from his fat seat at the head of the table, that I was drawing important money. I mean that he praised the publicity campaign. He lauded Helene Eynon, the director, the production department, the whole staff, and congratulated himself on selecting them all. Words just fell from his lips like the beads of sweat tumbled from his brow. And they meant just as much, too.

I was seated across the table from Helene. We didn't get much opportunity to talk. Anyhow, Kent was on one side of her and she was on the right side of the G. M. My chance was as slim as the fashionable 1925 female figure. She did manage to introduce me to Kent, though, with a kind remark about my responsibility for her success.

"Ah, so you're the star maker," he greeted me affably.

A crack like that doesn't call for an answer.

Kent touched off the bomb, just after Helene responded to another blurb from Jacobs, by asking to be excused! Get it? Leaving her flat on a night like this? A pressing engagement—ah, business, you know. We would understand and sympathize with him! Yeah, we would!

Anyhow, when he went away, I was the first one to take his place, and that's that.

"That was the greatest picture ever made," I said to her. "It's a wow!"

"You're the perfect press agent," she returned.

"If I'm personal, tell me, won't you?" I went on. "But are you as keen for this man, Kent, as you act?"

"Why do you ask?"

"You've got all the newspaper boys thinking you're going to marry him after all." I can play a good hand of poker in the average game, but I don't talk when I'm playing. My voice gives me away. It did this time.

"What do you think?" she asked me, and her lips were smiling with her eyes.

"I've quit thinking. The picture's made. It's time for me to be looking for another job."

"Then why do you want to know what I think of Mr. Kent?" she persisted.

"Oh, good luck either way." I tried to laugh. "I'll tell you one thing, though. You're too good for the movies."

She considered me for quite a long moment. "Do you know who Kent is?"

"I'm beginning to think that he's the luckiest bird in the world," I assured her. "He's my uncle!"

Something inside that had been a leaden weight melted then and all I could do was stare at her. She laughed that silken laugh which I had listened for and imagined I

ould hear, as I watched her play through her role on the screen. I couldn't laugh aloud, but inside I was chuckling until it hurt. Happiness like that is real.

But what I have to chuckle about? Just relief, I guess.

"And what about this man you were engaged to?" I urged, all confused. "Didn't you tell me that I had hit the truth in my joke?"

She was quite amused about it all. "Don't you see, George Washington, I wouldn't let you tell a lie?" Her voice was bubbling. "So I told just a little one myself. As long as it relieved your conscience—"

And that's that! She had been kidding me all along, both ends against the middle. Me, Perry Allison, wise in the ways of all hokum. She had made me believe her, too, right up to the last minute. What a lesson in the gentle art of exploitation I got, that?

When the party broke up, it was me who took Helene home, but first we drove through Central Park. I needed the air. It was the hour before dawn and New York might have been across the sea—on another atom flinging across the universe—anywhere but a few blocks away on all sides of us.

So I went around to the newspaper offices in person the next morning. Nobody but the City Editor could handle my business either, and I got to all of them.

"Well," I told them, "Helene Eynon's going to marry that jasper after all."

"So it was press agent hokum," some of them yelped.

"No. I'll give you my word she hadn't the least intention of marrying him when I gave you the story. That's a fact."

"Well, give us the details."

"To tell you the truth," I replied, "we haven't made our plans yet, but—"

Have you ever seen a City Editor get a surprise? You've got a new thrill coming when. And in their stories they said that I was to be Helene's manager as well as her husband! Picture that! Imagine me managing a girl who could write her own ticket with Jacobs and put it over on Perry Allison. I leave it to you who is our manager!



Clara Bow has just finished "Kiss Me Again" for Warner Brothers and will star for B. P. Schulberg for a while.

Practical and Authentic Books for Everybody Interested in PHOTOPLAY WRITING

THERE is only one way to become successful in writing photoplays and that is "TO KNOW HOW."

If you are ambitious to become a successful photoplay writer, the royal way to success is told in the authoritative books listed below. Each book is cloth-bound, written in non-technical, understandable language and will be delivered anywhere in the United States at prices mentioned; Canadian and foreign orders extra for shipment and duty.

WRITING THE PHOTOPLAY

J. BERG ESENWEIN

Editor of The Writer's Monthly

and

ARTHUR LEEDS

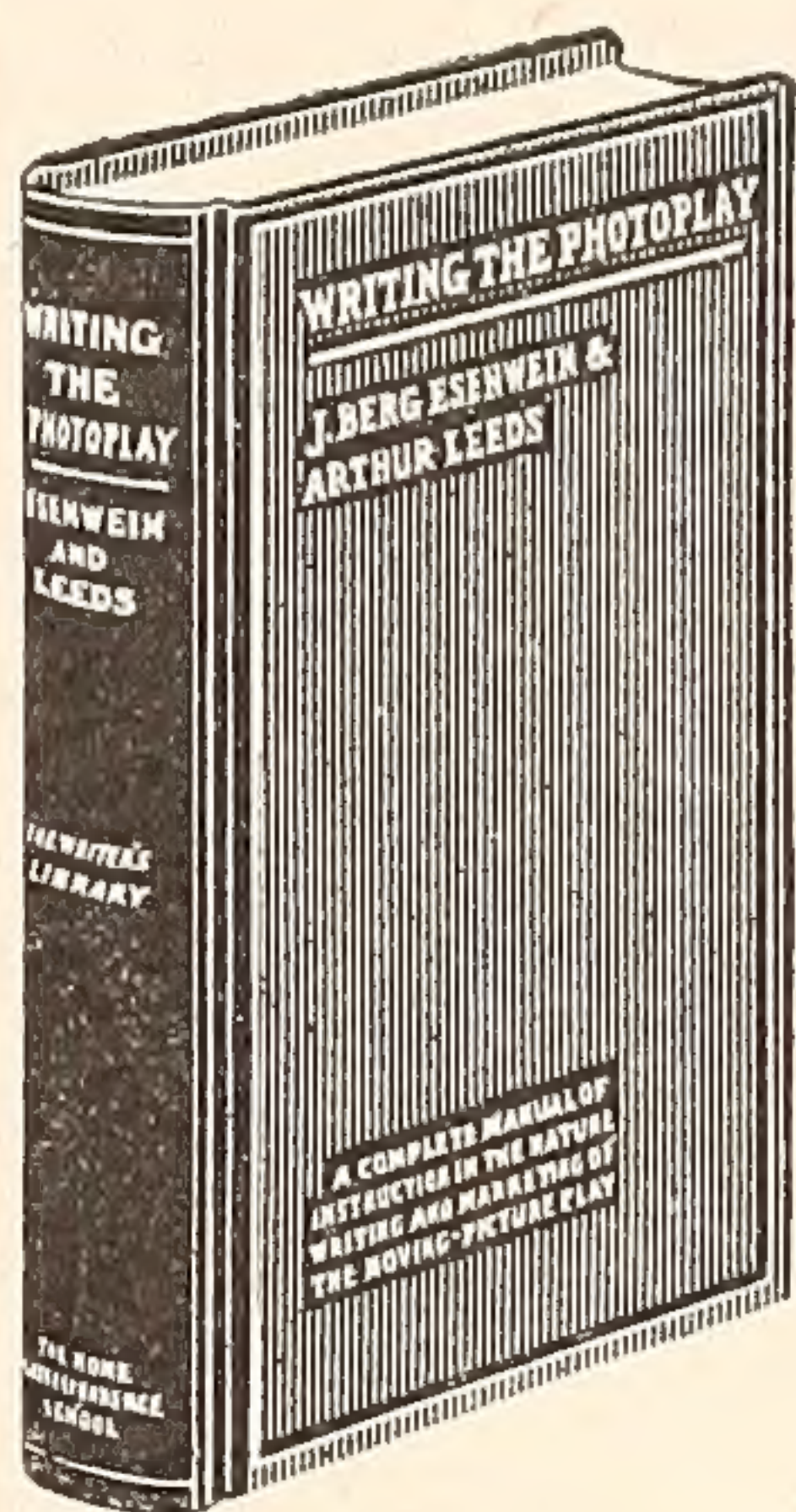
Late Editor of Scripts for Thomas A. Edison, Inc.

Cloth, 12 mo., gold lettering, gilt top. 383 pages.
Illustrated. Postpaid, \$2.65.

SOME CHAPTER HEADS

1. What is a Photoplay? II. Who can Write Photoplays? III. Photoplay Terms. XXI. Marketing the Photoplay Script.

"With the help of 'Writing the Photoplay' I have just written and sold my first script. No more helpful volume could be placed in the hands of the would-be photoplaywright."—HOMER CROY.

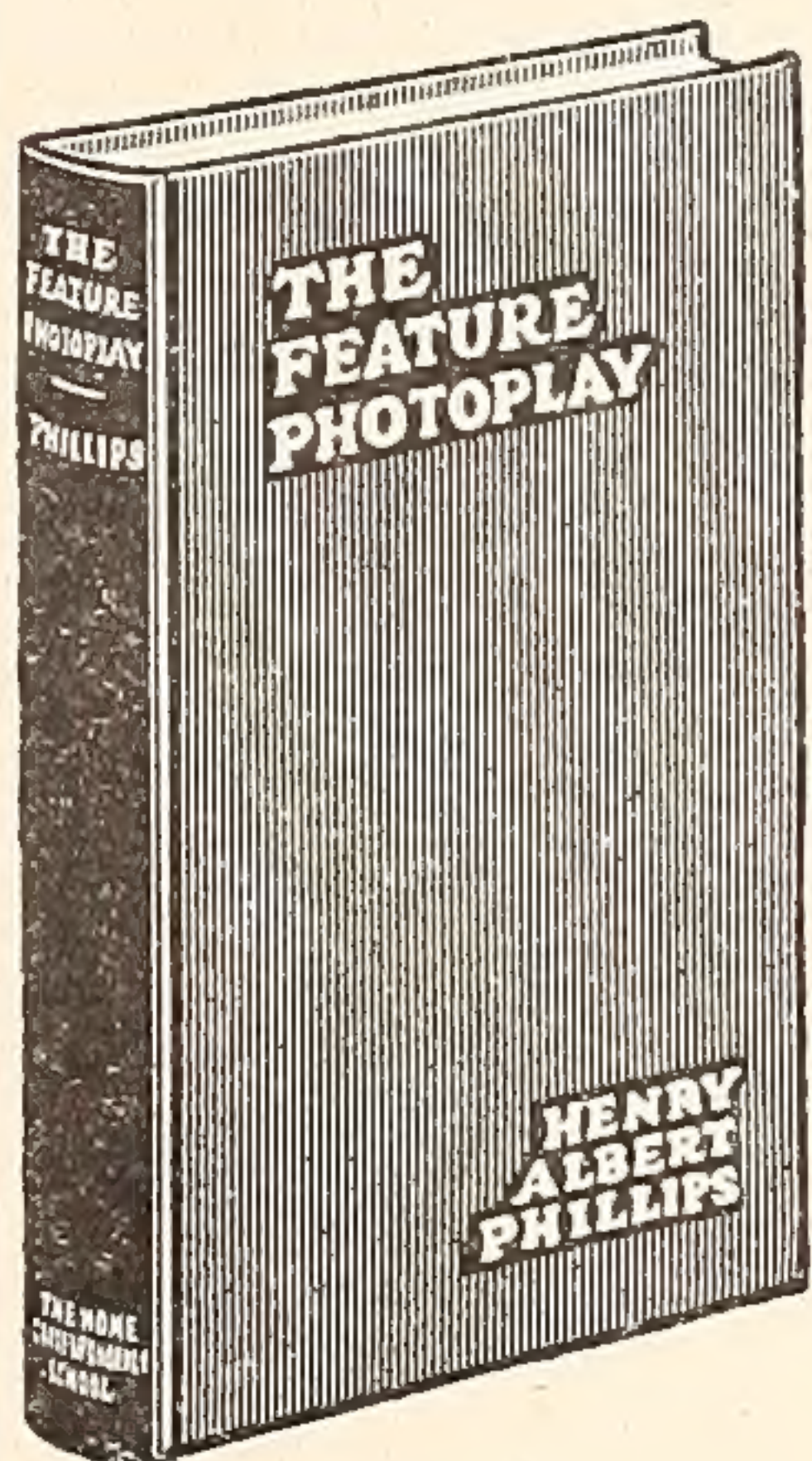


THE FEATURE PHOTOPLAY

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Cloth, 16 mo. 285 pp. Postpaid \$2.

THEORY: The feature photoplay—Utility of a standard form—Dividing the play into parts—Photodrama vs. pictures—Types of photoplay—Personality of plays—The art of treatment. **TECHNIQUE:** The big idea—Plot and counterplot—Drama's converging lines—Life-giving motivation—Sequence, suspense and consequence—Coincidence, crisis and climax. **PRAC-TISE:** Value of outline—The working terms—Casting characters—Building by parts—The readable synopsis.



THE PHOTODRAMA

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Formerly of the Staff of Pathe Freres

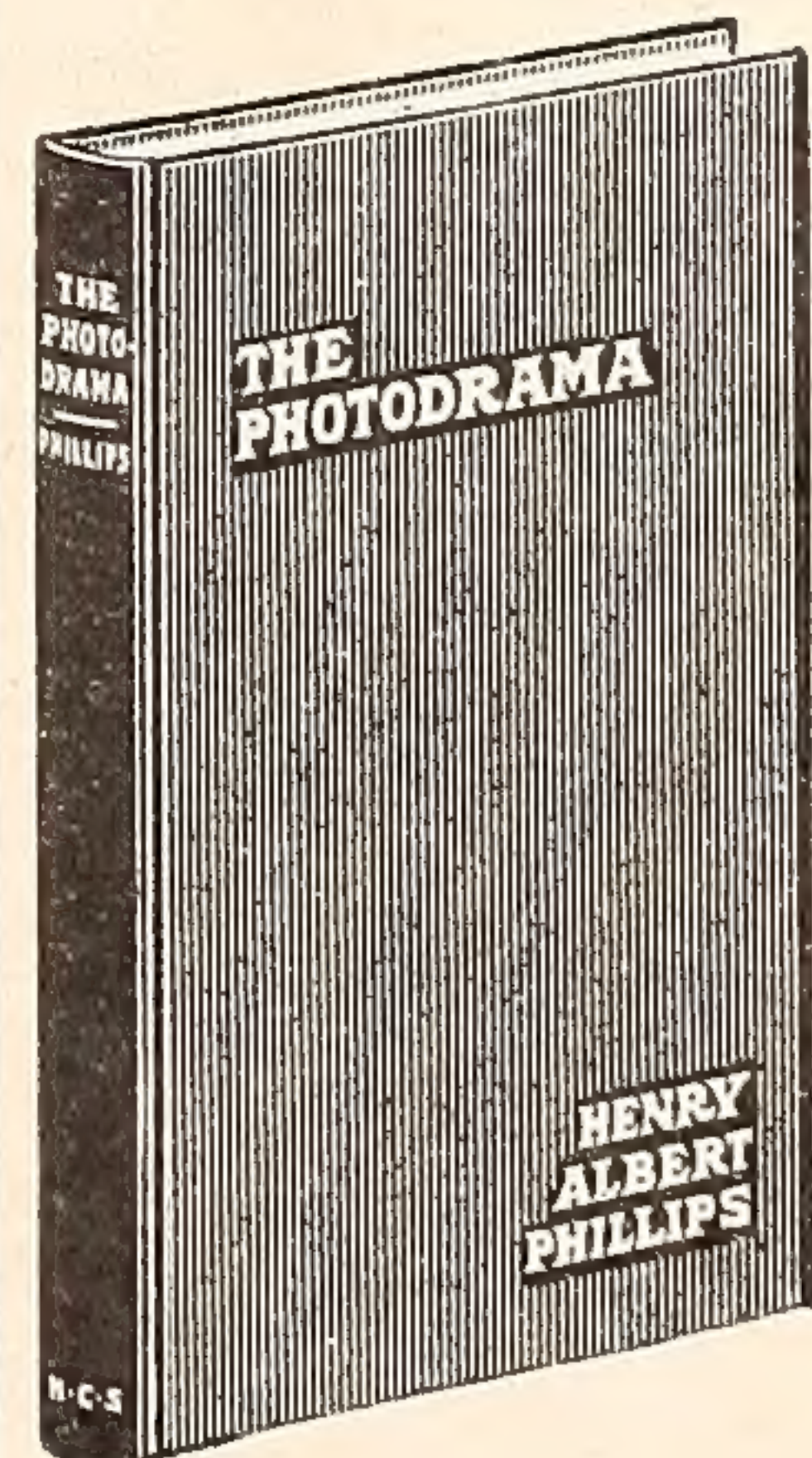
Introduction by J. STUART BLACKTON

Cloth, 16 mo. 221 pages. Postpaid, \$2.00

CONTENTS

PART I. — THE PRINCIPLES OF THE PHOTODRAMA.
I. A New Medium of Artistic Expression. II. Differentiation. III. Parts of the Photoplay and Their Purposes. IV. Various Devices—Their Use and Misuse. V. Visualization. VI. Characterization. VII. Theme, Treatment and the Censor. VIII. Rules of the Game. IX. Bromides Worth Repeating.

PART II. — THE PLOT OF THE PHOTODRAMA.
I. What Plot Material Is. II. Where to Get Plot Germs. III. Beginning with the End. IV. Development and Continuity. V. The Climax and Completed Plot.



Any of the Above Books will be forwarded to any address in the United States on receipt of advertised price.

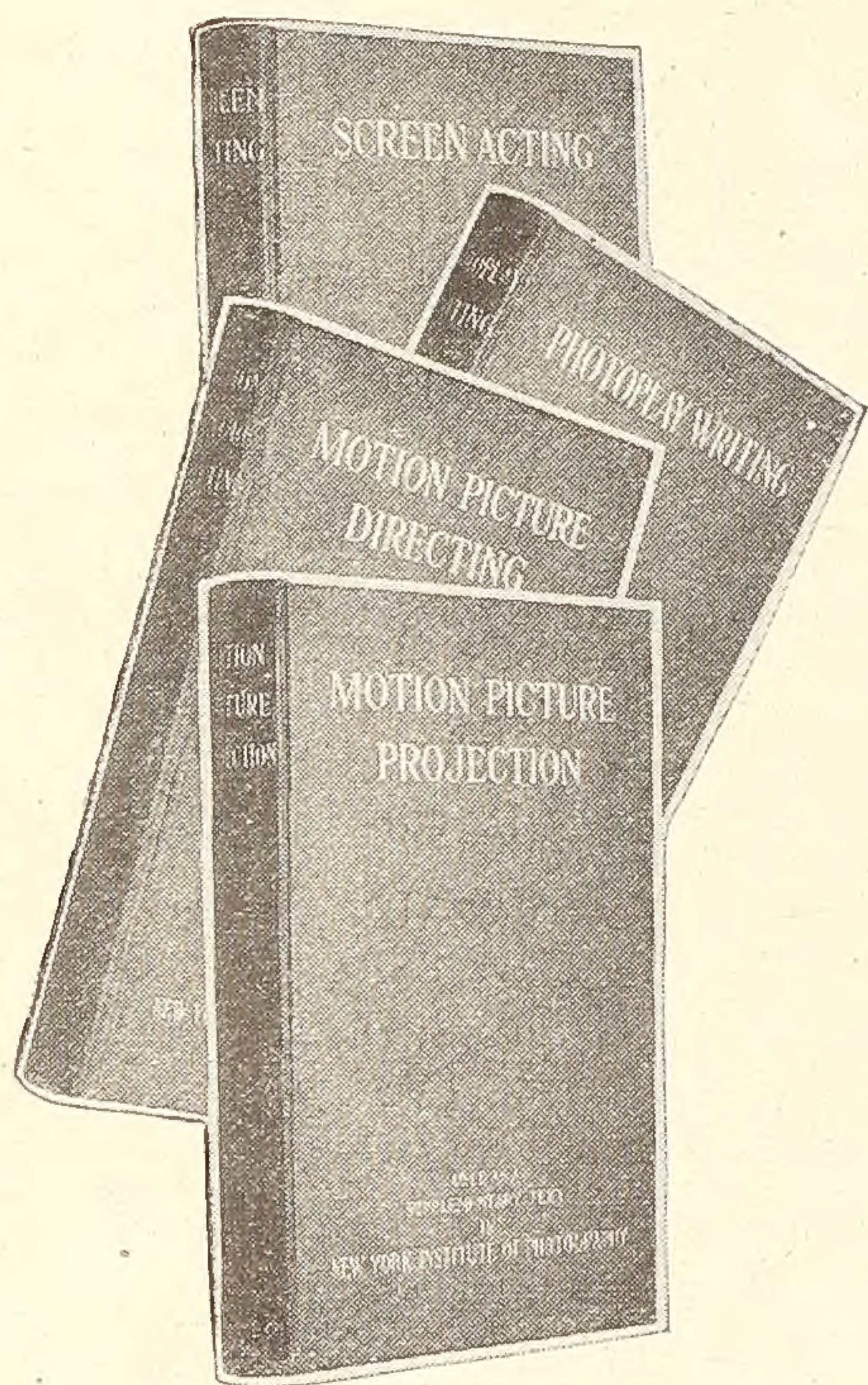
BOOK DEPARTMENT

SCREENLAND MAGAZINE,
236 West 55th St., New York, N. Y.

Entertaining and Instructive Books

THE ROMANCE AND REALITY OF FILM LIFE
IS REFLECTED IN THE BOOKS LISTED BELOW

¶ If you are interested in photoplay writing, screen acting, motion picture directing, or motion picture production, the books listed below will be of great interest. Each book is handsomely bound in gold decorated cloth cover and will be delivered anywhere in the United States at prices mentioned. Canadian and foreign orders extra for shipment and duty.



SCREEN ACTING (By Inez and Helen Klumph) — An authoritative presentation. Enables the reader to judge just what the opportunities are and the training required. This work was developed through the valuable assistance and advice of Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Colleen Moore, Mabel Ballin, Mae Murray, William S. Hart, Ruth Roland, and many other distinguished motion picture players, directors, cameramen, and make-up experts. . . . **Price \$3.00**

MOTION PICTURE DIRECTING (By Peter Milne) — Of special interest to those in the Motion Picture Industry — or intending to enter this field. The author was critic for years on Motion Picture News and Wids (Film) Daily. He was a member of Scenario and Production Department of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. This work contains data about Marshall Neilan, William C. DeMille, Rex Ingram, Cecil DeMille, and other famous directors. . . . **Price \$3.00**

MOTION PICTURE PROJECTION (By T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph.D., LL.D.) — The enormous growth in number of motion picture theatres has created a large and increasing demand for operators. It is an interesting, good paying field and requires but a short time to qualify as a projector. This book includes the fullest details of practice. . . . **Price \$5.00**

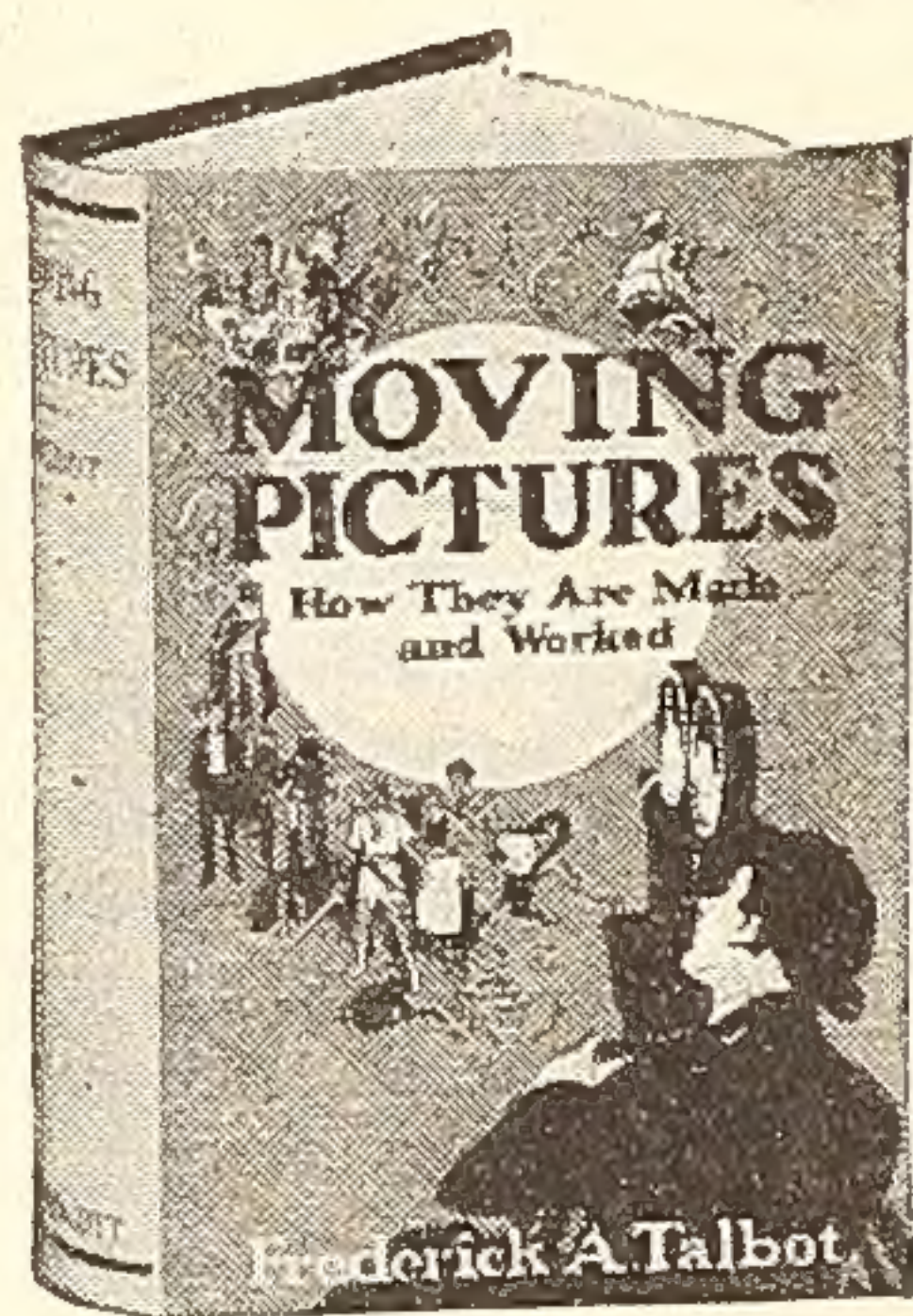
PHOTOPLAY WRITING (By William Lord Wright) — The author was formerly Editor for Selig Polyscope, Pathe Exchange, and Universal. The book is a thorough and authoritative presentation of this lucrative field for writers. Every year new writers achieve fame and fortune. Complete information on how to write for Motion Pictures and how and where to submit your ideas. . . . **Price \$3.00**

MOVING PICTURES

How They Are Made and Worked

\$3.50

*A Veritable
Encyclopedia of the
Moving Picture
Art*



By FREDERICK A. TALBOT

New Edition, Completely Revised and Reset.

Numerous Illustrations.

It tells of the romances, the adventures, the great preparations of marvellous ingenuity and the hundreds of other things that go into the making of moving picture plays.

It shows how inventors have overcome difficulties up to the present status of the business. It is a popular account of everything concerning the subject — trick pictures and how they are produced; pictures in color; pictures that move and talk; the making and costs of the most elaborate "sets" and studio equipment; the risks taken by photographers and players; the secrets of many sensational climbing and jumping feats; what the audience does not see in the most daring wild animal films, and a great many other inside facts the "movie" patron delights in knowing.

Any one of the above books will be mailed on receipt of advertised price to any address in the U. S. A.

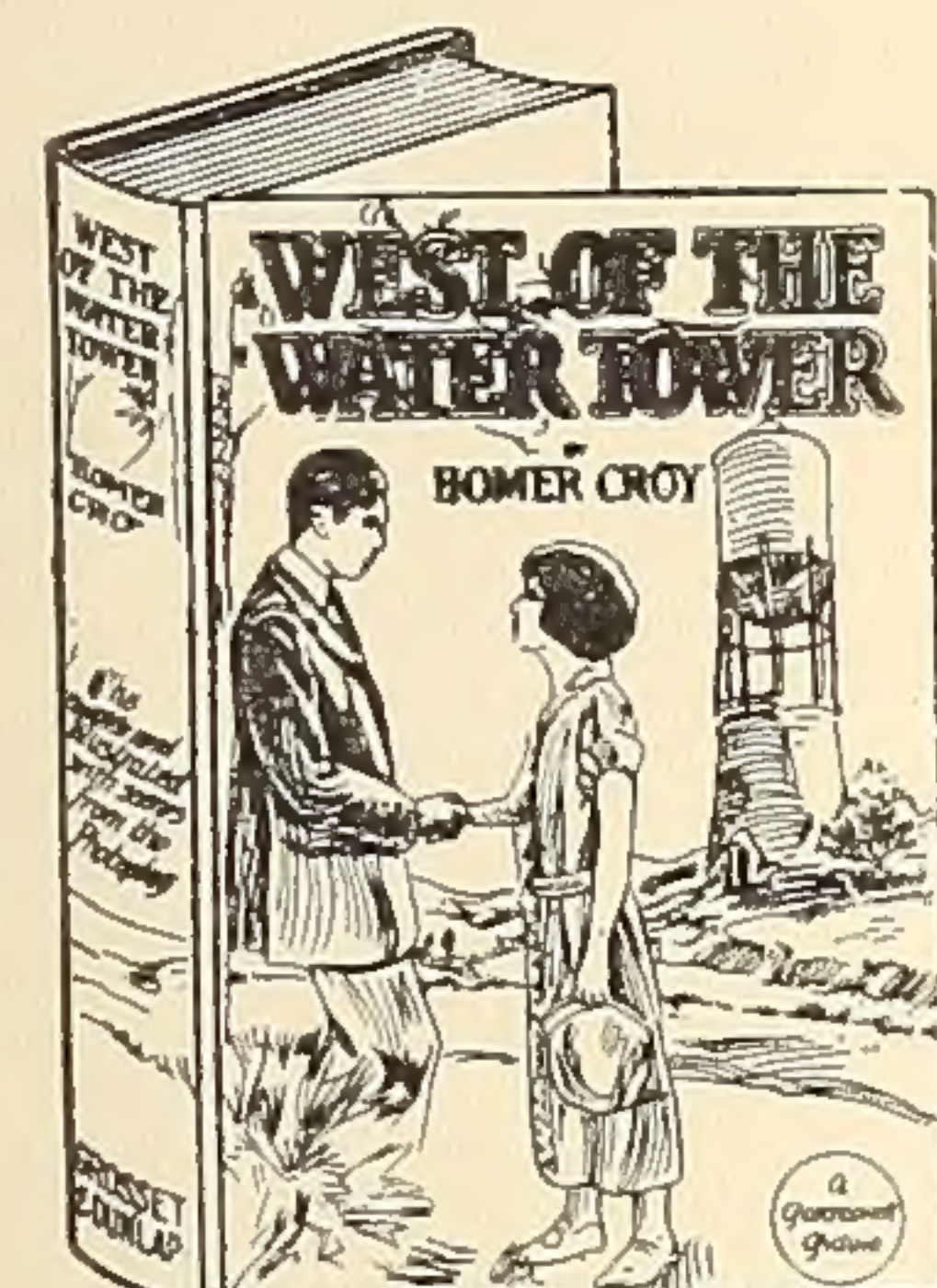
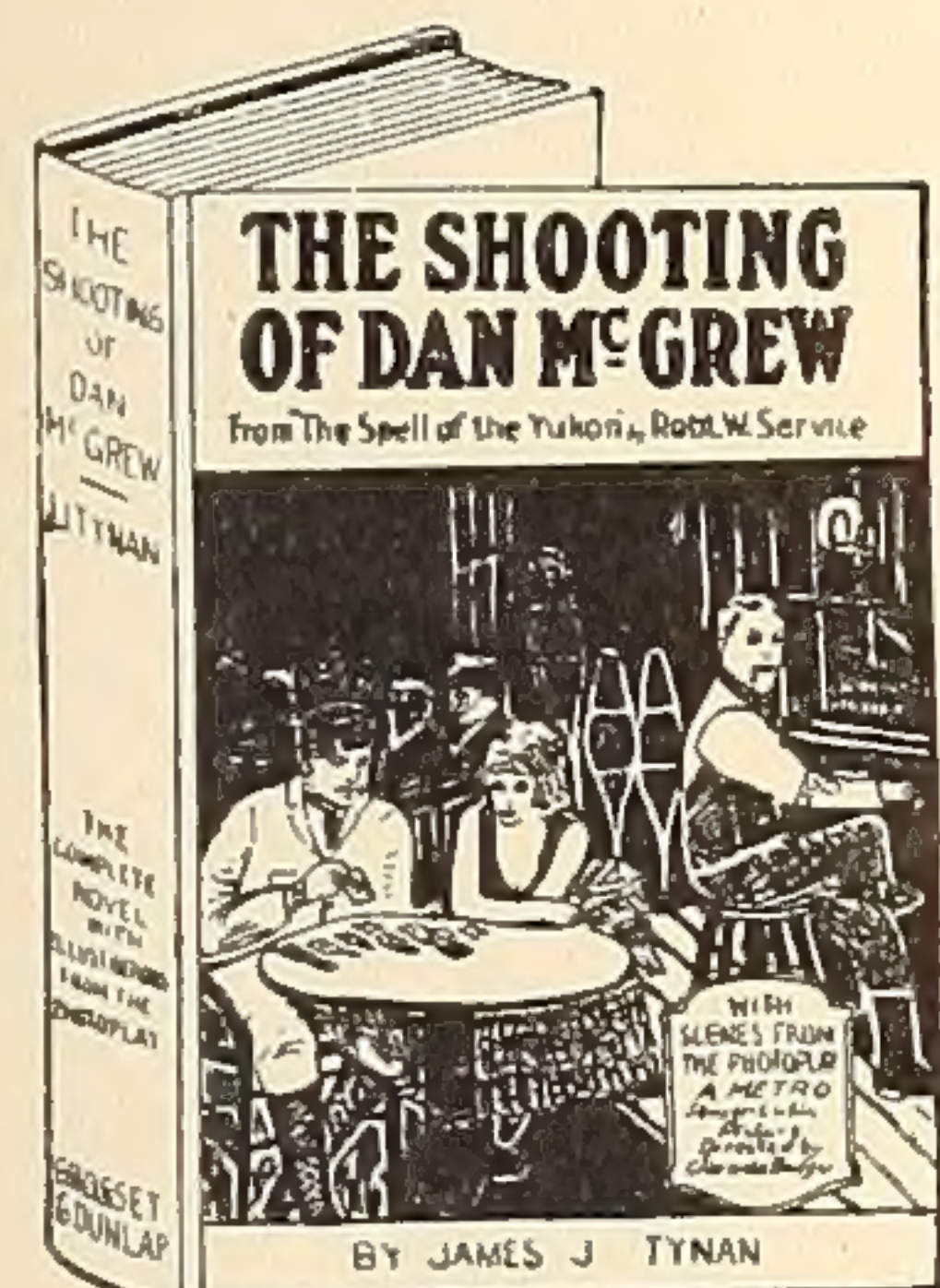
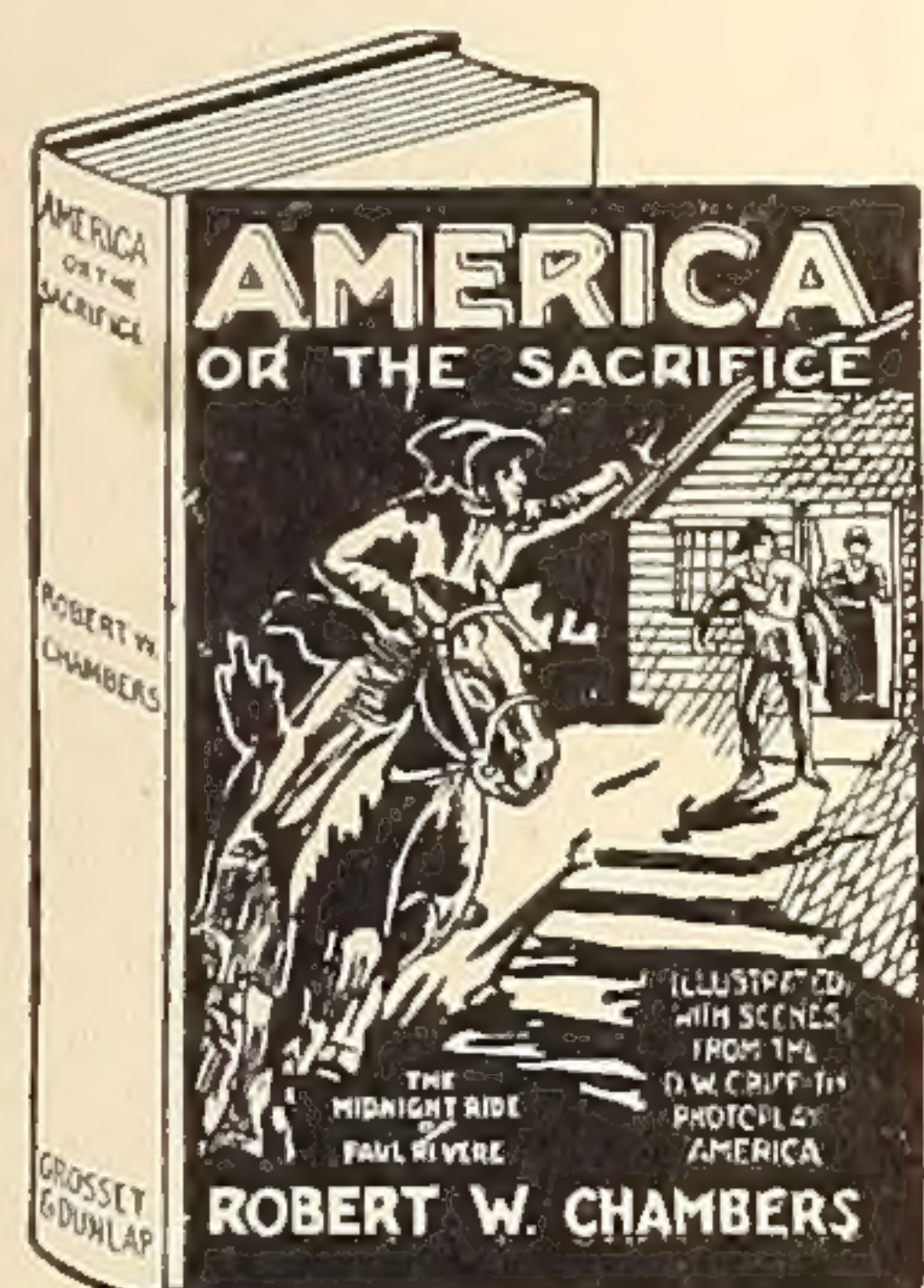
SCREENLAND MAGAZINE

BOOK DEPARTMENT

236 WEST 55th STREET

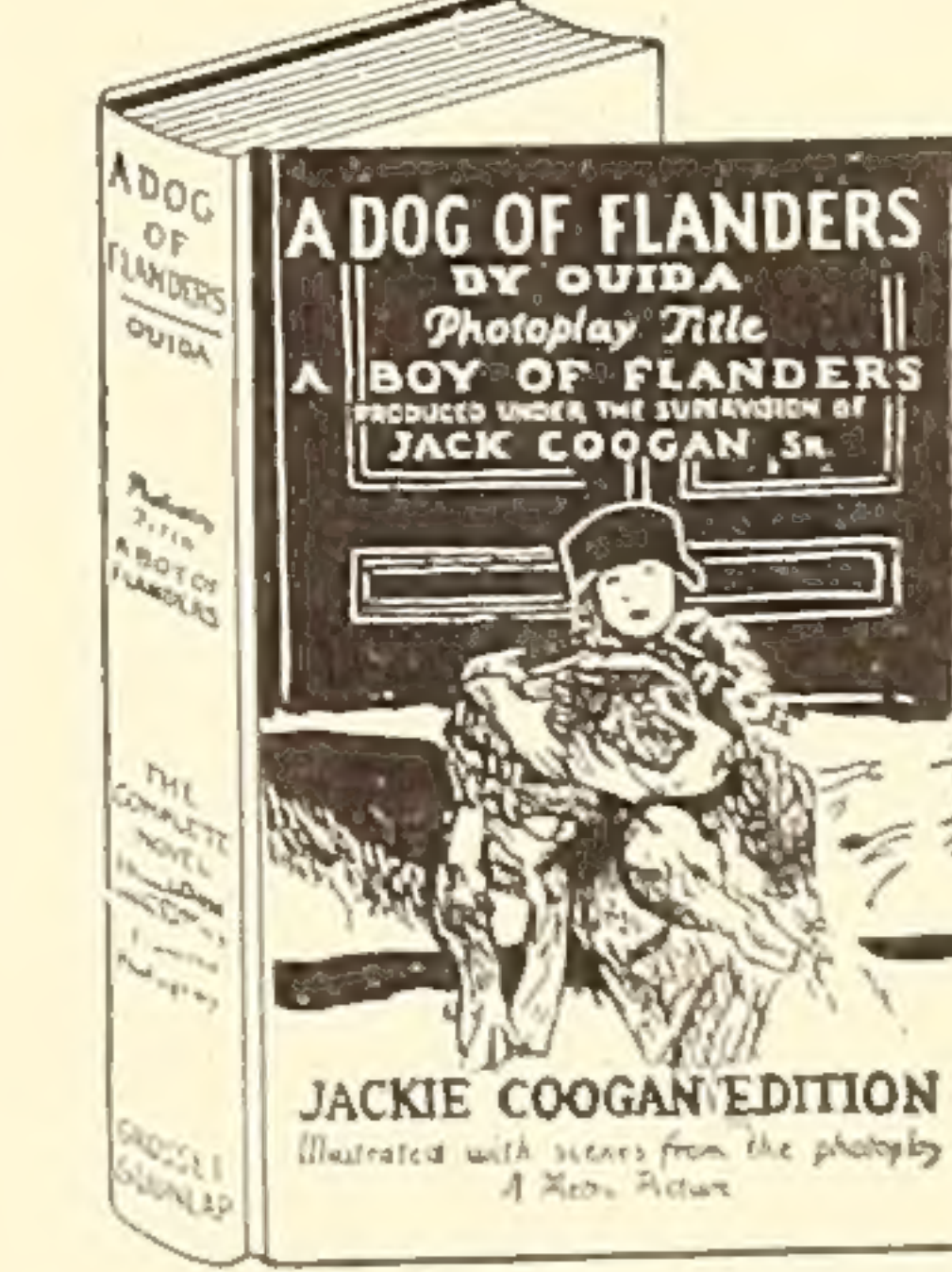
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Popular Pictures Are Made from Popular Books



JUST recall the ten best moving pictures you have either seen during the last few months or expect to see during the present season. Nine chances out of ten, you will find that a famous novel supplied the title, plot, action and characters of each one of them. Eight chances out of nine, you will find their names listed on this page. Not every good book gets onto the screen, but nearly every successful picture is produced from a good book.

A moving picture, fascinating as it is, supplies a passing pleasure. The book from which it came is yours to keep—to give you new delight every time you read it, to place on your book shelf as a permanent treasure, or to give as a gift to a friend. Any of these books can be obtained from SCREENLAND Book Dept.



THE SEA HAWK.....	Rafael Sabatini
THE COVERED WAGON.....	Emerson Hough
MONSIEUR BEUCAIRE.....	Booth Tarkington
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.....	Henry MacMahon
SCARAMOUCHE.....	Rafael Sabatini
JANICE MEREDITH.....	Paul Leicester Ford
DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL.....	Charles Major
AMERICA.....	Robert W. Chambers
SUNDOWN.....	Hudson-Eberhardt
WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND.....	Zane Grey
MANHANDLED.....	Arthur Stringer-Russell Holman
THE SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW.....	James J. Tynan
YOLANDA.....	Charles Major
THE WHITE SISTER.....	F. Marion Crawford
BEING RESPECTABLE.....	Grace H. Flandrau
LOVE INSURANCE (The Reckless Age).....	Earl Derr Biggers
ANOTHER SCANDAL.....	Cosmo Hamilton
THE SALAMANDER (The Enemy Sex).....	Owen Johnson
MERTON OF THE MOVIES.....	Harry Leon Wilson
THE MOUNTBANK (The Sideshow of Life).....	Wm. J. Locke
THE JUDGMENT OF THE STORM.....	Roy Mason
WILD ORANGES.....	Joseph Hergesheimer
LITTLE OLD NEW YORK.....	Rida Johnson Young
THE DAWN OF A TOMORROW.....	Frances Hodgson Burnett
A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST.....	Gene Stratton-Porter
THE PLUNDERER.....	Roy Norton
LEATHERSTOCKING.....	George A. Gray
THE BREATH OF SCANDAL.....	Edwin Balmer
PONJOLA.....	Cynthia Stockley
WEST OF THE WATER TOWER.....	Homer Croy
IF WINTER COMES.....	A. S. M. Hutchinson
THE WAY OF A MAN.....	Emerson Hough
THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT.....	Zane Grey
RITA COVENTRY (Don't Call It Love).....	Julian Street
A LADY OF QUALITY.....	Frances Hodgson Burnett
IN THE PALACE OF THE KING.....	F. Marion Crawford
UNDER THE RED ROBE.....	Stanley J. Weyman
THE SPANISH DANCER.....	Victor Hugo
THE CHEAT.....	Turnbull-Holman
LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER.....	Basil King
THE VIRGINIAN.....	Owen Wister
POTASH AND PERLMUTTER.....	Montague Glass
RUGGLES OF RED GAP.....	Harry Leon Wilson
THE ETERNAL CITY.....	Hall Caine
THE CALL OF THE WILD.....	Jack London
CAPE COD FOLKS.....	Sarah Greene
THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER.....	Edward Egeleston
ALICE ADAMS.....	Booth Tarkington
THE CHRISTIAN.....	Hall Caine
THE COMMON LAW.....	Robert W. Chambers
THE PRISONER OF ZENDA.....	Anthony Hope
RUPERT OF HENTZAU.....	Anthony Hope
FIGHTING BLOOD.....	H. C. Witwer
THE TURMOIL.....	Booth Tarkington
THE LONE STAR RANGER.....	Zane Grey
MAIN STREET.....	Sinclair Lewis
PENROD.....	Booth Tarkington
PENROD AND SAM.....	Booth Tarkington
TO THE LAST MAN.....	Zane Grey
WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER.....	Charles Major
THE RUSTLE OF SILK.....	Cosmo Hamilton
MICHAEL O'HALLORAN.....	Gene Stratton-Porter
THE FLIRT.....	Booth Tarkington
ROBIN HOOD.....	J. Walker McSpadden
THE RAMBLIN' KID.....	Earl Wayland Bowman
ST. ELMO.....	Augusta J. Evans
THE CLANSMAN.....	Thomas Dixon
THE LEATHER PUSHERS.....	H. C. Witwer

All books included in this announcement are full size standard cloth bound and price \$1.00 each or six books for \$5.00, includes insured delivery charges to any address in the United States, Mexico or Canada. Address Order to SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, (Book Dept.), 145 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.



*Dinner hour in the gardens of the Ritz at Paris
— painted for Djer-Kiss by John La Gatta*

In so dainty a case ~

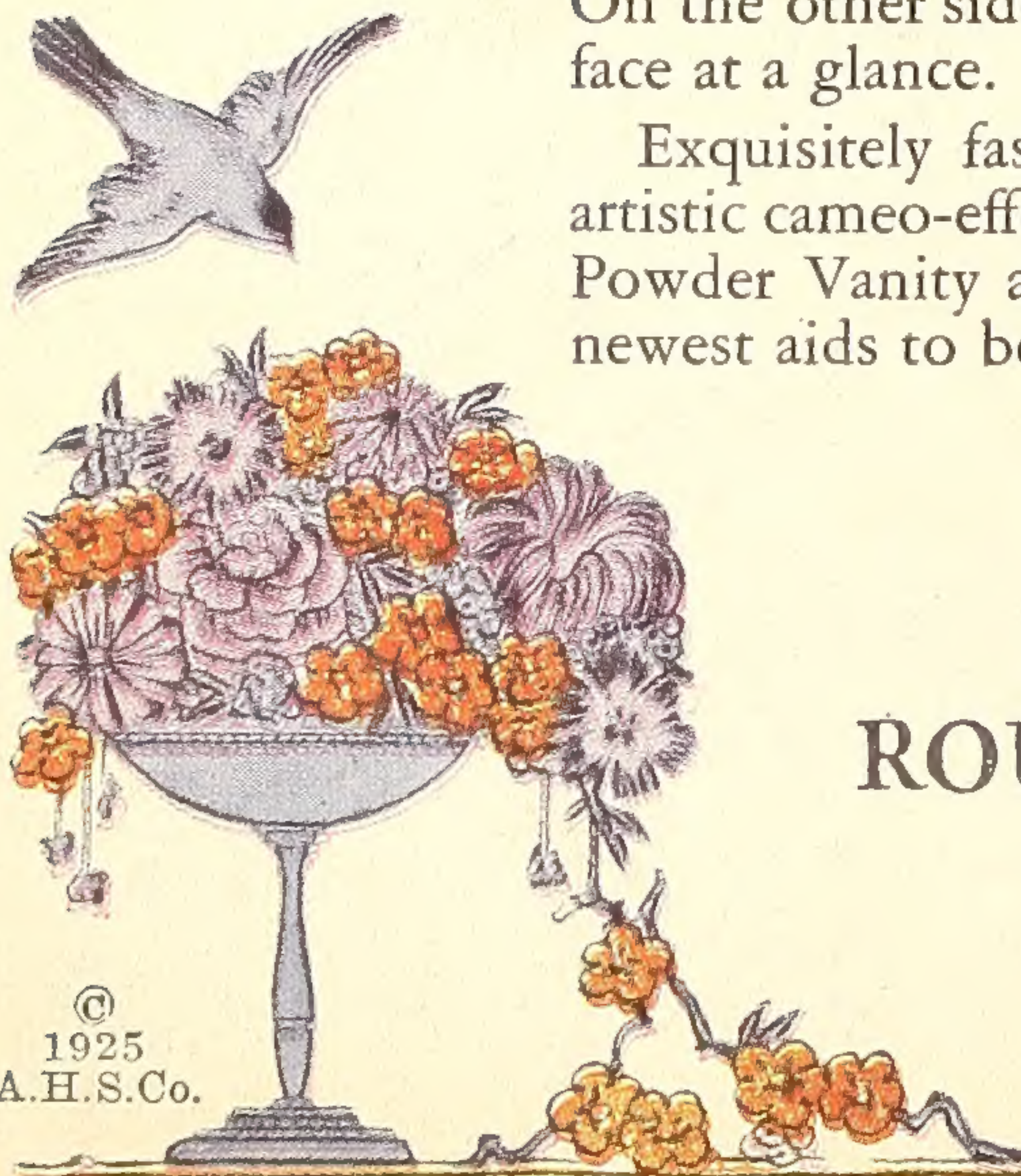
Would one expect a *Vanity* quite so complete?

A NEW double-vanity, light and bewitchingly dainty. Petite enough to tuck with ease into your small purse or hand-bag. Yet it carries your Rouge, your loose Face Powder and a convenient double-faced mirror!

Yes, a compartment for *loose* face powder! See—ingenious “powder pockets” release just enough powder on the puff each time you open the case.

Rouge compact, too. And a *double-faced* mirror. On one side a detail mirror reflects any part of your face. On the other side a reducing mirror reflects your entire face at a glance.

Exquisitely fashioned of nickel-silver, its cover an artistic cameo-effect—this Djer-Kiss Rouge-and-Loose-Powder Vanity awaits you at shops which feature the newest aids to beauty.



©
1925
A.H.S.Co.

Djer-Kiss ROUGE & LOOSE POWDER *Vanity*

*Re-fill with Djer-Kiss Face Powder, for
no other powder is quite so soft and fine*

FASHION'S LAW

“Let but a single French fragrance breathe its alluring *parfum* from each *nécessité de toilette*.”

—Kerkoff, PARIS

Monsieur Kerkoff's

DJER-KISS

Aids to Charm

PARFUM

TALC · FACE POWDER

VEGETALE · TOILET WATER

BRILLIANTINE

LIP ROUGE · CREAMS

ROUGE · SACHET

SOAP

At your favorite shop

